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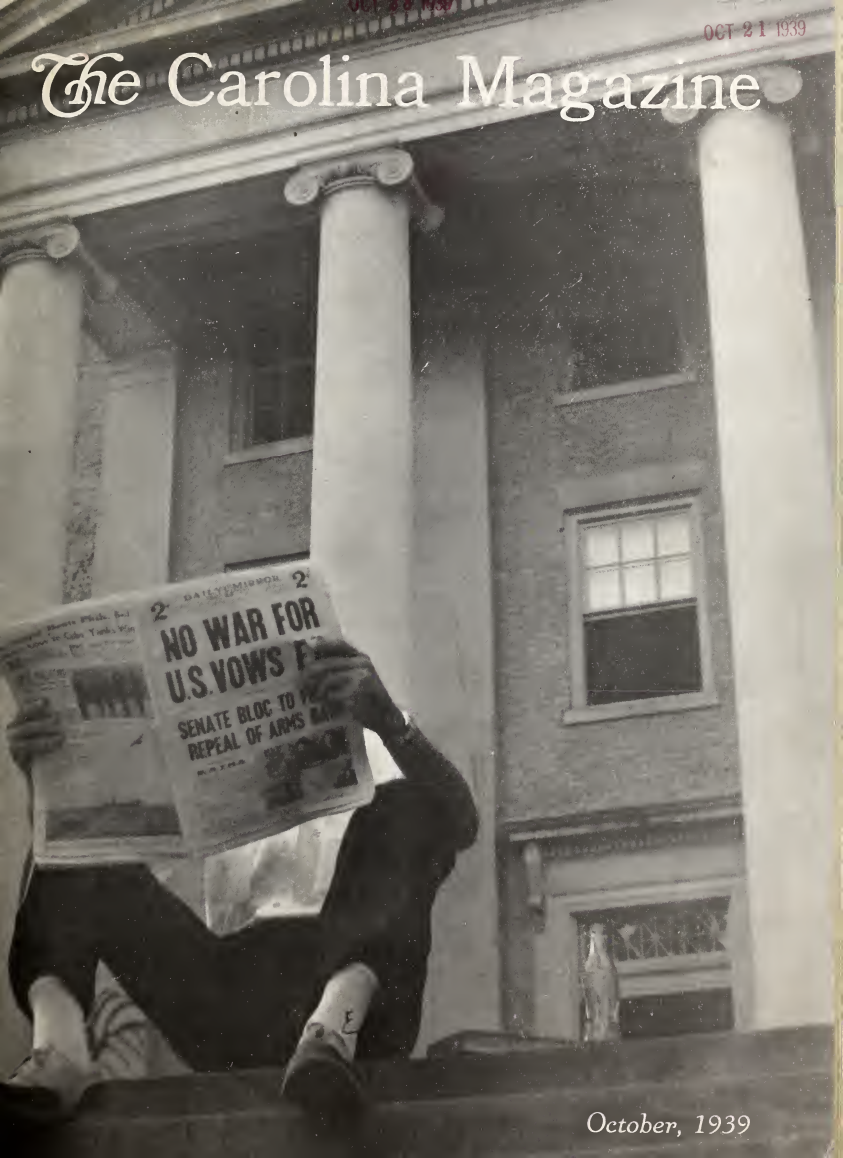
The Carolina Magazine



October, 1939

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than *any* of them — CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company
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WHATEVER price you pay per pack for your smokes, Camels give you more actual smoking pleasure for your money. A prominent scientific laboratory made impartial tests on 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands. Here are the results:

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2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED — 25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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In Camel cigarettes you have a case where choice quality and *extra measure* go along together. Better smoking—and more of it. Turn to Camels and enjoy to the full those long-burning, costlier tobaccos—so mild and tasty!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF—
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Penny for penny your best cigarette buy

LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

The Carolina Magazine

Established 1844

VOL. LXIX OCTOBER, 1939 NO. 1

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It Can Be Done

It happened in 1917.

Europe was embroiled in another of its periodic wars. The armies of the Kaiser were doing a pretty effective job of spreading German Kultur abroad in the land. And we, glorying in our newly found role of world-power, realized we didn't like it. We bristled with indignation at the fate of Heroic Little Belgium. We became pretty well fed up on the way Germans were disregarding our brand of international law. We really didn't have to go to war. But we honestly and sincerely thought we could Make the World Safe for Democracy by doing so, and we declared war.

We sent millions of our boys Over There. We sent money, food, munitions. We Did Our Bit. We Gave Until It Hurt. By October, 1918, we had at least ended the war. It was all over we thought. And to the world's amazement, we repudiated Wilson and nullified his efforts to bring about the things for which we had fought.

And it was all over. Except that quite a few of the Brave Boys of 1918 remained to fertilize the fields of France. Those who came back weren't in such good condition either. Many of them were hospital cases, and the sound ones found that it wasn't easy to find a job in strange post-war America. Some ten or twelve years later, a lot more of us began worrying about jobs when the depression came along as a result of our little foreign venture.

Now, little more than a decade afterwards, the guns are thundering along European frontiers once more. The League of Nations is gone. Most of the democracies saved by the war have been swallowed up. Not one tangible result remains of the War to End Wars.

The strange thing is that we are not so unwilling to be drawn in again. Not with quite the world-savior attitude we had then. Not because we don't want peace. We say war is inevitable. We are willing to let things slide, trusting to fate to keep us out. We feel that somehow we can't let England and France lose. We think German Fascism must be stamped out, even if we have to institute American fascism to do it.

This issue has been planned, with this prevalent state of mind in view. We have endeavored to present all sides of the issue, in an effort to foster clear thinking and less reliance upon emotionalism. We believe that war is not inevitable, and that it can be prevented.

But peace issues are rather anæmic creatures at best. They can only point the way. College students can keep this country out of war if they choose. The choice is theirs.

24768

To the Students of the University:

I wish to express appreciation to the Editors of the Carolina Magazine for their plan for a discussion of the issues of the present world situation. Let us welcome free discussion rather than loaded propaganda, reason rather than hate, sincere proposals for international cooperation for peace rather than a fatalistic acceptance of war as the inevitable way of nations.

During the present European war it is most important that we be on our guard against the propaganda of hate of any people. It is our obligation in America to keep open the democratic processes of freedom and humane hopes. During the last world war no responsible leader tried harder than Woodrow Wilson first to keep us out of war and then to prevent the making of a vindictive peace which would breed another war. We should prepare now against both another Brest Litovsk and another Versailles. When Wilson took his stand at Paris for a humane peace against overwhelming odds of propaganda and hate, he found decisive ground taken from under him even in America. When he brought out of the wreckage of his fourteen points the surviving provision for the League of Nations, we as a people turned our backs upon the only hope for the modification of the vindictive peace.

When the infant German democracy asked for a chance to live and join in the ways of peace and international cooperation, the Western democracies refused the outstretched hand and made possible the rise of Hitler and made certain the decline of international cooperation. When the struggling Spanish democracy tried to resist the dictators, the European and American democracies denied the established democratic government its ordinary international rights. So another democracy went down. Then came Munich and its aftermath at Prague to the disillusionment and disgust of common men in all the democracies.

With the impending and, I believe, rightful modification of the neutrality act, we should even more resolutely not, by legal or extra legal act, repeal the Bill of Rights. Rather, we should keep open all the channels of free discussion, keep our heads clear and our hopes high for a just and humane peace to be secured more and more by international cooperation against the hazards of international drift, anarchy, depressions, and wars.

In America, let us still reason together in a world in need of reason and peace.

Frank P. Graham

Phillip Schinhan

Youth Looks at War

A Sceptic Considers the Inevitability of It All

PROBABLY never before in the history of mankind has a generation been so well educated to the folly of war as has ours. Never before have the traditional hot-bloods remained so cool and unmoved by the emotional terrorism of the propagandist. Never has any generation been more sincere and determined in its desire for peace.

We have been educated to peace—but where are our teachers? The arguments for peace are quite as valid now as they were five or ten years ago—even more so. Yet we are continually shocked by the belligerent or semi-belligerent statements of those from whom we have been accustomed to expect a more intelligent attitude. Certainly judgments formed in the calm and retrospection of comparative peace should be more reliable than impulsive emotional reactions to unreliable accounts of foreign news and to deliberate misrepresentations of propagandists. Having once learned the logic of peace and democracy, we must not substitute the insanity of war for it.

For the past year, PHILLIP SCHINHAN, *graduate student in sociology, has been a leader in the fight to keep America out of war, believing that unless we fight now to remain neutral we may find ourselves manning the Maginot line.*

Fortunately, many of those who lived through the last war really learned a lesson from the experience. There is hope for us in the present public sentiment for peace, despite the knowledge of forces which are subtly seeking to change that sentiment.

II

In his address at the opening of the special session of Congress September 21st, President Roosevelt warned the American people that they are being subjected to a flood of propaganda from both sides of the conflict. It is quite clear why Germany should wish us to remain neutral. It is equally clear why Great Britain would want us as an ally. Whatever the motives of either side are, we cannot afford to be influenced by their statements. Our chief concern should be ourselves, and our policies should be directed to serve our best interests.

What have we to fear from Germany? Nothing directly, aside from the deaths of Americans who refuse to leave the war zone and the loss of ships venturing into waters known to be dangerous. It is incredible that England and France would become willing allies of Germany, even if beaten and reduced to the state of subject nations. It is just as unbelievable that a Germany, weakened by war and harassed by the problem of controlling a hostile people, could offer any serious threat of invasion to a much larger and stronger America, separated from it by thousands of miles of ocean.

Indirectly there is the very strong possibility that the various incipient fascist elements in this country might very readily become unified and emboldened by a Nazi success abroad, even to the extent of making a serious attempt to seize the reins of government. Such an uprising could be more easily detected and controlled if the country were at peace, whereas if our attention were centered abroad, the virtual dictatorship resulting from our entry into the war would provide a better opportunity for fascist elements to gain control. As for German propaganda, predisposed as this country is to favor the Allies, there is little reason to believe it will have any marked effect on us.

Directly we have nothing to fear from the Allies. Indirectly there is always the fear that the propaganda with which they flood us daily may lead us into actions deleterious to our own best interests. Certainly any men and supplies we might see fit to contribute would only lessen the losses of Great Britain, and too, she might be able to induce us to help finance her war debt once more. So we may expect that the Allies will attempt to identify their interests with our own. They claim they are fighting for peace and democracy. We have learned to distrust any peace built upon the foundations of fear and hate inevitably arising from armed conflict, and we should be rather mistrustful of the brand of democracy involved, since

both nations have colonial systems designed to exploit the subject races.

In a recent statement to the British Government made by Mohandas Gandhi, the following quotation appeared: "The recognition of India, and for that matter all those who are under the British Crown, as free and independent nations seems to me to be a natural corollary of the British profession to democracy . . . . To put it still more plainly, all that is required is honest action to implement the declaration of faith in democracy made on the eve of war and still being repeated from the British platforms." Obviously Great Britain cannot answer such an indictment.

Neither of the Allies is fighting for any moral principle in this war, anymore than they were in the last war. If Germany had invaded and subjugated some nation far enough removed from French and British interests to assure those interests from being threatened, there is no likelihood that Britain and France would have risen to the defense of democracy.

III

What would result from American entry into the war?

Over and above the tremendous loss of life and property, there would be the unmistakable endangerment of our whole democratic heritage. The successful prosecution of the war would demand the suspension of all civil liberties and individual freedom, and the surrender of complete economic and political control into the hands of a chosen few, with the possibility of an American fascistic state arising out of the post-war confusion. All cultural advancement would cease, all scientific and sociological research would come to a standstill. Industry would be mobilized into non-productive channels. Under the pretext of war-time emergency, Big Business could readily nullify all the gains made by Organized Labor within the past twenty years. And finally the country would be plunged into an inevitable post-war depression, far worse than the one from which we have not yet recovered.

We have no reason to believe that the peace imposed by the victorious Allies would be any more liberal than that imposed by a victorious Germany. This is particularly true when we consider that the avowed purpose of the British Government is to rid Europe forever of the threat of German aggression. Our participation in the war could not prevent another Versailles. Sooner or later, Europe must learn that no solution achieved through the use of force can bring anything more than temporary peace. Paradoxically enough, we will be in a much better position to dictate peace terms if we remain neutral, than we would be exhausted by war.

The failure of the so-called democracies to provide truly democratic conditions for their people is partly responsible for the rise of fascism in Europe. The European democracies must fear the rise of fascism from within, as well as the aggression of fascist nations from without. Whether or not any effective defense of democracy can be achieved through the regimentation of war is a question which the greater perspective of future years will answer.

Fortunately the United States is so situated geographically that we have little to fear in the way of direct outside fascist aggression. The greatest enemy of American democracy lies within our own borders. As long as one third of our population is ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clothed, as long as the Negro's condition remains unchanged, our system is not democratic enough to be safe from fascism. By keeping out of this war, we can certainly avoid regimentation and depression, and at the same time, devote our energies to making America safe for democracy.

IV

An observer of current American opinion regarding the present crisis would come upon a strange paradox. On every hand he would hear people saying that America doesn't want to fight in any war—most of all a European war. Yet almost in the same breath, he would hear many of these same people saying that America is bound to be dragged into the struggle, and there is nothing we can do about it. What sort of logic is this?

It is true that there are powerful interests at work to involve us in the war, but the longer these interests are unopposed the stronger they become. And once war is declared it will be too late to act. The prison and the concentration camp await the "pacifist" and the "conscientious objector."

Democracy is based upon self-government, and when the people fail to govern themselves, democracy ceases to exist. If we, American students, desire peace and accept anything else, we are renouncing democracy. We are the back bone of the army in any war, and if we refuse to fight, there will be no war. It is the duty of every American student to see that the informatoin and training which has been given his generation shall not be wasted upon foreign battlefields. And at the same time it is also our duty to utilize our power to strengthen our country in the path of democracy.

Dorothy Bonnell

Mass Suggestion from Across the Sea

England Expects Every American to Do His Duty

THERE ARE three little monkeys sitting side by side. One is covering his eyes: he sees no evil. One is covering his ears: he hears no evil. The third covers his mouth; he speaks no evil. They are Escapists. We may envy them today, as the din of hatred and horror beats on our ears, while our eyes are blinded with blood, and our mouths soiled with bitter words, but we despise them too. As escapists they fail to live up to the modern American code: they don't face facts; they fail to recognize reality.

Aided by two years of study abroad, DOROTHY BONNELL *has made an intensive study of propaganda technics used during the war. Her article shows how propaganda can be rendered ineffective, as well as used as a weapon of peace.*

The monkeys are a mockery. However we may strive we cannot be deaf, blind, and dumb to the conflict in Europe which absorbs our attention now, no matter what our normal interests may be. Distressed, we watch the grim course of events abroad. Inevitably our sympathy, our indignation, our fear, and our hate are aroused. Coupled with distress, though, is a certain disillusionment. We've been through this thing before. We think we've learned our lesson. This time, we say, we aren't going to be taken in so easily. We aren't going to believe everything we see and hear. We're on to this propaganda racket.

We think we're smart. In our high school library there was a big book of cartoons drawn during the war. There were the Belgian children with their hands cut off. There was the Hun, drawn with all the artist's skill and imagination to represent a brutal beast. He was lashing women and children. He hung them on crosses. We shivered as we bent over the book. We were disgusted, and a little frightened. This was Propaganda!

In college the American History professor showed us war-time recruiting posters. A huge hand pointed relentlessly at us: "Uncle Sam Needs YOU!" "Make the World Safe for Democracy!" We gasped. We giggled. It was childish, naive, yet terrible. Propaganda was a bogeyman, but it couldn't get us. We were smart.

Startling as these isolated examples are, when they are shown us and labelled neatly, "propaganda," such education is not sufficient protection against the tremendous force of this modern weapon. Such knowledge gives one no idea of the enormous scope, the terrific pressure, the relentless, continuous drive of war-time propaganda.

II

Go to the library and ask for the bound volumes of the *American Magazine* and *Everybody's Magazine* for the war years. Begin in 1915 and leaf through them, month after month, year after year. Two impressions make themselves felt. First, the heartbreaking change through the years, as the nation swung from neutrality to participation. Second, the completeness with which the war finally absorbed all phases of life, from the battles themselves, straight through to advertisements:

NINETEEN FIFTEEN: The *American* was curious, thought its readers would be interested in articles about the war, so it described the use of submarines; told about "Lord Kitchener's Great Bluff . . . . How England secretly raised an army four times as big as she has admitted." The editors assumed the public would want to know how to make more money out of the war, so they printed "The Money Side of the War." We weren't quite sure we liked the European slaughter in 1915, so the *American* published a bitter description of the horrors of war by a man who had served six months in the trenches, a direct warning against the illusion that war was glorious. Another, by the same man, described a Frenchman who was executed because he refused to fight, and ended with a challenge implying that he was to be commended for his action. Approximately two fifths of the total number of articles appearing in the *American* during 1915 dealt with some phase of the war.

NINETEEN SIXTEEN: No more articles dealing with the horrors of war. No more warning about the danger of the United States being drawn in. Instead, a distinct tendency to gloat

over the amount of money we were making out of the conflict. The *American* said, "The World is Mine: Uncle Sam; the New Monte Cristo." The magazine discussed the "Reaction of American Labor to the War." "A War-Made Millionaire." It advised, "Save the Money you Make Out of the War." The editors of *Everybody's Magazine* devoted an article each month to a plea for better national defense, sponsored a high school military organization, asked, "What is an American, and what is Americanism?" and decided that many fine things were the result of warfare, including the most stirring poems and songs. The volume of material on the war had increased. The period of careful cultivation was over. The harvest was ready.

NINETEEN SEVENTEEN: Booth Tarkington wrote proudly of the swing of opinion in the middle west from apathy and indifference in 1916 to "patriotism" in 1917. Trying to arouse enthusiasm the *American* published "Men Who Die for Their Country; the spiritual uplift they get out of it." There was a contest, "What I Would Sacrifice For My Country." A husband wrote saying he had cheerfully sacrificed the happiness of his wife and child; a wife told touchingly of how she had sacrificed her husband; and a father described the noble fortitude with which he had given up his son.

NINETEEN EIGHTEEN: There were stories about the war. Stories arousing pity, indignation, scorning slackers and deserters, stories of mystery and adventure. There was poetry about the war. There were articles: one about a soldier called "Machine-gun Lover." Another, "Playtime at Training Camp: Soldier's Life Not All Work." Most advertisements made some reference to the war. The Committee on Public Information hits its stride in full page advertisements (space donated by the magazine for the winning of the war) warning against "Gossip that Costs Human Lives"; telling the public how to handle "Spies and Lies;" showing the Hun trampling over helpless women, "This is Kultur!"

They said then, "Kaiserism must be wiped off the face of the earth!"

Today they are saying, "Hitlerism must be wiped off the face of the earth!"

III

We paid our money and sat through the first show, but after all, this is where we came in. Milton S. Mayer in the October 6th Saturday Evening Post (1939) speaks for most of us of the younger generation when he says, "I think I'll sit this one out."

The question that remains then, is how to protect ourselves from this second onslaught of propaganda, designed to drag the United States once more into a European war? It is not difficult to recognize the more obvious appeals, but the subtler varieties are a different matter. German attempts to persuade American public opinion are usually so crude that there is little danger of their not being recognized for what they are.

On the other hand, the English understand us. They have devoted a lot of time to the study of what we'll swallow and what we'll reject. They have waged one very successful campaign here, and they are ready for a second victory. Fortunately we have been provided with a pretty good gas mask for this attack in the shape of Sidney Rogerson's book, "Propaganda in the Next War." Mr. Rogerson believes that we do not see foreign affairs realistically, that we are easily taken in by stories of oppression, that we are still under the influence of World War propaganda and are susceptible to mass suggestion, and that our good judgement is weakened by idealogical conflicts.

Just the same, he's afraid "it will require much propaganda . . . before the republic will again take up arms in an external quarrel." He suggests, cleverly enough, that "It will need a definite threat to America . . . which will have to be brought home by propaganda to every citizen." Hence "a natural and obvious object of our propagandists would be to involve Japan, and this might, and probably would, bring America in without further ado."

England's desire to secure the United States as an ally in the war is, of course, by no means the only force responsible for propaganda dangerous to American peace. There are many others, including big business, munitions interests, well-meaning citizens with a mistaken crusading spirit, the wish to play power politics on the part of some of our political leaders, to mention only a few. Of no small importance are unavoidable circumstances such as those under which American reporters have to work during war. A good deal of war-time propaganda is unintentional, and therefore extremely difficult to detect.

To guard against these forces requires training and unceasing vigilance on the part of each one of us. Training should include study and analysis of the technique of propaganda, so that it can be recognized, and practise in the recognition. Clyde R. Miller, director of the Institute for Propa-

ganda Analysis lists seven common propaganda devices:

1) *The name calling device,* in which the propagandist appeals to our hate and fear by giving bad names to those groups or persons whom he would have us condemn, such as the "Reds", the "Nazis", the "Huns", etc.

2) *The glittering generalities device,* in which the propagandist appeals to our love, generosity, and brotherhood, by identifying his program with virtue through the use of such "virtue words" as truth, freedom, honor, liberty, social justice, etc.

3) *The transfer device,* in which the propagandist makes use of symbols, such as the cross, to represent the church; the flag, for the nation, etc. to stir our emotions.

4) *The testimonial device* in which the prestige of certain individuals is used to endorse an idea, or a product.

5) *The "plain folks" device,* in which the propagandist associates himself with his audience, in order to gain their confidence.

6) *The card stacking device,* in which the cards are stacked against the truth by the propagandist through the use of under or over emphasis, omission, distortion, or a "red herring."

7) *The band wagon device* in which the desire of most of us to follow the crowd is utilized.

Impressions which the propagandists wish to convey are given not only by the actual wording of material. The place where the message appears, or fails to appear, is also important. For example, an article appearing on the right hand upper portion of the front page of a well known newspaper causes one reaction in the reader, whereas if the same article appeared in an obscure position in another paper it would give quite another impression, or no impression at all.

Sensational headlines, which must be qualified almost into oblivion in the last sections of the accompanying article are another method of achieving the desired results. Pictures, which one tends to accept as being absolute evidence of undeniable fact, are another important propaganda tool. Pictures may be faked, but more frequently the caption under the picture is used to wipe out or change completely whatever fact the picture may have originally portrayed. For instance, when Poland fell the papers here ran a picture of Polish citizens wiping away tears. The picture, which was gotten from German sources, had been sent out with the statement that the Poles were wiping away tears of joy. American papers implied that the tears were of another sort.

IV

Propaganda in magazines, movies, plays, speeches, and radio sketches is more often of the intentional sort. Material used in these vehicles is usually prepared well in advance, and represents a definite point of view, or interest. Unintentional propaganda occurs most frequently in the report-

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Glenn Hutchinson

Carolina Goes to War

A Lesson from Campus History 1917-1918

First published in the MAGAZINE *for December '37 and reprinted here in a condensed form,* CAROLINA GOES TO WAR *is a vivid account of how thoroughly militaristic a liberal state university can become under the impact of war.*

WITH EUROPE at war, tension in the United States is growing. Everywhere people are asking the question, "Will we have to go to war?" Students are more concerned with the answer to this question than other groups, because they will be among the first sent to the battlefields. Exactly what will happen to the Carolina campus if the United States goes to war? The best way to find out is by learning what happened here during the World War.

Some of the peace sentiment which is manifest today was reflected at Carolina during 1915 and 1916 when such outspoken advocates of peace as Alfred Noyes, the English poet, and William Jennings Bryan were invited to speak here. Addressing more than 1500 persons in Memorial Hall in November, 1915, Bryan denounced preparedness and jingoistic newspapers and pleaded for America to stay out of the conflict. "If the dogs in Europe won't stop fighting, don't let us get hydrophobia over here," he urged.

"If we ever have a war I think that the jingo editors ought to be put on the front line and be allowed the glory of dying before anyone else. You can no more judge the sentiments of a peace loving nation by the ravings of the jingo editors than you can measure the depth of the ocean by the foam on its wave."

Carolina was destined, however, to fall in behind the jingo editors rather than behind Bryan's banner of peace and unpreparedness. In January, 1917, 344 students signed a petition asking that military training be given; and by the close of March more than 500 men were receiving military instruction, the space behind South Building being lighted to allow night drilling.

Two weeks after the United States declared war, the companies gave their first exhibition drill, and the late President Edward Kidder Graham spoke to more than 1,000 persons in Memorial Hall. "The single thought of the University is to coöperate in every intelligent way with the government," he said. "To this end it offered several weeks ago its all—every resource and equipment, means and men. It organized military training under competent instruction, and complied with the requirements for a Reserve Officers Training Corps. . . . Our larger task is peace, our immediate task is war. There is now no alternative for a Christian democracy."

A week later the faculty adopted a resolution "strongly favoring" the draft, and voted to give full credit to students who went to Camp Oglethorpe without finishing the term. The same week a Carolina man won the state peace oratorical contest, declaring that "America has taken the first step toward international peace by entering the war." The final issue of the *Tar Heel* that year announced that Secretaries Daniels and Baker were to be commencement orators and that the final week of the year was to be a period of patriotic celebration.

II

By the next fall the crescendo of patriotic fervor was louder, but it had not yet begun to scream as it did later. A streamer head in the first issue of the *Tar Heel* announced that the University had formally introduced military training, and a smaller one declared that varsity football would be cancelled due to the war. A choice bit of jingoistic writing was the following: "When the first gun from the Land of Freedom sends its first valentine to the Boche, the Stars and Stripes will wave over many Carolina men acting as officers in the new national army. Carolina traditions have been nobly upheld by all her students and alumni . . . and all join in praise of the Old North State and its schools and colleges for the part they have played in giving of their youth and manhood." Another story announced the fact that the University was unfortunate in losing eleven faculty members who had been called to the colors, among whom was "F. P. Graham,

A.M., Assistant Professor of History."

University Day was celebrated in grand style in 1917 with military exercises and an address by the Governor of North Carolina. Standing on the steps of Alumni Building President Graham spoke briefly of the Carolina men who had volunteered. "The bitterness of having them taken is swiftly lost in the larger happiness of giving them and in the gallant fashion of their going," he said. Governor Bickett declared the United States "went in because it could no longer afford to stay out and preserve its self-respect. In this war despotism, autocracy, socialism, aristocracy, are all passed into the melting pot, and the thing that will come out will rule the world for years to come. If by any chance Germany should win, the ideals of Prussianism would hold the master hand of civilization. On the other hand, if the Allies triumph, war will come no more upon this earth. . . . The State of North Carolina expects you men to so order your power that when the call comes, you will say, 'Here am I, send me.' "

Carolina had her bonfires and pep rallies then, but instead of being "Beat - Duke" rallies they were "Beat-Germany" rallies. The fourth Liberty Loan drive was launched with a huge bonfire in front of the post-office, and the battalion paraded through the streets. Chapel Hill was apportioned $39,000 and students and faculty members were urged to "let our dollars fight for things worth while."

As a part of their realistic war training the student-soldiers dug trenches near the Raleigh road, complete with barbed-wire, dug-outs and all the trimmings. There they practiced trench war-fare, staged mock engagements, practiced bomb throwing and layed down barrages of artillery. They even had the local Red Cross chapter serving them coffee and doughnuts "up at the front." But the boys didn't stay in the trenches. The whole town of Chapel Hill was the scene of mock street fighting and military maneuvers on a grand scale. One of the "pitched battles" occurred in the arboretum late one evening, a fact that ought to emphasize how no phase of campus life was exempt from the impact of the war.

Throughout all the war activities of the University there was a clear and penetrating note of idealism. That of the faculty and administration was portrayed in the numerous speeches of the president, and that of the students was well expressed by the editors of the *Tar Heel* and *Magazine* in Thanksgiving editorials in 1917. Said the *Tar Heel*, "We give thanks that we are free to give and to fight for that which is best in the world; that we are not led by a ruthless government into a shameless struggle but that we unselfishly, may 'dedicate our lives and all that we have' to the greatest ideals —that we may lay down our lives and give our all for even the least of these in order that the world may at last become a better place in which to live and that all mankind may have the glorious privilege of peace, freedom, and justice, and that men may at last be brothers." And the *Magazine*, "We give thanks that we are privileged to know that 'the right is more precious than peace,' that we are fighting 'for the things that we have always carried nearest to our hearts, for democracy . . . for the rights and liberties of small nations, for the universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.' "

III

One searches the University publications vainly for any expression of cynicism, of questioning, of opposition to the war. One writer in the *Magazine* declared, "A single purpose should actuate us all. The war is on. Our individual views of its necessity or expediency, our views of its futility or its efficacy as a means of establishing the principles for which we contend must for its duration be subordinated to a united effort in order to achieve a complete victory." The December, 1917, issue of the *Magazine* contained a poem, "Christmas in London," which referred to the Germans as

> . . . The damned carrion crows, foul hook-billed kites
> That tear young children's flesh, and women's hearts,
> These unseen, brooding vultures wing their flight and leave behind a heap of jumbled slain.

The powerful appeal of religion was added to that of patriotism. In delivering the McNair lectures in May, 1917, Dr. Shailer Matthews, dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, chose as his subject "Patriotism and Religion." Said the *Tar Heel*, "Dr. Matthews gave a vivid picture of a young man's love for his native land, defining Patriotism as loyalty to country and to national institutions. A counterpart of Religion is the sacrifice and devotion of the men and women of the nation in Arms." War waged in defense of Christian ideals is just, he told the students. At about the same time the *Tar Heel* was urging students to "Go to Berlin by way of Blue Ridge," the summer "Y" conference center.

"To Win War Keynote of U. N. C. Activities" was a *Tar Heel* headline in May, 1918. "To give its utmost to the war for democracy has been the shining light in the achievement of the University during the past year," began the story, which summarized the work of the University in the war.

The height of patriotic fervor was reached in the fall of 1918, when the University ceased to be a university and became a government camp, the Students Army Training Corps taking over the campus, lock, stock and barrel. The 750 Carolina men in the Corps were part of 150,000 men in 500 American colleges who were inducted into the organization at the beginning of the fall term.

When Lt. G. W. S. Stevens of the U. S. Army moved his military headquarters into the Sigma Chi fraternity house and took charge of the SATC, he really took charge of the University, for the student body and the SATC were practically the same thing. Military terminology and regulations were the order of the day. The dormitories were referred to as barracks, Swain Hall was known as the mess hall, and Memorial Hall became the Armory.

The old liberal arts curriculum was thrown out, class lines were abolished, and military training was the paramount consideration, with each student's course being arranged to fit him for some branch of the service. Students were grouped by ages instead of classes, and eleven hours of military training and three recitation hours in the study of the issues involved in the war were required. These classes in War Issues were the largest of any in the University.

A course in military French was added by the French department, and other departments changed their courses or added new ones, until the University was prepared to train students for the infantry, field artillery, heavy artillery, air service, ordnance and quartermaster service, engineer corps, signal corps, chemical warfare service, motor transport and truck service, naval service and marine corps.

University men were ready to offer not only their lives but also their money to the cause. More than $25,000 was subscribed, by SATC students and members of the naval unit, to the Fourth Liberty Loan. The YMCA, which was known as the Army and Navy Y, was completely dominated by war purposes, giving up its Negro work and other activities to raise $8,000 for war service and to devote its attention to the welfare of the student-soldiers.

Students were so preoccupied with war preparations that the local moving picture theater had to close because of lack of patronage. One enthusiastic student writer even urged his schoolmates "to practice asceticism at times" to build up their self-control so they could become good soldiers.

Summarizing the war work of the University, the *Tar Heel* of October 9, 1918, declared Carolina men were "doing their best to crush Kaiserism." It pointed out, in addition to other activities outlined above, that the University Extension Service had been an effective means of reaching the people of the state and encouraging them to support the war. More than 100,000 citizens heard lectures on war subjects by members of the faculty, 75,000 war information leaflets were sent to North Carolina homes, and the war editions of the University News Letter reached a weekly circulation of 15,000.

IV

Reading these accounts leaves one with a feeling of pity for the boys whose ideals were so high and whose accomplishment was so futile. But merely to read them is to realize immediately the vast disparity between their attitude toward the First World War and our attitude toward the Second. Those who lightly say we have learned nothing since 1914 should contrast the two attitudes. Today we stand in a somewhat cynical disillusionment, realizing that in the World War we were the dupes of the world and would again play into England's hands if we entered this war. The typical remark is, "Yes, sir, I'll be in Company B—B here when they leave and B here when they get back." The *Tar Heel* has editorialized against American participation in the war. The *Magazine* is plumbing for peace. A League to Keep America Out of War has been formed. The American Student Union is propagandizing for peace. Chapel Hill women have formed a peace group. Although public opinion is hostile to Hitler, it is also even more hostile to our participation in the war.

What can we learn from our experience of 1914-18? First, not to be so credulous and gullible in our acceptance of every bit of jingoistic talk and news that is fed us by propaganda agencies. Second, that the University should not for any reason cease any of its normal educational activities during a war. The Chinese are a wise people; they have discouraged their students from going to war, for they know that college students can be of more value to their country at home when they have reached maturity than draped across the barbed-wire entanglements of some forgotten no-man's-land. In order to insure the continuance of education during the war, should we get into it, we should fight tooth and nail the institution of any of the appurtenances of war in this University now or later. We should put the student body on record as being against United States entrance into the war.

We have learned, in short, that America has everything to lose and nothing to gain by participation in a European War, no matter how high our aims are. We have learned that students can be effective forces for war, which means that they can be effective forces against war. We have learned to insulate ourselves against the barrage of war propaganda that floods us in time of war. We have learned to continue normal activity in order to provide a natural release for energy. We have learned enough so that it may be possible this time that Carolina will not go to war.

Dexter Freeman, DeWitt Barnett

The Case for Complete Neutrality

Pro: Dexter Freeman

ABOUT seventeen centuries ago a cynical old saint named Isidore remarked prophetically: "When men talk of peace, there we see them preparing for battle." In Washington, at this moment, men are talking of peace in strange, deceptive accents—seducing the word into clever phrases with double meanings.

Men talk of peace. Congress is lined up in different camps, fighting over an issue that should never have been raised. The cold, unembellished question is this: Shall America stick to a firm yes-by-God neutrality policy, or commit herself to a delusive legal fiction that will enable the nation to become a blood-thirsty non-neutral with a clear conscience? The congressional answer may determine whether Johnny Johnson and Jimmy Jones will be enrolled in the University next fall or in a military training camp.

DEXTER FREEMAN, *political science student, and* DEWITT BARNETT, *honors student in history, are both preparing for the United States diplomatic service. They present here opposing views as to the relative values of the present Neutrality Bill.*

It doesn't necessarily follow that if Congress mutilates the neutrality act America will have to enter the war, but it does mean that we'll be jogging along a road tragically similar to that of 1917. On the other hand, even an air-tight neutrality program might fail to be a positive, absolute guaranty of peace, for there is always the human element to contend with—the pitiable weakness in men that makes them succumb to the martial spirit. But admitting the obvious uncertainty of future events, there is still an immediate choice to be made: neutrality at home, or cooperation abroad.

The Neutrality Act is a much-misunderstood document. Actually it was never intended to legislate American neutrality, but rather to create a situation in which the United States could remain neutral if it wanted to. The law was designed in part as a buffer for the pell-mell rush of profiteers whose appetite for blood money could so easily lead to "war incidents," as in 1917. With its cash-and-carry provisions (these expired last May, but will doubtless be written back by the present congress), the Act purposed to keep American

Con: DeWitt Barnett

WE ARE the hollow men, we are the stuffed men, leaning together headpiece filled with straw, alas! . . . shape without form, shade without color, paralyzed form, gesture without motion. . . . Here we go round the prickly pear, the prickly pear, the prickly pear, here we go round the prickly pear at five o'clock in the morning, between the idea and the reality, between the motion and the act, falls the shadow. . . ."

So, it seems that we Carolina students, like T. S. Eliot's "Hollow Men," go round and round the "prickly pear" of American neutrality in endless, verbose debates and queries only to hide in the shadow which falls between "the idea and the reality, between the motion and the act."

As University students, we have a responsibility and obligation to emerge from the shadows and make our voices heard and our influence felt on the Congress which tries today to preserve American peace and democracy and tries to keep us out of war. As students enjoying the comparative tranquility of a college village, we remain free from many of the economic and political pressures which might make War a welcome escape from uncomfortable realities; we enjoy the opportunity to hear all, study all, criticize all with a degree of intelligent objectivity, and the privilege thereafter to take action.

As students of army age, we are the ones who must rally around the old colors when the bugle blows. We must take action then. Why not take it now, so we won't have to hear the battle bugles which when they blow will like the pied pipes lead us into the gaping maw of death and destruction? Few of us anticipate with joy the bloody business of bayonet-jabbing and machine-gun-spitting. Few of us realize how near we are to it.

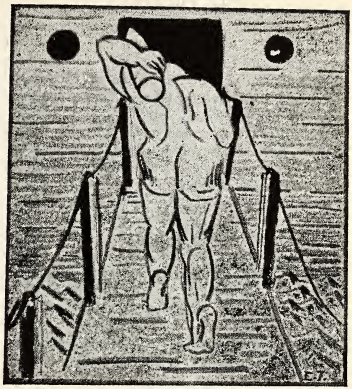
In China, the Kuomingtang Government stringently discourages Chinese university students from joining the army. Strangely enough, it values them too highly as bearers of the future success of democratic government in China to allow them

PRO: FREEMAN

citizens from becoming involved in the risks of war trade. There was, and is now, a commonsense belief that if our citizens keep their hands out of the wild-deuce gamble of war commerce the United States government will not be forced out on a limb to protect shaky investments abroad. The mandatory embargo on arms and ammunition was cemented into the law and accepted as the permanent cornerstone of real neutrality.

But now conditions have changed. The European war casts a long, suppliant shadow over the White House, and men talk of peace—while our own Chief Executive dons the robe of Chief Executioner and waits impatiently to deliver the death blow to the arms embargo. Congress's neutrality-child, still suffering from its appendectomy last May, again lies on the operating table, like an etherized patient waiting to be disemboweled.

While the President talks of peace and sharpens his knife, the whole scheme of American neutrality—possibly American peace—wavers in the balance. "Repeal the embargo!" is the cry—and out on Wall Street and La Salle Street all of our big, little, and middle-sized speculators say "Amen!" in golden unison. The vision of peace moves back a row and we see in ghostly parade the old mistakes, the brass-plated ideals, the old horrors of 1917, rushing to the front. We recall



CON: BARNETT

to throw their minds and bodies away as bearers of rifles in the war of defense against Japan, no matter how desperate that war of defense is. We, here at Carolina, cannot safely be assured that Uncle Sam will have the same respect for our brains and bodies. The history of our campus during the last war, the M-Day plans already in the files of our Army Department belie any such wishful thinking. In spite of the contempt in which many of us are held by our elders, it is not conceit to say that our generation, you and I, will determine the future of this country. The preservation of its democratic ideals and way of life depends on us.

I believe I speak for the rest of us when I say that I would prefer bearing this responsibility to bearing a heavy, deadly rifle on a khaki-clad and depersonalized collar bone, knowing that I was killing American democracy by turning it into a war-machine. I shall go further to say, that there is no war in Europe or elsewhere beyond American shores in which the proposed ends would be worth the sacrifice which we would have to pay as soldiers in an A.E.F. I am interested in keeping myself and my generation out of foreign wars. What are we going to do about it?

II

The present Neutrality Act proclaimed by President Roosevelt on Sept. 5, 1939 is an act that

PRO: FREEMAN

a statement made by Roosevelt in his famous Chautauqua speech: "The effective maintenance of American neutrality depends today, as in the past, on the wisdom and determination of whoever at the moment occupy the offices of President and Secretary of State."

We will have to search microscopically to find wisdom in the Roosevelt-Hull advocacy of altering our neutrality law *after* the outbreak of war to suit the needs of one of the belligerent groups. It is the patent desire of the repealists to aid Great Britain and France as much as possible without getting our country drawn into the conflict—a case of "see how close we can come to war without hitting it." We can't censure this group for singing hosannas at the thought of an Allied victory, but we can blame them for trying to categorize under the name of peace-preparations a program of dangerous discrimination.

Now there are men who don't talk of peace—men who brush aside the cobwebs of peace and neutrality and say flatly, "We ought to fight for Democracy." They hold up moss-covered dictums like badges and say reverently: "There are some things worse than war and death." And from there they proceed to conjure alarming images of a victorious Hitler crunching rough-shod over the Allies and marching on to America. They talk of democratic ideals in the glowing phraseology popularized a quarter-century ago. Blinded by fiery symbols, deafened by amplified shibboleths, they arouse themselves to a frenzy of belief that America's only salvation lies on the battlefield.

They are the deluded men—men who think of Democracy in terms of international hygiene. They fail to remember that in 1917 Democracy became a rallying cry only after the decision to go to war had been made. They fail to remember the machinations of our Lansings and our Pages when American trade was threatened—the fateful cablegram in which Mr. Page said, "our going to war is the only way in which our trade position can be maintained and a panic averted . . . the pressure of this approaching crisis has gone beyond the ability of the Morgan financial agency for the British and French governments."

In the European war the cause of Democracy is no more involved than the Lilliputian question of whether eggs should be broken at the butt-end or at the top. Entrance of America into the tragedy overseas would be suicidal insanity, for the

CON: BARNETT

should be repealed. The principle of American neutrality has been in large part the cause for the dangerous international situation in which we now find ourselves. I quote Clyde Eagleton in the January 1939 issue of the *American Journal of International Law* who writes: ". . . the United States occupies, willy nilly, a position of leadership in the world. Whenever we have had to face the consequences of this position of leadership, we have been embarrassed at almost every step by the restrictive effect of the Neutrality Act . . . each such incident (the invasion of China in 1931 by Japan, of Italy into Ethiopia, of fascists gangs in Loyalist Spain, etc.) bring to all the knowledge that the neutrality legislation has served to encourage agression, to weaken those with whom this nation is in sympathy and to contribute to the dangers now gathering before us."

Mr. Eagleton states a fact that we must all recognize now as obvious: that American neutrality has been anything but neutral. "The neutrality legislation of the United States has been a green light to the agressor . . . our diplomacy is emasculated, and agressors know that it is impotent."

Another writer for the *American Journal of International Law*, Stowell, writes in the April, 1936, issue that, "It might well be argued that any and all of these measures (neutrality) would be justified if they were really adequate to achieve the ends in view; . . . we should do our part in aiding those who are attempting to organize effective action against any would-be aggressor. It is absolutely contrary to American national psychology to persevere in an attitude of indifference. Sooner or later American public opinion will come to recognize fully our obligation to cooperate with other states, for the purpose of insuring collective security and in order that we may, one and all, aid in building a defense against unnecessary war. Such action, if taken betimes, will be the best means to prevent our being drawn into war in the wake of a rising tide of national emotion, when the cost of our intervention may be disastrously great and when the efficacy of our cooperation may be correspondingly diminished."

We are alarmed by the growing ruthlessness and success of aggression in the world today. So far we have given it a "green light." The proclamation of the Neutrality Act simply reassures aggressors that the "green light" is still on.

The Neutrality Act prohibits the sale of finished war materials, munitions to belligerents. It does

PRO: FREEMAN

bald truth is: there's nothing to fight for. At this point in the world confusion, with subtle propaganda flying about us like cinders, we need a rigid neutrality policy more than ever before. The arms embargo needs to be kept in force with puritanic rigor; the cash-and-carry provisions for non-embargoed goods need to be reinstated; point by point a strict neutrality law should be adhered to by our government. But above all else, a sincere intention on the part of the American people to remain neutral is indispensable.

Mr. Edwin Borchard in his work, *Neutrality for the United States,* spoke with summary accuracy when he said: "By intervention in European quarrels we can make the situation worse, but never better. . . . Europe must work out its own problems; it understands them better than we ever can. . . . It is inevitable that the temptations to 'cooperate' with the 'peace-loving' nations of Europe will destroy our objectivity and neutrality and by making the United States the particular friend of some Powers makes us necessarily the enemies of others. . . . Neither the taking of sides nor widespread embargoes marks the road to peace. Far more important are an honest intention to remain aloof from foreign conflict, a refusal to be stampeded by unneutral propaganda, a knowledge of the law and a capacity to stand upon it, meeting emergencies and problems not romantically but wisely."

Sonnet

Until the resurrection, God, until
The spring shall come, let me remember this
One moment when I stand upon a hill
Lost in the splendor of November's kiss.
Let me remember rhythmed waves of wheat,
Wild west wind cradled on a cloud's white breast,
And from the bough one scarlet note and sweet
Of ecstasy before the song finds rest.
If I remember anything of earth,
Of all the days that I can count most fair,
I pray Thee, let my soul retrieve in birth
This much of Autumn for a souvenir—
This moment beautiful beyond belief,
When life is measured by a trembling leaf!

—Mary Louise Boylston

CON: BARNETT

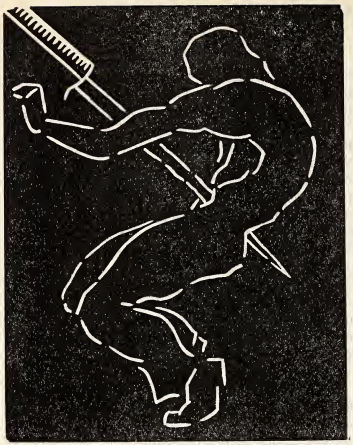
not prohibit the use of American ships to ship unfinished war materials. Our neutral ships on unneutral seas are in danger of being sunk. The sinking of an American ship is liable to inflame public opinion toward declaration of war. The Neutrality Act permits the shipping of war materials to Japan whose policy in the Far East we have condemned since 1931 as unjust and inimical to world peace. Japan is still able to buy and take away from the United States over fifty percent of the war stuffs that she must have in order to keep on her disastrous war.

The Neutrality Act prevents England and France from receiving needed munitions which she must have to check a Germany who has free access to the resources and manufactures of her Eastern acquisitions and neighbors.

III

If we want to keep out of War, we must expect every Britisher to do our duty for us. We can help him do that by repealing the Neutrality Act and giving him all possible aid. We believe that a peace achieved by the governments of Great Britain, France and China would be a better one than would be imposed by a Nazi Germany and a military autocracy of Japan. We must take notice of what Hermann Rauschning, a former leader of the German National Socialist Party and ex-president of the Danzig Senate, writes in his recent book, "The Revolution of Nihilism—Warning to the West." The Nazi's foreign policy "may be summed up" in the two lines of a Hitler Youth marching song: "Heute gehort uns Deutschland, Morgen die ganze Welt . . ." or "Today we own Germany, tomorrow the world." Rauschning writes on: "Must not the struggle for existence in foreign politics continue until the final world domination of a single nation? . . . America is already at the outset of internal convulsions produced by war of ideologies. Here, to a change may easily come which will convert American opposition into willing discipleship. In the National Socialist view the political situation in America is unstable and can be developed into an outright revolution; to do this is both a tactical aim of National Socialism, in order to hold America aloof from Europe, and a political one, in order to bring both North and South America into the new order. By its ubiquity and its tactics of universal menace, National Socialism is preparing to occupy the key positions for colonial domination, for domination

(Continued on page thirty-one)



We can stay out of this war. There are no buts about it; we can be neutral. The idea that we will get into it eventually is the most compelling force towards war for America, and it must be broken down.

WALTER KLEEMAN, *President,*
International Relations Club

Sincere idealists on international brotherhood and alarmists about Hitler's ultimate aims are again proposing that we shell German cities in order to be more brotherly and democratic. We should be very sure that they have the solution before following their advice.

Our entrance into the war would probably bring Russia, Italy and Japan to the support of Germany. Such a conflict would be so evenly divided that it could hardly be less than a ten year deadlock. Should the "democracies" win, fascism would spring again from the head of the inevitable crushing peace. To stake our energies on the possibilities of keeping and making a democracy here in America seems infinitely preferable to the certain chaos involved in world war.

BOB MAGILL, *Director,*
Graham Memorial

United for Pea

Nine Campus Leade

There can be but one opinion about war. If somebody enjoyed it, it wouldn't seem quite so absurd. The youth of the nations bear no grudge against each other. International youth organizations, promoting peace and friendship are growing even in those countries now at war with one another. Such organizations may seem impotent on the face of things today, but with them have been sown the seeds of world brotherhood and understanding. In years to come their strength may be a determining factor in abolishing the holocaust of war.

LOUISE JORDAN,
President, Y. W. C. A.

War never becomes real to America until the principal countries of Europe are involved. Then the United States begins to say "Stay neutral," all the time favoring one group—the one able to buy war products. An isolationist policy would probably keep the United States out of the European fight. But even when the present embargo is repealed, we certainly will be neutral until Roosevelt has his chance for re-election. Perhaps we could postpone election day indefinitely—depending on the length of the war. Maybe that would keep us neutral!

MARTIN LUTHER HARMON,
Editor, The Daily Tar Heel

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G

e in Our Times

Give Their Opinions

If war comes we are the men who will have to go first and since we call ourselves a democracy I do not see how we as participants in the next war can have the attitude that the opinion we voice will not be heard by our governmental leaders. Carolina students do not want war. Let us work together wholeheartedly to keep Carolina students in Chapel Hill and not send them to the battlefields of France to be used as cannon-fodder for the use of England, France and the munition makers of America.

JOHN H. BONNER, JR.,
President, Y. M. C. A.

Fascism can only be stopped by stopping the conditions which cause its growth, and those exist in America—in the suppression of minorities, violations of civil liberties, organizations such as the American Legion, Bunds, and Father Coughlin's followers, and chiefly in starvation living conditions on the part of a third of our population—as well as in Germany. Defeating German fascism would be small victory if the same war brought about American fascism. Our job is to create a genuine democracy at home. In that way we can best fight fascism in its world-wide manifestations.

LEE MANNING WIGGINS, *President,*
American Student Union

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is vital. In consider-
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ie brilliant life.
ANKIN, *Secretary,*
omen's Association

In these perilous and eventful times, America, and especially the youth of America, must do all in its power to see that we are not, as in 1917, forced into a war largely against our will and better judgment. It is the duty of youth, on whom the brunt of the fighting will inevitably fall, to acquaint ourselves with the underlying facts and the background of the situation so that we can wage our fight for peace in the most efficient manner. We must show the world that we realize our mistake of 1917, that we are not today a spineless illiterate people who can be made to jump through the hoop at the command of the financial powers and the propaganda machine, and that we are sincere in our fight for peace in 1939.

JIM DAVIS, *President,*
Student Body

By all means let's stay out of war! We can and must remain free of the folly and destruction of bloody strife. You and I have one life—we're willing to give it if the future of civilization rests with us, but I can not see that it is our duty to fight and die for a cause that is unknown to us, a peace that no one can predict. Let's stay out!

HARRY GATTON, *Chairman,*
Carolina Political Union

Mary Johnson MacMillan

Escape to Reality

IT WAS COLD, the way it gets in late October, and we were waiting after school to practice a play we were going to give for the Parent-Teachers meeting. The high school students had to practice first, though, and we were waiting out on the frozen playground. It was about four o'clock, and everything had a sort of hazy winter look. The wind was making the long steel chains on the swings and giant strides clang all out of tune. Mr. Adams, who lived two doors from the school, was burning leaves in his back yard, and the smoke smell had settled on the school grounds, and this and the red dust raised by the school buses when they left made the wide bare yard look lonesome and sort of far-off.

Ann and Connie and I were talking about Tess. She hadn't come to school that day, and we didn't know what we'd do about the class party. When Tess wasn't there, Ann was the leader in the crowd. Connie was Ann's staunch ally and I was always too timid to vouchsafe any opinion at all. Billy, Frank, Rob and Harry were trying to fix Billy's bicycle. Something was wrong with the chain, and they weren't paying much attention to us, just putting in a word now and then to show they were listening.

Ann was talking. "I don't know what to do. Tess is the best one we've got in the class, and if she can't come, we might as well give up the whole idea." We all felt the same way. We had been together since our nurses used to roll us in baby carriages to the college campus, and couldn't imagine doing something without all of us being in it together.

We had a good crowd. We were all professors' daughters in the little college town and the boys were professors' sons. We had a happy time, with nothing to worry us very much. We romped all over the campus, and we were very wise, and very happy at the time I'm remembering, when we were twelve years old, and "the gang" of the seventh grade. We must have been a snobbish lot but we didn't know that. Ann and Connie and Tess and I called ourselves "The Four" and the boys had a similar organization. The eight of us formed a self-appointed council to direct the policies of the all-important Seventh Grade. We were important people. We were the ones that were asked to stay after school to wash the black boards. In some rooms that was considered a punishment, but we looked upon it as an honor, and were never happier than when we were beating the chalk dust out of wornout erasers, and making clean black swipes across the grey black boards. And we were the ones to take messages to the superintendent, and to make scared little announcements in chapel.

Yes, I guess we were happy all the way through. We had big houses and big families with fires, and suppers and books to scamper home to, and there were so many important things to do that we stayed busy and happy almost all the time.

We all knew that Tess was the one who made us like we were. We didn't take any credit for it ourselves. She was always captain of the teams, and director of the plays, and president of the clubs. And she was the gladdest person any of us had ever known. She had shiny blond hair and a wide laughing mouth, and she had read everything and was the smartest girl in the class.

She lived out in the country, and was a little bit older than the rest of us. She had four tall grown brothers, and her father was a writer. We used to go out to her house and play on summer afternoons. The house was over a hundred years old, and had stair cases where you didn't expect to see them, and lots of box wood, and a swing hung from a high limb of an oak tree in the side yard. We all loved playing out there, and listening to her father's stories and rambling in the woods behind the house.

There wasn't anything special about Ann and Connie and me. Ann was the one to decide things, and usually took the lead in deciding things next to Tess. Connie was the prettiest girl in the room. She and Rob were supposed to be engaged. We were a little uncertain as to what that meant, but

MARY JOHNSON MACMILLAN, *exponent of the sweetness and light school, is a consistent contributor to the* MAGAZINE. *The simplicity and sincerity of words afford relief from the heavy-handed realism employed by most student authors.*

it sounded important. She didn't ever do anything like climb trees and play marbles, but she used to impress Ann and me with her embroidery, and the little things she knew how to cook.

I was the youngest one, and had freckles and didn't seem to have very many virtues or assets. I used to read a lot, but I was the only one who couldn't ride Jess Armsworthy's pony, and I kept my knees skinned all the time trying to learn to take the long hill by Davis' pasture on skates. Tess always took up for me, though, like she did for any of the rest of us in trouble. We felt safe and good and happy with Tess. That's why we were worried when she didn't come to school that morning.

We were supposed to give a party for the Old Eighth Grade (we never called it just "the eighth grade") and if Tess couldn't be there, we couldn't see any use in trying to have it at all. The boys were worried too. The honor of The Grade was at stake, and we would be responsible for the whole thing.

Ann kicked at a pebble and sighed. The boys came over from the bicycle stand and sat on the cold steel steps leading up to the slide. We were quiet for a moment. Harry walked over to the brick wall of the auditorium and stood looking off into the distance toward Davis' Pasture, where the big mulberry tree topped the hill.

"It's sort of good, livin' in this weather. Fall's the best, with football and all."

"Yeah, I hadn't thought much about it, but I guess that's the way it is. Winter's good too though. And spring . . ." Frank's voice trailed off. Talking didn't do much good. All the weather we had was fine, then. There were blue days, and grey ones, and gold ones.

Billy gave the chain on his bicycle a final jerk, and said, "We'd better go. They'll be through practicing. It's good here, though."

It was getting late, and colder, but I remember that we felt happy, just being together and knowing all the things we knew together. I think we thought about this, walking across the playground to the back door of the auditorium.

We pushed the door open, and went into the auditorium, smelling floor oil, and chalk, and the other things that make school buildings smell like they do. It was empty, but Miss Alice, the seventh grade teacher who had been there for so long came down the aisle to where we were. She looked as if she had been crying—Miss Alice, who never had any emotions at all that we knew of—and she said, with the words running into each other,

"We won't have practice today. Tess died this afternoon of scarlet fever and a heart complication. It was very sudden. You will all be in quarantine since she was in school yesterday." She turned and left us standing there.

I was looking hard at a picture of Robert E. Lee that was hanging over the stage. Ann caught her breath with a sob, and Connie was crying outright.

We hadn't known that it would be over so soon —all the long afternoons, and the way the trees look in October, and the way you feel so good and kind of dreamy in the spring. It would be different now. We'd be happy again, but the good clean feeling, and the way the trees looked in October wouldn't be the same. Tess was dead. That was what Miss Alice had said. She had said that we wouldn't have play practice because Tess was dead.

Ann picked up her books. "We'd better go," she said. "We have to go home now. It's late. It's after five o'clock."

Billy yanked at his sweater sleeve. "Yeah. It's getting late. We might as well go."

We went out of the building. It was almost dark outside. College boys were passing by, whistling. Lights were beginning to twinkle along the little street. We stood on the concrete steps for a minute and looked at all of it. The heavy door swung closed behind us.

Census

The total marks a rising gain
On last year's figure, it is said.
O count them! — all the million slain,
The population of the dead.

—Richard Nickson

Irwin Katz

Four Ways West

WHEN we were in El Paso, I crossed over the river and went down into a little Mexican town called Juarez. I was walking through the tourist section, watching my fellow countrymen busily engaged in the task of seeing "Mexico" when a small, poorly dressed Mexican with a mean-looking, knife-scarred face walked up to me and whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "How 'bout nize, Chreestian Girl." I told him no and walked on.

About half way down the block another Mexican approached me and asked, "A nice Chreestian girl, Señor?"

"Go to Hell," I said, and crossed the street. On the other side of the street a little boy of about nine ran up to me with a shoe shine box under his arm. "Shine, please, Mister?" I shook my head and walked on. The kid kept running beside me and pleading like a beggar for a chance to shine my shoes. "Please, Mister, only one penny, Mister, please." I thought it would be worth a cent to get rid of the kid; so I said O.K.

He fell to his knees, put his box under my shoes, and went to work enthusiastically. He worked very rapidly for about ten seconds and then suddenly stopped. He looked up at me with pleading in his eyes, "Please, Mister, an American cigarette." I gave him a few and told him to hurry the hell up with my shoes. He worked in silence for a while and then looked up at me again. "Mister, you wan' maybe some nize Chreestian girls—very nize? I can get you."

Before I could answer, he pulled his box from under my foot and ran off down the street leaving his cigarettes on the ground where he had placed them. A fat, middle-aged policeman came down the street, half running, half walking. He stopped in front of me, sweating and puffing like a bull. He pulled out a handkerchief, wiped his large, red face, looked at me and sighed, "Them leetle keeds. They make me very angry. Always they bother the Americanos." I tried to look sympathetic. He stood there a while, still panting, grinned at me lasciviously and winked his eye. "You wan' maybe a nize Chreestian girl, Señor? I take you." I politely refused, walked back to the station and took the first trolley back to El Paso.

Irwin Katz, bent on discovering the America usually omitted by books, hoboed his way across the continent this summer along with the migratory harvest workers. His vignettes are based upon his impressions of the trip.

II

It was a crummy jail. It stank like a zoo and looked like a zoo and it was cold as hell, but when a guy's stuck in a hot burg with only two bits in his pocket, he can't be too damned choosy where he flops. So I thanked the sarge and walked into one of the cells while he locked the outside door. There was four cells. They looked like cages and a guy felt like a lousy animal when he got into one of 'em.

They was two guys in each cell—the worst god damned bunch of stumble-bums I ever run into. They was four niggers, a pimp, a cokey, a stick-up guy, and a bastard who beat the hell out of his wife with the leg of a chair. The whites was just drunks in for the night. One of 'em was sick as a dog, an' pukin all over the floor. The pimp was a wise nigger, talking all the time. Soon's I come in he tries to bum a butt but I told him off quick enough. I took off my shoes, hopin to get some sleep. Hopin!

As soon as I stretch out on the cot the damned cokey goes batty, starts rollin on the floor an' kickin an' screamin like a nut. The pimp gives him a boot in the face an' shuts him up. Then the pimp starts crappin about his connections on the outside an' about how he was gonna be sprung first thing in the mornin—an' all the others cussin an' yellin.

About four in the mornin, just as I'm dozin' off, I hear voices from outside in the sarge's room. The sarge is yellin at some guy, "Where do you live?" No answer—wham, he socks 'im. "Where do you live?" No answer—wham, he socks 'im again. "Where do you live?" Wham. "Where do you live?" Wham. "Where do you live?" Wham. That guy was takin a helluva beatin. Then the door opens and they bring the guy in.

He's a nigger, an' pretty old—hair all white. His face ain't so pretty to look at, all chopped up an' bloody.

They take him to the end cell, the one with the drunks, an' open the door. The nigger sees the stinkin mess on the floor an' he won't budge an inch. The sarge is sore as hell. "Get in there."

"Ah—Ah can't, officer. Ah jes can't."

"Get the hell in there."

"No, no, please!" Wham, he's layin on the floor an' the door is locked. He lays there a long time, just holdin his face in his hands an' cryin. The pimp starts crackin wise with the old guy. "What yuh in for, Uncle Tom, rapin yer gran'-chile?" The old guy don't answer. He gets up an' kneels like he's gonna pray. "Lord," he says, "was de matter wid yuh, Lord? Ah ain't done nothin wrong. Whut for dey treat me lak dis. Tell me, Lord. Yuh knows Ah ain't done nothin wrong."

The pimp gets sore, he can't stand the old nigger's blabbin. "Listen, Jesus," he says, "if you don't shut yer trap I'm gonna beat the hell out of yuh!"

The stick-up guy don't like the pimp nohow. "Shut your filthy face before I spit in your eye, you little pimp bastard," he says. 'If that guy wants to pray he's gonna pray."

The old nigger ain't payin much attention to these other guys. He sits quiet for a while, sorta thinkin things over to hisself. I guess he done a lot of figurin, 'cause then he says, "Lord, if Ah's guilty, Ah wants t' be punished, but if Ah's not guilty, Ah don't wanna be punished." Hell, that was fair enough, I thought. After that he gets sorta confidential an' keeps his chatter to hisself.

I swear I coulda got some sleep after that, but just then a damned flatfoot comes in an' unlocks my door. "O.K., you, beat it," he says, "and make sure you get the hell out of town before tonight."

So now yuh know what I mean about Kansas City jails.

III

The sun was already hot as it climbed over the crest of the mountain and shone down into the valley below. The little mining town in western Colorado was still asleep. By the side of the deserted highway, about a quarter of a mile outside the town, the figures of a man, a woman, and a little girl were silhouetted against the light blue of the sky. They stood there quietly waiting, clothes dust covered and faded by the sun. The man and woman were old-young looking, their youngish, almost adolescent features in strange contrast to the aged weariness of their eyes, and the hard set of their mouths.

The man played with his little daughter, the woman silently watching. A Model A Ford noisily chugged along the road and drew up sputtering before the solitary group. A middle aged farmer stuck out his head and smiled cheerfully. "Where you folks headin?"

The little girl tugged at the hand of her father and hid her face behind his leg. He returned the farmer's smile and answered, "California."

"Been here long?"

"Three days."

"Three days? You mean you been standin here by the side of the road for three days?"

"Reckon so. An' we ain't the only ones. 'Bout a dozen of 'em been stranded here for days. One feller says he been here a week." The farmer whistled beneath his breath and shook his head sympathetically. "Where you from?"

"Kentucky—Harlan." The farmer was silent for a few seconds. He scratched his chin reflectively and gazed at the miner's wife. "Ain't you pretty far from home to be travelin like this, with a wife an' kid?"

The miner looked down at the ground, kicked a pebble with his toe, and spoke softly, "I used to work in the mines; lost my job after the strike an' couldn't get on relief. Heard there was work to be had in California, pickin fruit, and that a man could get on relief if he couldn't find work; so we sold our things and started out."

"That's too bad, too bad. Seems like honest folk jes can't earn a decent livin no more." He was silent a moment. "Look, I was jes' going into town to get some water. How 'bout you all comin' along an' eatin with me. Reckon you ain't et yet."

The miner looked at his wife questioningly. She looked down at the tiny pinched face of the child and silently shook her head. He turned to the farmer, embarrassed. "Thanks, stranger, you're mighty kind, but I reckon we better stay here by the road so we don't lose our place to any of the others."

"Then I'll bring you somethin. An I'll see if I can fix you up a ride at the hotel. The child started coughing violently, its little body convulsing with each cough. "That kid might be pretty sick, oughta get her out of the mountains."

"We sure do appreciate your help, stranger."

The farmer smiled, waved his hand, and drove off down the road, the painful, hacking sound of the coughing child continued. The woman wiped its mouth with a soiled handkerchief and gently slapped its back.

She looked at her husband and her eyes accused him as she spoke, "We gotta get our baby to a doctor."

He tried to put a note of hope into his voice as he answered, "Maybe that farmer will get us a ride like he said."

IV

It was night. The steel rails glistened beneath the rain which formed in puddles and squelched through Sam's shoes as he walked. Across the yards he heard an engine groan and puff as it butted against its heavy load. He was cold and wet and hungry, looking for an empty boxcar in which to spend the night. At last he found one. He pulled open the door, scrambled in, and stretched out on the warm, dry floor, listening to the sound of his breathing and the quick beating of his heart. After a while he sat up, rolled a cigarette, and struck a match. The light from the tiny flame pierced the darkness around him revealing the figures of four men, squatting against the opposite wall, staring at him in silence. The flame burnt his fingers and he dropped it, sitting frightened in the dark. A friendly voice spoke to him, "Sorry kid. We thought you was a bull."

Sam answered, "Gosh, you guys nearly scared the hell out of me."

Another voice asked, "Where you goin, kid?"

"Frisco."

He heard the men whisper among themselves. The first voice asked, "Ain't you heard nothin?"

"Heard what?"

"Ain't you heard about the killin? Texas Slim croaked a young kid last night. Beat him to death."

"What for?"

"Trespassin, hangin around the yards tryin to hop a ride. That's his fourth killin on the S.P."

"Jesus Christ." Sam felt sick inside.

"The guy ain't human. He's a killer; kills for the fun of it." Silence for a while, then, "You better beat it now. He rides this booger out to the junction every night."

"What about you guys?"

The voice from the dark was steady and even, "We're ridin with him."

Sam picked up his bag and jumped out of the car. He ran in the shadow of the train out to the edge of the yard and then walked back into town, puzzled by what he had seen and heard.

The next morning he sat in the park, reading a newspaper he had picked up out of a refuse can. Halfway down the third page a small headline caught his eye:

RAILROAD EMPLOYEE KILLED IN ACCIDENT

Early this morning the body of Thomas E. Clancy, veteran railroad detective on the Southern Pacific Railroad, was found lying between the tracks, four miles outside of El Paso.

Mr. Clancy, familiarly known among his fellow employees as "Texas Slim," had apparently fallen between two cars and been crushed to death beneath the train.

Richard Goldsmith

You Can't Change Human Nature

THE TAIL-LIGHT of the car ahead of him shot red, and Sam pulled up an inch from the man's bumper. There was a rattle from the golf clubs in the rumble, and the car gave an excited cough as the motor stalled. The street was packed with cars. He could see a knot of policemen standing on the corner, and people standing quietly on the curb looking down the avenue. A crowd moved through the waiting cars without a glance in any direction. Faith, that's what it was. Wonderful the way people had it. Never stopped to think of that one mistake which would send a shiny, chromium bumper crashing through their legs. People never did think of much. He wished to hell they would get under way. It was hot standing there. He shoved the windshield open another notch, and let the warm spring air flow over his face. Here it was a beautiful spring day, and him jammed up like this. A taxi pulled up close beside him, and he got a flash of two pairs of legs in the back seat.

"For Christ's sake watch those fenders," he yelled out the window.

"I ain't even scratched that shiny go-cart of yours," the driver snarled back, "Just take it easy buddy and you'll last longer."

He didn't much give a damn, but you had to watch out for those guys. If one of them clipped you with their damn truck chassis, it was so long car, and the next stop's the junk heap. The rear view mirror wasn't right. He fiddled around with it, and caught a reflection of himself in the glass. The angle at which the soft gray hat sat his head was just right. It really filled the bill. Shifting in the seat he felt his gloves behind him. The fine grain of the leather was smooth to the touch as he drew them on. He tamped them down over his fingers absentmindedly, and sat drumming on the wheel. Gloved hands are a sign of something. Nothing like them to give a fellow a feeling of security. Damn good thing security; takes the edge off things. Not that things needed the edge taken off them any more. Things suited fine right now.

RICHARD GOLDSMITH, *second of last year's contributors in this issue, emphasizes the psychological approach to character study being more concerned with the narrative for the narrative's sake than with any implied "social significance."*

The clop-clop of hoofs sounded on the other side of the car. A traffic cop twisted in his saddle to get a good look around, and started to move on down the street. The boy hailed him.

"What's all the shouting for, officer."

"Parade," the man replied.

Funny day for a parade. Hot walking on a day like this. Not much of a parade at that, though. He hadn't heard any music. Funny. You sort of expect music with a parade. Maybe he hadn't been listening good. He opened the window a bit more. Far down the street he heard some singing. No band, no music just some singing. As they neared him he heard some of the words. Conflict, conflict, conflict, conflict. 'Tis the final conflict. It was nearer now and stronger, not louder. Stronger. Let each stand in his place. He hummed a bar and stopped abruptly. Funny how any kind of music gets you.

That was all over now; finished like a dream. Not a bad dream, just unreal. College, and Marx and Veblen all gone. He'd been working his way through college. That's what he'd been doing. Working his way to get a lot of knowledge. He'd heard that some place before. Working his way through college to get a lot of knowledge that he'd probably never use. That had a catchy tune too. Fellow who wrote that kind of stuff had to be pretty clever. You wouldn't want to hear it all the time, but it was damn sweet music to the fellow who wrote it. It would have been nice to have written some stuff for the college show, but there'd been the work.

It wasn't that he minded it, but there were other things in life. So he had taken the job with his uncle. A good salary, lots of free time and extras. Take the car now. That was extra. Extra special. He'd had to work around to that. That had cinched things. Sealed the bargain so to speak. For a while he'd thought of it as a sell-out, but that feeling had worn off pretty quick. You had to take things while the taking was good. Everybody was taking, and when you had a leg up on the

band wagon, why not? There was a time when he'd thought different, but he'd been younger then. Younger and foolish. He'd admit that to anybody, and as his uncle said, what were the odds. Trust people to look out for themselves. Some people didn't, but they didn't know what was going on. They didn't know that a fellow had to get ahead. He was ahead, ahead of the game, and if he kept on doing what he was doing he'd be somebody. He wasn't quite sure what being somebody was like, but you could play all the golf you wanted.

The dashboard clock ticked off another minute. This wasn't getting him anywhere. The golf would have to wait, that was all. He heard the cop. The parade will be over soon, ma'm. Ain't so big to-day. Most of these communists figured it was too hot to march. They were singing solidarity forever now, and he could see the placards of the Garment Worker's Union, the Office Workers Union, the LLLLL and the GGGG; he used to know them all. They were O. K., but you couldn't have much respect for a bunch that didn't know what they wanted themselves. Trotsky trying to shake the world from Mexico. Stalin shooting people right and left. Russia weak, Russia strong. It didn't make much sense. Lots of confusion. Too many ideas, and like his uncle said, you couldn't eat them. Not the sort of a thing you could put your finger on. They might be on the right track, but it would take so much time, and you can't change human nature. In a year the same people would have all the money. Marx and Veblen thought different, but they were just dreamers. Not a practical businessman in the lot. Neither of them had left a cent when he'd died.

They weren't singing any more now. He bet he knew one they didn't know. He used to sing it in school. The first of May is Flora's day, come and dance the Flora. Yes, I will with a gentleman, I will dance the Flora. Queer how that had stuck in his mind. Things had a way of staying in your mind, and when they were there you couldn't help thinking of them. It was good, and it wasn't. Lots of things you wanted to remember, but plenty more you wanted to forget.

A horn honked behind him. The cars were moving. First, second, third. He swung around on the avenue and headed uptown. The wait hadn't been as long as he'd expected. Parades were usually long, drawn out affairs, but this hadn't been so bad. If he stepped on it he could probably make it. Hadn't been much of a crowd, and not many paraders. Why did he keep thinking of the damn parade. It used to have more umph to it, and they used to sing louder. He'd forget about the parade and think about golf. Golf was a good game; it kept you out in the air, was good exercise, and it didn't get you tired. Marching was good exercise, but he couldn't help remembering how tired he'd been last year after the parade.

Charles Farrell

On the Possibilities of Music in the Movies

Even Walt Disney Has Potentialities

DEEMS TAYLOR, the musical commentator on the Philharmonic Symphony Society program, recently remarked that serious music composed for the motion pictures is artistically valueless because it is not composed for its own sake as music; because it is composed solely to create a background, to form a mood-picture for aiding the spoken word. I don't think that this is necessarily true. In spite of such disadvantages, I believe that the motion picture as an avenue for good creative music is not without possibility.

Every music lover who listens to the music that accompanies motion pictures must hear something that he likes, and that he would enjoy hearing apart from the picture. I include the music to *Mayerling*, the chorus near the end of *Lost Horizon*, and the music to *Robin Hood*, particularly one energetic theme in the brasses, as among that which I would enjoy again. In other pictures, where the opportunity prevails, certain spots show a very clever production, as the little motif which introduced the Persian ambassador in *Marco Polo*. Another case where the music sums up the atmosphere as nothing else can do is in *King Kong*. In the scene where the natives are coming out to the ship in their boats to capture the heroine, the suspense of their approach is crowned by the accompanying music. It would be difficult to divorce this music from its context and still retain the same feeling, but where it belongs it is wonderfully effective.

It is common to utilize in the movies music already composed. When used as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and in *Romeo and Juliet*, where it was skillfully arranged, it serves the purpose of music composed originally for the picture, and is therefore legitimately used. It is interesting to note that the music employed for those productions had been originally composed on the same subjects. Under the circumstances, the composer, or the arranger, was intelligent to use it.

CHARLES FARRELL, *freshman from Greensboro, is known for his interest in food, music, and Aristophanes. His essay is printed with the consent of* SCHOLASTIC, *national high school magazine, in which it first appeared last spring.*

The other general class of pre-composed music found in the motion picture can be grandly illustrated by *The Goldwyn Follies*. In that picture a whole scene, complete with chorus, orchestra, and principals, was lifted from Act One of *La Traviatta* and inserted, with no relation to the story. Examples of music which is simply interpolated into the picture are most apt to be found in "The Knights of the Displayed Tonsil" type of motion picture, a kind rather in prominence in the present era. The story is nearly always the same: after many adventures, some unknown singer reaches fame, fortune, and love. A great singer is hired for the starring role. Along with the better known Italian opera arias, he generally sings several fourth-rate tunes which are composed for the movie. Sometimes, as in *The Great Waltz* and the Victor Herbert stories that have been screened, other angles for the introduction of the music are found.

Particularly in the Walt Disney studios, but also in other types of pictures, is to be found a development of musical accompaniment which, although not unique in this field, had probably reached a higher degree of evolution in the motion pictures than elsewhere. This is music that underscores every action, emphasizes every character, and develops every emotion; music which, like the gentle underscoring of the text that Sir Arthur Sullivan practiced in the Savoy operas, forever urges one into the spirit of the piece. Disney's music is composed first, and the animation then set to it, rather than the converse. In my opinion, Disney's music has reached its present culmination in *The Country Cousin* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

II

Looking through the list of modern composers who write for the movies, we find such names as Arthur Honegger, Serge Prokofieff, Arthur Bliss, Erich Korngold, and Ernest Toch. All of these men are in the front ranks of modern composers,

and all have had successes outside of the movies. Craftsmen like these who know their art are much more likely to produce a quality product than those who do not: Moussorgskys and early Rimsky-Korsakoffs don't grow on bushes. It is to be presumed that these men write for motion pictures to make a living. If we accept that to be true, we then find a definite point in favor of music composed for the movies: it gives the composer a chance to practice his profession while he is making a living. The system of commissioning music for the motion pictures is very like the patronage practiced in the time of Mozart and Haydn. Under that patronage a composer was often required to produce almost any type of composition at the order of his patron, who paid (or, generally, underpaid) him to do just that. Thus, he might have had to turn out on notice a set of new dances for a ball (Mozart wrote dozens), or a serenade for a wedding, or a symphony for a concert. Even if the composer had no patron, a vast deal of what he did write was composed to order. That fact did not prevent composers from creating master-works, as Haydn's *London* and *Paris* symphonies, and Mozart's operas demonstrate. I might also remark that practically everything that Bach ever wrote was composed for some specific purpose or occasion, and was composed primarily because it was his business to do so—not because the muse welled up within him. However, patronage did allow the composer to compose. So would this modern variant; it would feed him well, and it would not classify him among the servants, as under the former system.

The answer to the objection that there are no contemporary Bachs, Mozarts or Haydns must be that we cannot tell.

Those who believe in the untrammelled freedom of the artist would certainly rebel at the fact that the movie composer has to turn out just so much music of that kind, just so much music of that and no more: in short that he is confronted with the restrictions of the medium. But, look at the opera, or the ballet. The lot of the movie composer is not much worse than that of the composer of operas, ballets, or incidental theatre music: the restrictions of the medium are prominent there, also. The opera composer is tied to the emotions of his libretto. In former days, he was further throttled by the conventions which made the singer supreme over dramatic fitness. The composer of incidental music for the theatre faces the identical restrictions of the movie composer, and if the atmosphere of his music fits exactly, there is the grave danger that it will be completely ignored. And, in the *Nutcracker* ballet, for example, the number of bars in individual numbers was specified. Did such restrictions stop Tschaikowsky, and more recently, Ravel and Stravinsky, not to mention a host of others, from producing masterly ballets? The ballet music is probably of more importance than the dancing that is done to it, but in my opinion, the majority of ballet-goers lend most of their attention to what is happening on the stage, thus leaving the ballet composer more or less in the same position as the movie composer. In ballet, the classic example of greater interest in the music than in the dancing was the first performance of Stravinsky's *The Rites of Spring*. However, that was true only of the first performance: I doubt if this reaction would be duplicated anywhere for the same piece. If the music had not had an independent life upon the concert platform, it would have taken second place to the ballet.

This leads me to my next point: when ballet and theatre music has survived, independently of complete performances of the ballets, it has been in the form of suites or excerpts. The reason is that the restrictions of the medium required certain conventions which are not necessary for the enjoyment of music for its own sake. When the music subsequently embarks on an independent life, these now unnecessary restrictions are clipped away. In the field of opera the same is noticed. Outside of a few early essays in the symphonic form, Wagner wrote operas exclusively. Yet, Wagnerian excerpts are played on symphonic programs more often than the works of any other composer. Many operatic overtures have found permanent homes in the symphonic repertory, as well as other kinds of excerpts, such as the "Dance of the Seven Veils," from *Salome*.

The same course is equally open to music composed for the movies. As a matter of fact, steps are already being taken in this direction, for a suite from Prokofieff's *Lieutenant Kije* music has been both played and recorded with great success by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and music has been recorded from Bliss's score to H. G. Well's picture *Things To Come*. Lately, in an article in the *Etude*, Korngold said that he would like to see a suite drawn from his *Robin Hood* music.

III

My remarks have been generally confined to the symphonic type of music to be found in the motion pictures. However, as music of the lighter type predominates in the motion pictures rather

than that of a "heavier" nature, jazz and semi-jazz pervade the movie atmosphere. The movies have certainly had no bad influence on the composers of tin-pan-alley, who have been on a field day. They have one important advantage over the symphonic composers: their product is composed to be heard by the audience, rather than to serve as a background. To the serious composer, this is the principal restriction that the medium presents at the moment. This need not remain the case. The movies as a medium of artistic expression are quite new. I believe that eventually the modern composer will be more able to turn to them as an outlet for his art. As a medium for the transmission of good music, they have already begun to be tapped. There is also a trend which may eventually lead to the production of complete standard operas in the motion pictures. A step in this direction has been taken in the recent movie version of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado*. Although the motion picture will perhaps always be concerned primarily with the drama, its potentialities as a medium for artistic and serious composition may soon begin to be realized. There is no reason why they should not be so realized.

Chancel Rail

God, thou art wiser than the words I say,
And wiser than these transient dreams, that blow
Across my thoughts in poignant fray array
To leave me inarticulate. I know—
And only this I know—all things to me
Are beautiful. I can say nothing more.
I cannot tell a reason why the sea,
That petulantly throbs against the shore,
Should rise to fall again—or why a pine,
That reaches restless fingers to the sky,
Must wither in its reaching. Thy design
I cannot understand. Teach me that I
May go on singing, shadowed by the night,
When wings grow silent, broken with the flight.

Mary Louise Boylston

Variation on the Theme of Europe

O come, Theseus of the bitter land!
The taloned hand has fallen
shredding the unguarded lilt
of voice, shutting the lungs
of the forum hall, shredding
and shutting the winged phrase;
and now the private fields of mind
are found and ploughed of thought,
seed of clenched-fist philosophy
springing in the young soil;
and now the fields are closed,
the spring shoots controlled, full
harvest handled by an alien hand;
and now the mind is self no longer.
O come, Theseus of the bitter land!
Come, scholar, fighter, remembrance
green with other sweeter lands,
shouting crowds at the rally
and crowds shouting personally;
come now in this land raked and roped
with close doctrine, enter clutching
the thread of your remembrance, deliver
these youths your heart and your seed,
until the seed bursts of hope
with the new song across fields
again won for the casual cry, the cry
soaring on restless wings into the sun.

Simons Roof

Wanted: Democracy

The *North Georgia Review*, peculiarly wide-awake quarterly publication devoted to Southern social and literary trends, is offering a prize of twenty-five dollars for the most interesting essay on How May a Real Democracy Be Achieved in the South. The contest is limited to all students attending Southern colleges or Southerners attending college elsewhere in the nation. Deadline is December 1st, and the length of the essay is limited to 3000 words. Entries should be addressed to the editors, *North Georgia Review*, Clayton, Georgia.

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Frank Taylor

And in the Fire of Spring

THE MOON was so bright I was driving with the lights off and we could even read the fine print on the beer signs. I turned up the lane and in a minute pulled around beside her gate. When I shut off the motor, she leaned back in her corner, resting her head against the window.

Her shirt was unbottoned. She always borrowed her brother's clothes when he would let her and tonight she wore his polo shirt, the blue silk one; her throat gleamed white and I thought how soft it was. When she rested her foot on the dashboard, the leg bottom of her too short slacks came up nearly to her knee. Sometimes she rolled them up and wore them like shorts although her dady said it wasn't respectable since she had grown up. She had good legs—good to see and good to feel. In the moonlight I could see the hairs that lay smooth and dark along her shin. She hated them and wanted to take them off, just like she always wanted to cut her hair shorter; but I asked her not to and she didn't, until later.

She didn't say a thing. Old Red came pat-pad, pat-padding up the lane. Little dust puffs strung out behind him like tiny storm clouds. He came up snuffing at the car and stopped, his front paws on the running board. I told him to get out of here. He dropped down and trotted up the walk. She said, "He's been out courtin'." Then later, "I bet he's happy too."

A light came on across the lane. I heard her stop breathing. The window winked at us as a shadow crossed, and went back. Then the light went out. "Granny's happy now. She can tell mother what time I came in." She took her foot off the dash and kicked me with her heel. It didn't hurt. She liked to go barefooted when nobody could see her, so when we parked she always took her shoes off. I grabbed her foot and swung her around to face me. She just sat and looked. Her feet weren't big but on each instep there was a bump where the bone stuck out. She never could get shoes that didn't hurt, except pumps, and they made her too tall. I began to rub her feet. She liked for me to but when I rubbed her legs and turned the hairs the wrong way she said it hurt and made me quit. I reached down and found her shoes; they were sandals, just a strap and some banjo-work she stuck her toes in. I fastened them, then opened my door.

I slid out. She fell over face down where I'd been sitting. I reached in and lifted her out; she wasn't heavy but she was big for her age. Her shirt tail pulled out and standing there, her hair all wild, she looked like she'd just gotten up.

"Well—" she hesitated and I knew it was coming, "Are you mad?" I could smell her hair and I breathed deep. I said of course not and why should I be. Then when she turned her head and stood up close I knew she was crying. I ran both my hands up under the back of her shirt and pulled her around to me. Sure enough there were two crooked streaks, shining silver on her cheeks. She didn't make a sound but when I whispered goodnight she grabbed me around the neck as if I were trying to run away. I felt the heat from her lips when she looked up. She looked startled as though she had remembered something long forgotten.

"You can't leave me like this. I won't let you." She seemed all out of breath. I said I wasn't gone yet but I'd better get started because dad would raise cane if he knew how late I had the car out. I said goodnight again and pulled her arms down. When I kissed her, her lips were wet and hot as fire. She liked wet kisses and tonight I didn't mind it. I liked them tonight too.

I got in the car and shut the door easy. She just stood there. The moon was so bright I didn't need to turn the lights on. I said goodnight before I stepped on the starter. I put the car in gear and let the clutch out slow. I looked back. She hadn't moved; then the dust boiled up and I couldn't see her.

FRANK TAYLOR, *manager of BVP dormitory, manages to escape from his self help activity long enough to do an occasional story for us. He became interested in writing as a result of a sophomore English course.*

Of the Making of Books There Is no End

—The Campus Looks at Current Literature—

FROTH FROM A STEIN

No Time for Comedy. S. N. Behrman. New York: Random House. 216 pp. $2.00.

S. N. Behrman is a genuine liberal. He is one of the few playwrights writing today who is content to present two sides of a question calmly, fairly and without declaring himself violently in favor of one point of view or the other. Having a great respect for his audience's intelligence, he says, in effect, "Here are discussions of vital current problems. You decide for yourself how you stand."

The secret of Behrman's success as a dramatist is that he clothes whatever weighty subject matter he may have in the brittle garb of sophisticated comedy with thoroughly delightful people committing high-class adultery in even more delightful dialogue. He is an expert craftsman and realizes that the theatre exists primarily for entertainment. *No Time for Comedy*, which played on Broadway recently starring Katharine Cornell and Lawrence Olivier, is more superficial than many of Behrman's other plays, but underneath its triangular froth, it discusses a matter every artist has asked himself at one time or other.

Is a writer justified, asks Behrman, to create comedy when the world is full of war, cruelty and hatred, when civilization, itself, seems to be on the brink of destruction, or should be write tragic dramas of great social significance? This is the plight that the play's hero, Gaylord Esterbrook, a successful writer of Noel Cowardish comedies, finds himself in. His charming actress-wife, Linda, believes that the only way to combat sadness is through gaiety, the only way to fight Death is to write about Life. But Gay has fallen in the clutches of Amanda Smith, a lovely young lady (described as a "Lorelei with an intellectual patter") whose hobby is "developing latent possibilities" in brilliant men and who convinces him that he is being untrue to his higher self.

In the end, Linda wins the struggle, but not before there is some beautifully malicious and witty verbal bombardments between the two women. No *Time for Comedy* is not a masterpiece, but it is a pleasure to read and an excellent proof that there are still some civilized people left in the world.

—Sanford Stein.

CASSANDRA

Forward from Liberalism. Stephen Spender. New York: Random House. 281 pp. $2.00.

Holy is lucidity
And the mind that dare explain.

The lines are Spender's. And here in this personal but representative book he does explain. His views of politics and society are freely presented, and with no pretentious stab at the comprehensive. To him politics is no abstract argument but a question of the life or death of our civilization. He who believes his mind and his work to be aloof to such a question is whistling in the dark. Spender, himself, is writing at a time of (relative) peace; nevertheless he senses the dark, and is no mean prophet of our present quandary. As a poet, he regards the words of his great World War predecessor, Wilfred Owen: "All a poet can do today is to warn."

Mr. Spender's warning takes the form of an indictment of capitalism. He points out that within democracies two elements co-exist—democracy and oligarchy—and that both are weighted in favor of this prevailing system. Such governments, the product and weary care of "the liberal experiment" of the past hundred years, are now being swapped their democratic clothing for swastikas and black shirts. The resultant dictatorships are minorities of force representing distraught capital. Their nationalism, playing on bourgeois fear, subjects the people to a craven acceptance of rulers they have recognized in the past—kings, generals, priests. And to combat these autocrats, liberalism, "the political philosophy of the successful middle classes," as Spender demonstrates, is not enough. Politics should mean making democracy effective, economically and culturally. Instead liberalism, sinking in the last war, will very surely drown, helplessly, in this.

Remote, indeed, seem the effects of the world socialism Spender visualizes when these nationalities shall be broken up "not into the pattern of one huge state, but into many small,

What's Happening In Europe?

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NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD
By VINCENT SHEEAN

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yet interdependent regions, where not only wealth but the entire cultural heritage will be distributed in proportion to those who 'give according to their ability and receive according to their need.' " For as he ruefully put the matter in his knowing summation: "Practical politics throughout the development of history are a satirical mirror held up to the face of political ideals."

—Richard Nickson.

UTTER REALITY

It Is Later Than You Think. Max Lerner. New York: The Viking Press. 260 pp. $2.50.

"There is nothing in the world today so perilous and exciting as the adventure of democracy . . . democracy partakes of the sweat and blood of the real world. It is grimy and will never survive until it can learn to understand the ways of bullies and take its own part."

With these words Max Lerner, former editor of *The Nation*, strikes the keynote of his plea for militant American democracy, a democracy with sufficient strength and virility to succeed in a world of chaos and disillusionment. By "militant" he means a democracy that has become realistic and not idealistic. It must learn to recognize and know its enemies, understand their tactics, be willing to uncover those tactics and confront them. It must have sufficient confidence in itself to pursue the interests of the majority; even though its policy be inimical to the small vested minority. He believes that the great political task of our generation is the task of giving "economic content" to democracy.

Mr. Lerner rejects Marxism, pointing out six major errors in its analysis of modern, world politics. He believes in a collective democracy, a system of intelligent economic planning for the basic industries that would coordinate supply and demand in such a way as to best serve the needs of the majority of the people. His planned economy does not involve the abolition of private property or of profit. "What is essential only is that both be geared to the social needs of the plan as a whole." It does not involve the leveling of income, standardization of consumption, or coercion of the consumer.

These objectives can only be achieved through the formation of an independent American labor party with broad base in middle class, professional, technical, and intellectual groups, as well as organized labor. It must possess internal unity founded upon the unity of common interests and a democratic internal organization.

Mr. Lerner concludes on a note of hope for the future. "It is not much that we ask of our era—only a chance to consolidate and continue the affirmative achievements of science and intellectual freedom in human history, to provide an enlargement of human life for the masses, to provide a base from which individuals can explore the possibilities of human effort. We want no *Daimon* of Goethe, Schiller, Hoelderlin, no superman of Nietzche—only human men rising to the fullest stature of which they are capable.

—Irwin Katz.

RAUS MIT

Wolf Among Wolves. Hans Fallada. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 325 pp. $2.50.

There will now be a two minute period of silence while everyone in the hall takes time off to feel sorry and shed the proper tears for pre-Hitler, post-war Germany. Poor old Germany, first the republic and inflation after the flight of the Kaiser and now finally Hitler and imperialistic, fascistic war. A number of authors have properly felt sorry for republican Germany including Lion Feuchtwanger and Erique Marie Remarque, who both have been kicked out since the advent of Hitler, and Hans Fallada, who according to latest censored word is still among those present and accounted for in the Third Reich.

Mr. Fallada has come through with a new book called *Wolf Among Wolves*, no it is not a biography of anyone in particular on the campus, and the book is written in the accepted, modern fashion. Fallada jumps around from incident to incident with much more rapidity and accuracy than a couple of politicians straddling fences and mounting assorted band wagons. Mr. Fallada changes characters and settings so often that before long the reader feels like dropping the book and cutting up paper dolls or perhaps even helping Adolf chase Hans for the greater glory of the National Socialist state.

It can readily be seen where Mr. Fallada lifted his title. His hero is Wolfgang Pagel, and a greater cad never lived. He is a wolf, and on close thought, a wolf among wolves in the accepted sense of the word. Herr Pagel is engaged in amorous encounters on almost every page. His conquests would fill a book, which indeed they do.

The story deals with the inflationary periods. It shows up not only Wolfgang as a cad but most everyone else in the story. It is a very distressing story and if the people in Germany are as bad as Herr Fallada thinks they are maybe Hitler is not doing such a bad job.

Frankly, Germany was in foul shape and her people were a bit fouler, morally, physically and financially. Every page of the book beats with seductions, shady business deals, discarded females and frustrated males. Germany must have really been a terrible place before Hitler come to think of it. That is, if Fallada is painting an accurate picture.

Maybe on second thought . . .

HEIL HITLER . . . EIN REICH, EIN VOLK, EIN FUERHER

—Shelley Rolfe.

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CON: BARNETT

(Continued from page fifteen)

of the great sea routes, and for the domination of America and the Pacific."

We should take warning from Rauschning. America must needs throw her weight towards checking the forces of aggression in the world which may ultimately find its way to our shores. America must avoid War in Europe and make sure that the "internal convulsions produced by war of ideologies . . . outright revolution" be checked.

This two-fold aim can be achieved by repealing the Neutrality Act, withholding aid to aggressor nations, giving aid to those who are striving to check them. The Neutrality Act must be replaced by discriminatory embargoes, by a cash-and-carry plan which would allow goods to go to the favored belligerents only in their own ships. We must take our ships off the seas. Congress must, if not assume outright control of the munitions industry, keep close watch on it so as to prevent its usually unscrupulous and exploitative practices. America should let Great Britain and France and China fight its own wars, with our aid, but without our men. They will never need our manpower. If such a time should arrive, in spite of the material aid we give them, they will be beyond further help from the United States. It will be time for us to sit tight in our Western Hemisphere, in isolation, with our Army and Navy in readiness for active defense. But not before.

"We are the hollow men, we are the stuffed men, leaning together headpiece filled with straw, alas! . . . shape without form, shade without color, paralyzed form. . . ." It is time to shake off our paralysis and urge Congress to repeal the Neutrality Act and assume a policy consistent with our desires for peace abroad and peace and democracy at home.

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Piercing the shivering filigree of leaves,
Striking chill and throbbing loneliness into my heart
That is already sorely shaken.

Hushed call of birds, half-aroused
By the cicadas shrill, insistent rasping,
Swaying shadow-bridges looped from black tree to moon-stained tree,
Enter my heart with all their strange, sharp beauty,
Making me feel the more forsaken.

—Anne Bates

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Mass Suggestion from Across the Sea

(Continued from page seven)

ing of news. Censorship is one of the more obvious factors, and consequently one of the least dangerous. The source of news is another important factor. The British were able to persuade American public opinion in their direction during the last war so effectively partly because they had cut the German cables. Reporters are only human, and they have a tough job. They can't cover the whole situation in most cases, and the things they are able to discover and report, while perfectly true so far as they go, often fail to give the correct impression of the situation as a whole.

Furthermore, reporters are inevitably biased by their own convictions, or the circumstances in which they find themselves, no matter how objective they try to be. Their papers, having definite editorial policies, and financed largely by advertisers, will print some things, and ignore others. Thus, in a hundred obscure ways, our news is flavored.

What can be done about it? Are we to follow the example of the three monkeys, and attempt to "hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil?" Propaganda is a modern science, an instrument perfected in the twentieth century because of a need. Like the airplane, it is here to stay. We cannot get rid of it if we would. And, like the airplane, it is an instrument which can be used for tremendous good, or for untold evil.

Due to the use made of it during the war, propaganda has an unfortunate connotation for most Americans. We remember the Hun and forget ivory soap. We think of the Belgians rather than of safe driving campaigns. Propaganda is used with great skill to sell us commodities, to raise money for charity, to advance health, education, and better living.

When the monkeys cover their eyes, ears, and mouths, they shut out good as well as evil. No lies, no bitter words escape them, but neither do they point out truth. There are two sides to the problem of propaganda. One is the passive, or negative side. Propaganda appears, and we make some response. Either we absorb it without question, or we can study it, analyze it, learn to detect it, and finally evaluate it according to our own standard of values, for what it is.

The other side is positive and active. Someone has to manufacture this commodity. In order to have propaganda there must be propagandists, and to a greater or lesser degree each one of us engages in the production of propaganda. Every time we tell our neighbor that we like ivory soap because it washes cleaner, we're taking a positive part in spreading propaganda. When we announce over the dinner table that Hitler should be wiped off the face of the earth, or declare that the United States should help England and France in order to save democracy, we are propagandists as surely as is the designer of a recruiting poster.

We cannot change the fact of propaganda, nor can we refrain from participation in its consumption and production. What we can do is to be the most intelligent possible consumers, the most thoughtful, as well as effective producers.

What will you do? Seek, like the monkeys, to ignore the whole thing? Or, as a thinking human, make use of propaganda for worthy ends?

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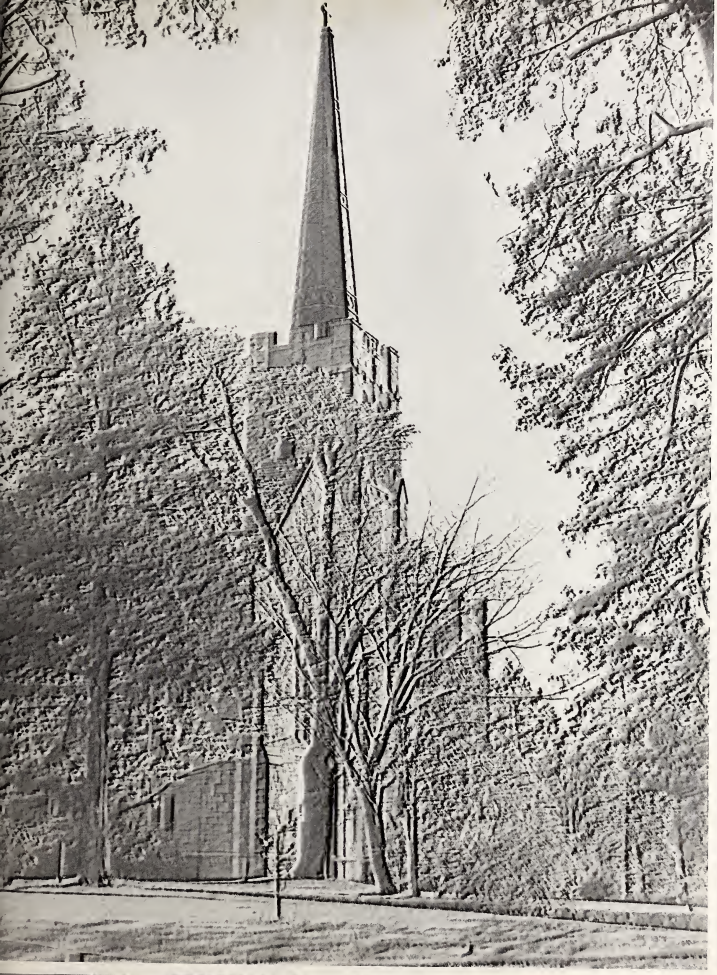

November, 19

Carolina Magazine

Famous Yachtsman calls Camels—"The best cigarette buy"

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SAYS JOHN S. DICKERSON, JR.

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1 Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 *extra smokes per pack!*

3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

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NATURALLY, a cigarette noted for its generous content of better tobacco gives you better cigarette value, doesn't it? Especially when that same brand smokes longer, slower—gives *more* smoking—than the average of all the other 15 brands compared in laboratory tests! Yes, there *is* such a cigarette. Its name is Camel. Full details are told at right—the results of recent searching tests by impartial scientists. These tests confirm what many smokers have long observed for themselves.

For instance, "Jack" Dickerson (*above, left*), prominent in yachting circles of the Eastern seaboard, says: "Yacht racing is one hobby of mine and you might call Camel cigarettes another. I turned to Camels because they burn longer, smoke milder. They go farther—give extra smoking and always have a fresh, appealing flavor." Camels are mellow, fragrant with the aroma of choice tobaccos in a matchless blend. Turn to Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, for more pleasure, more smoking.

Camels—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*

The Carolina Magazine

Established 1844

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Galley One

Subsidization

In the hope of bringing to light hitherto undiscovered campus literary talent, the editors of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE are offering cold cash as an inducement to would-be authors to contribute. There will be a prize given for the best short story submitted to the MAGAZINE this year, as well as a chance at the prizes in the Red Book contest, announced elsewhere in this issue.

Somehow we have never been able to hammer it into the collective campus mind that *any student* is eligible and welcome to contribute. Or else the University of North Carolina is remarkably sterile ground, judging from the relatively small number of contributions that show up each month.

Twenty-One Years

According to all signs, the Carolina Playmakers are going to make this, their 21st anniversary, a banner year. The innovation of classes in radio, the Fayetteville production of Paul Green's new play, the plans for the Festival this spring, the introduction of Sunday afternoon movies, indicate that the department is by no means static. But what we can never understand is why, in view of the nation-wide reputation of the Playmakers, their major productions almost without exception turn out to be such major flops. Take the recent staging of "No More Peace," for instance. Or almost any Forest Theatre production.

Propaganda

Some of the cleverest bits of pro-Ally propaganda we've seen recently have been the New Yorker's "A Nazi History of the World" cartoon series. Absurd to call it propaganda, yes, but it was just such trivial matters that hauled us into the last war.

Missing White Elephant

For quite a few years, Graham Memorial has been noted chiefly as a good place to find current magazines, play pool and bowl, or just loaf. But under the direction of Bob Magill, the Student Union is definitely threatening to become more than that. Witness the popular Film Forums and Football Clinics, the student Night Club, the growth of the Union's library of classical and swing records, and the generally improved tenor of the programs it sponsors. The Student Union is rapidly growing out of the white elephant stage.

Meditation *Edgar Thorne*

Fred Roberts

Escape from Dachau

Aftermath of Four Years in a Concentration Camp

TUESDAY, MAY 2nd, 1939. It is 4:30 a. m. Alarm to get up as usual. Barrack nine where I am sleeping springs to life. Eyes half closed, we jump into our black and white striped prison uniforms. Damn! They are still wet from yesterday's rain. But there's no time to complain. Beds must be made quickly. You help some of the older comrades to make their beds, not just out of friendliness, but because the entire barracks must be in perfect order before five o'clock, otherwise none of us will eat today.

German-born FRED ROBERTS *was able to leave Germany chiefly through the help of the International Relief Association. He is a student here through a scholarship provided by a local committee for the aid of student refugees.*

4:45. The coffee canteen is brought around. Everyone downs a cupfull of the steaming liquid in the minute remaining before we have to line up in front of the barracks and start marching. We move silently, everyone still half asleep. The rows are counted and then divided up into columns for work.

5:00. The different columns are called up. "Column Roberts!" Twenty men dash forward and stand before the Commandant. I step forward and report: "Column Roberts. Twenty bricklayers present." Political prisoners, such as I, have recently been appointed foremen of the various work crews in order to demoralize them or to create tension between them and the men. Guards are assigned to us and we march out of the camp.

Four and a half years now I am in prison, the result of organizing an anti-Fascistic youth group. There is no prospect of release for us "politicals," so our only aim is to conduct ourselves in a manner worthy of our ideals. The guards moving behind us get tired of doing nothing and shout, "Sing!" My column begins to sing, soldier's songs and prisoners' songs. I sing also, automatically. But my thoughts are far away. I look at my group: young people of all classes herded together—workers, students, youth of all description. Hitler Youth leaders who rebelled against drill. Students who tried to promote free thought and free speech in the universities. Different pasts, different ideas. Now we all march together: workers, peasants, students.

We arrive at the construction site. We are building garages for the troops. I distribute my group around the building, go to the guards and report: "Column Roberts ready for work." "Get going!" the guard replies. "Keep after them. I want to see some results today."

I hate this job as foreman. I loathe the military discipline I am required to enforce, but nevertheless—! We "politicals" in the camp have decided to go through with this job as thoroughly as possible. It is the only remaining possibility we have of helping our older and weaker comrades and of establishing good relationships with the guards. Nothing extraordinary happens. Automatically we lay stone after stone, eyes constantly on the guards. Suddenly unrest comes over us. Another S. S. trooper (member of the so-called Elite Guards) comes to our building and speaks to the guards. We see something sinister in every unforseen event. We are always on guard—expecting the uncertain.

One week ago, for example, a political prisoner managed to escape during the morning. On the same day three political prisoners who didn't even know that the prisoner had escaped were called off the job. They were told that they were "to be released." What joy for us all! After one year the first release of "politicals" and three at one time.

When we arrived back at camp that evening, the corpses of the three prisoners were exhibited at the entrance. "Shot while trying to escape" we were told—the answer of the camp leader to every successful flight.

Anxiously we watch the S. S. man give the guards a slip of paper and talk with them. Now one of the guards comes over to us and calls: "Roberts, come down!" I put down my tools and climb down the wall. I recognize the S. S. man. He is one of the most feared "blood-hounds" in the camp. "Roberts," he says, "take your tools, give your command to someone else. I am to take you back to camp." Smiling, he adds, "You will be released today."

I grow hot and cold. So this is the end. Someone happened to escape and now it is my turn. Automatically I climb back up the ladder, put on my coat, and gather up my tools. "What's the matter?" ask my comrades. "I'm being taken back to camp," I answer, "in order to be released."

My friends are stunned. Each of them realize what this means. Ernst, a student from Freiburg with whom I have been in prison for four years, seizes my hand and runs away, so that I shouldn't hear him sobbing. One comrade after another clasps my hand without saying a word—the only possible means for them to express their feelings.

I climb back down the ladder. "I'm ready" I say to the S. S. man. I am surprised myself to find how calm I am. This evening my friends will see me exhibited at the gate of the concentration camp. "Shot while trying to escape!"—the answer to every successful flight.

I am twenty-three years old. Having fought for a free and happy Germany I am now to be shot down by German boys, in the midst of this beautiful country. Now we are on the road. The guard will soon say, "Walk ahead!" and then all will be over. I look at him. He looks completely unconcerned. Go on and shoot, I think, and all will be over. But nothing happens.

We arrive at camp. The whole thing becomes a mystery to me. Is the whole story to start over again? Will they try to get out of me once more the names of my comrades with whom I organized anti-fascist youth groups? My nerves are taut. I'm on guard for anything. They shall not surprise me.

"Roberts, go into the Commandant." Entering I come to attention. Once more I confront him, Oberfuhrer Lorenz—a man in his fifties, his face swollen from drinking. So long as I've known him I have tried to find one human trait in him. In vain. I must confess he never maltreated me but I have seen him beat others unhumanely with his whip. I have heard him give the order to "finish up" with certain prisoners.

I see now that there is another man in the room. This one turns to me. "Roberts, there is an order from the secret police to release you today. You have to report tomorrow at nine to the Gestapo. At eleven you are going to the American consulate to finish some formalities. You are not being released because we think that you wouldn't continue to work against us, but we are interested in getting one of our men out of the United States in exchange for you. Within one week you leave Germany."

Four and a half years of prison teach one not to wonder about anything. Not even about release. I go back to the camp to get my things together. It is exactly noon. Lunch hour. The comrades are back in camp. I go to my barracks.

"Listen boys, it's true that I'm going to be released today." No news could have amazed them more. They stop eating, gather around and just stare at me. I try to explain to them calmly. "I don't know much more about this than you. I have just come from the Commandant's office. It seems that my friends in America work well for me. One thing is certain: Whatever happens I shall never forget you."

Meantime my closest friends from the whole camp have gathered. Young boys with whom I have for years shared every emotion. Their friendship tried in constant danger. We trust each other and speak openly without fear. Neither jealousy nor envy is in their faces. Only sincere joy. Once more I look at the faces which are so dear to me. We were one group united in the face of every danger. There is Erich—a young worker from the Krupp steel works; a "provocateur" had given him an anti-fascist leaflet in the factory, and he had failed to report the incident. Theo—a young medical student from Halle, who had attacked the race theory as unscientific in a student gathering. Irving—the leader of the socialist youth group from Berlin. We don't have to say much to each other. Experiences shared together over many years make words unnecessary.

Now my things are all packed. It is farewell. "Fred," says Theo, "now you are going away. Instead of privation you will have everything. Never forget where you came from, and that the task to which you have pledged yourself is still not fulfilled."

Irving says, "When you go to America, undoubtedly you will come in contact with American youth. Tell them why we are here. Tell them that we feel united with all those who are struggling against oppression in the whole world."

It is hard for me to speak. Now for the first time after four and a half years, my feelings are overwhelming me. The camp has been my world. I am leaving it now. Why don't I feel greater joy? Do I feel perhaps that the outside world is different from ours? Joy at my release? Not exactly. More a feeling of shame to go away, know that my friends must be left behind. Once more I looked at them. It gave me new force. I have a job to do, so long as there lives such youth, the hope to build a better world is not lost.

Irwin Katz

Me and Pop

I GUESS IT had always been just me and Pop. Even when I was a little kid I used to rush home right after school and do my homework so we could go out at night. After supper Mom would go out by herself and Pop would sit in his chair and read the newspapers. After a while he'd look up and say, sort of like he had just thought of it, "Did you do your homework yet?" And I'd say yes, and then he'd say, "Let's take a walk," or "What's at the movie," or something like that, and then we'd go out.

We had a special way of walking, me on his left side with my hand in his coat pocket, and sort of skipping every third step, and Pop always stopping to light his cigar and then letting it go out again. Sometimes he'd keep saying funny things that made me laugh until my stomach hurt. Then I'd punch his arm as hard as I could yell at him to stop and he'd laugh. We always had a lot of fun together except sometimes when he'd be very quiet and serious and then I'd know he was worrying about Mom.

I guess we both knew about Mom all the time, but we never talked about it. Sometimes when I came home from school she'd be talking on the phone. She'd get red in the face and send me down to the grocery store for a can of beans or something. And then sometimes the phone would ring when Pop was home and there'd be no answer when he said hello. He never said much to Mom when I was around, but sometimes I'd wake up in the middle of the night and hear them arguing in their room. I'd pull the covers over my head and try to fall asleep, but their voices would get louder and angrier and they'd say terrible things to each other. Mom would say she was going to go away and take me with her and Pop would say he'd never let her do that.

Once when I was skating in the park and I got far away from home I saw her in a car with a strange man. The car was parked by the lake and they were just sitting there talking and he had his arm around her. I made believe I didn't see her and skated right by. I never said anything about that to anyone, but I thought about it a lot. Sometimes in school I'd be trying to listen to what the teacher was saying and then I'd see Mom in the car with that man all over again and I wouldn't hear a word, and at night it happened too and I wouldn't be able to sleep. I didn't know much about grown-ups then, but I knew that what Mom was doing was bad, and sometimes I hated her for it. I wished that she would go away and leave me with Pop.

I remember the night he told me. We were coming home from the movies like we always did, walking our special way. I knew there was something wrong 'cause he was awfully quiet. I had a feeling he was going to say something important, so I kept still and waited for him to start. When we got to our block he stopped on the corner and lit his cigar and then stood there puffing a while. The street lamp was shining right on his face, and he looked tired. After a while he took his cigar out of his mouth and said sort of easy-like. "Mother is going away tomorrow. She wants to live by herself for a while." I guess I didn't even care about her leaving. I just felt sorry for Pop, 'cause I knew how he felt inside.

That was how it had happened. After she left, Pop moved to a hotel uptown, but I had to live with his sister down on Tenth Street, so I could be near my school. He used to come down and take me out about three or four times a week. We'd eat supper in a big restaurant on 58th Street. There were always lots of people there all dressed up, and music playing, and things to eat that I had never tasted before. Then after we ate Pop would light a cigar and we'd sit there a while, just talking and watching the people in the street pass by the window. And after that we'd go to a movie or a show or take a long walk in the park.

Once when we were out walking he said sort of joking-like, "I think I'm going to stop taking you out for a while; you're beginning to get spoiled." I took my hand out of his pocket and walked along beside him without saying anything. He looked down at me and smiled and mussed up my hair. "I'm sorry, Bill, I was only kidding." I

IRWIN KATZ, *a junior and a candidate for honors in English says he does his best work between one and six a. m. Fundamentally a realist, he has also tried play writing, as well as short stories and vignettes.*

knew he was kidding but anyway I wished he wouldn't say things like that 'cause he should've known I didn't care what we did just so's we were together. I wiped my eyes with my coat sleeve and sniffed like I had a cold and he took out his handkerchief and gave it to me and I blew my nose and then I put my hand back in his pocket and it was all over. After that we both felt a lot closer to each other.

Pop had lots of friends, all sorts of people like detectives and actors and baseball players. Some of them were famous even, and got their pictures in the newspapers, and sometimes when we were out together we'd meet them and they'd smile at me and shake my hand and talk to me just like I was a grown-up. They all liked Pop a lot and every week they'd give us tickets to baseball games and shows and things.

Every Wednesday we'd go to St. Nick's to see the bouts. We were both crazy about boxing and we never missed a week. Some of the fighters were Pop's friends and we'd root for them all the time. Afterwards, we'd meet them in the street and they'd be funny, boxing around with me, and telling Pop what a swell stance I had and how I'd make a good fighter when I grew up. And he'd just stand there and smile and clip me easy on the chin to show them how I could take it.

Everything was swell, and I was happy living like that, only sometimes at school I'd hear the kids talking, and I got to know about things I didn't know about before. And then I'd think about when we had lived with Mom and about that time I saw her in the park and the things I used to hear when I woke up at night and I'd get sick and wouldn't be able to eat when I got home. It would even happen when I saw ladies and men walking together; I'd think of Mom and that man and I don't know why but I'd think those people were wicked, and that being together like that was ugly and bad, and then I'd feel like I just wanted to go away some place and be alone. But when I was with Pop it was all right and I didn't think about those things until later on.

Once I woke up very early in the morning when it was just starting to get light and I felt that way worse than ever. I got dressed and walked to Pop's hotel and waited in the street until it was time for him to get up and then went to his room. He was standing in front of the mirror and combing his hair when I came in. I ran to his bed and sat down and looked at him without saying anything. He was surprised to see me. He stopped combing his hair and turned around and said, "Hello, Bill. What are you doing here?" And I said I just thought I'd come up to see him.

"Don't you have any school today?" he asked me. I shook my head up and down. I could see he was worried about why I was there. He put down his comb and brush and sat on the edge of the dresser, and then he asked me quietly, "What's the matter, Bill?" I tried hard to tell him, but the words stuck in my throat. I was afraid he wouldn't be able to see what I meant 'cause he was a grown-up. I looked down at the floor and didn't say anything for a long time, and he waited. Then I said, "I don't want to go to school today, Pop. Can't I go with you to the office and help open letters?"

"Of course you can," he said, "only I'd like to know what's the matter so I can help you." I knew I wasn't being fair not telling him, but I just couldn't. I said there wasn't anything the matter only I wasn't feeling so good and if he'd let me stay with him that day I'd be all right. "O. K.," he said, "I guess one day out of school won't hurt much." Then he told me to run downstairs and get his mail, and when I went by he slapped me on the back of my head.

After that I was all right for a while. Pop never spoke to me about what happened that day, but I know he must've thought about it 'cause once when he came to see me I heard him talking to my aunt, and he asked her if she knew why I didn't want to go to school then and she said she didn't know and he said maybe I had been bad the day before and I was afraid to go back.

Along about that time something new started to happen. Sometimes when we were at a show or walking on Broadway Pop would meet ladies that he knew and they'd pat me on the head and say what a fine boy I was and how I looked like my father and Pop would smile like he always did when his friends talked about me. Then they'd talk to Pop and make little jokes that I didn't understand and Pop would laugh and act awfully nice to them. But all the time they were there I wouldn't say a word. I'd just stare at them so they'd know I didn't like them and I'd have to try very hard to keep from saying mean things. Then afterwards Pop would be angry with me 'cause I was impolite; I guess he didn't know anything about how I felt. I'd try to tell myself that I was wrong, but still afterwards when I was home in bed I'd think about him being alone with one of them and I wouldn't be able to sleep.

It happened in the spring of that year. I didn't have any school that week on account of Easter, so one day I went uptown to the park to go skating.

When I got finished it was dark and I thought it would be a good idea to go to Pop's hotel and surprise him and then we could go out to supper together. When I got to the hotel I went to the desk in the lobby and asked if he was in his room and the clerk said yes. I thought it would be funny if I just went up to his room without calling first on the house phone to say I was coming up. When I got in the elevator I said hello to the elevator boy and he looked at me sort of funny-like. "Where are you going, kid?" he said, "Your father isn't in yet."

"Sure he is," I said, "the man at the desk saw him go up."

"Well maybe he did, but I think he went out again. Why don't you call on the house phone and make sure?"

I told him I wanted to surprise Pop and he didn't answer, but when I got out of the elevator I looked at him and he had that same funny look on his face. When I got to the room I heard voices inside. There must've been two men and two women there and the women were giggling a little. I looked up at the room number just to make sure and then I heard Pop's voice. He was talking to one of the women. I knocked on the door and the other man asked who it was and I said it was me, and the man said just a minute. There was no talking for a while, but I had a feeling someone in the room was whispering. Then the door opened and I saw the man in the door. I knew him 'cause I had once seen my Pop talking to him. He He had his shirt off and he was all red and sweaty. "Hello kid," he said, "Your dad ain't here now. He had to see a man downtown about some business." I didn't say anything. I just walked back to the elevator and pressed the button and then I was walking in the street and it was dark. The giggling sounds kept coming back to my ears and each time the ydid a terrible empty aching feeling would catch at my heart and spread through my chest and stomach, and my face would get hot.

There was a lot of noise, and automobiles and trolley cars and buses going by, and people on the sidewalks talking and laughing and walking very fast, and bright lights shining in the windows of the stores and buildings. All that was going to go on the way it was, only for me everything was ended and there was nothing left and I was alone. I thought of how it had always been me and Pop, and the things we had done together and how when he was away I'd just be waiting until we were together again and I'd hear the giggling and his voice in the room and that feeling would come back worse than ever and I didn't much want to live anymore.

Then I was in the park by the side of the lake and I stopped where no one could see me, but the water looked cold and black and I was afraid. I stood there for a long time but I couldn't do it, so I turned around and walked away, still with that empty feeling inside. I guess I walked a long time 'cause when they found me it was almost morning and my aunt balled me out for keeping her up worrying all night, but I didn't hear much of what she said. I knew it was all finished between me and Pop.

Finale

Henry Moll

Ann Marshall

These Are the Garment Workers

The I. L. G. W. U. Fosters More than Economic Security

TONIGHT AT 8:40 in the heart of theatrical Broadway, the curtain of the Windsor Theatre will rise on the 800th performance of the Garment Workers' Revue, "Pins and Needles." A new record for Broadway musicals has been established, and only the long-run performances of "Tobacco Road" and "Abie's Irish Rose" have yet to be exceeded by the amazing career of this Union "baby."

Twenty-seven boys and girls are on the stage waiting for the curtain to rise, awaiting the cue for their opening number which has carried them and the organization to which they belong straight into the hearts of two years of audiences. Lights!

Curtain!

They sing:

"As you see we're not tragedians, or comedians,
Or show girls, or kick-in-the-row girls,
Or troupers or even supers,
We're plain simple common ordinary everyday men and women
Who work hard for a living.
We're from the shops.
Dressmakers, cloakmakers, cutters,
Neckwear workers, knitgoods workers, baisters,
Underwear workers, embroiderers, stampers,
Checkers, examiners, graders, pressers, trimmers, binders, pinkers,
All of us from the shops."

Dressmakers, cloakmakers, cutters, yes! These are no professional actors. These are the garment workers! They represent the 260,000 workers who make the clothes for the women of America. They are the flesh and blood of a $1,300,000,000 industry—fifth largest in the country. For them three generations of Jewish, Italian, Russian, Polish workers stitched the hopes and fears of a lifetime into endless seams in the shadow of the sweatshop. Today, these, their children, are the symbol of democracy in industry, testimony to a great ideal and to the organization which had the courage and ability to translate ideal into actuality.

After graduating from Vassar, ANN MARSHALL, *who comes from Memphis, Tenn., worked in garment factories and for two years has been educational director for I. L. G. W. U. in Fall River, Mass. She is preparing for a Masters.*

For today the garment industry is no longer the madhouse of irresponsible manufacturers, cutthroat contractors and competing workers which developed with the industry out of its genesis in the ghetto. Today, leadership of the industry is in the hands of a strong and capable organization—the International Ladies Garment Workers Union—an organization which has combined the power of working-class solidarity with the wisdom of industrial statemanship.

The road to such leadership has not been easy. It was thirty-nine years ago that eleven delegates representing 2000 workers from New York, Brownsville (Brooklyn), Philadelphia, Baltimore and Newark, met in convention and organized a national union of all workers in the women's garment industry, adopting the name of International Ladies Garment Workers Union. Even this date, the birth of the International, marks not the beginning but the culmination of successive efforts to organize the sweatshop trades. American Federation of Labor, Industrial Workers of the World, and independent groups had struggled against each other and against a chaotic industry for two decades, in vain effort to secure permanent organization.

Even more important in these formative years was the influence of the "working-class intellectuals"—religious leaders, political leaders, students, socialists, anarchists: exiles from the despotic governments of Eastern Europe, seeking in the confusion and uncertainty of immigrant communities to give leadership to their exploited fellow-countrymen, and eventually endowing the young Union with an ideology and an idealism which have marked its history to this day. In all moments of serious crisis—the "Uprising of the 20,000" New York shirtwaistmakers in 1909, the "Great Revolt" of the cloakmakers in 1910, strikes which established the Union and inaugurated the era of collective agreements, during the dark days of factionalism and internal dissension during the twenties, in the depth of depression

when the biggest locals in the International barely met their telephone bills, and finally in the rebirth which the New Deal made possible: at all these crucial points, there triumphed the idealism and faith expressed by the young girl, who roused the women to the first great strike in 1909, solemnly pledging the faith of each worker with an ancient Jewish oath, "If I turn traitor to the cause I now pledge, may this hand wither from the arm I now raise!"

They kept the faith in 1909, and through the years that followed. Today the I. L. G. W. U. still keeps faith with the ideals and sacrifices of its founders. But the Union has also learned certain pragmatic principles. Organizational stability and a treasury sufficient to meet any emergency are the foundations on which the International has, since 1933, created a new era in the history of the garment industry: an era in which the rule of reason has been substituted for the rule of chaos, in which uneconomic competition between employers working on contract for irresponsible jobbers has been ended, in which the 35-hour week and a living wage has been guaranteed to the workers, and in which impartial machinery for the adjustment of disputes and settlement of wages is supported jointly by the employers' associations and the Union.

The resultant of these forces: the fusion of idealism and realism may be seen in the physical radiance and social idealism of these "graduates" of modern union shops. Until two years ago, each of these boys and girls worked seven hours a day at sewing machine, cutting knife or pressing iron. Yet they have mastered dramatic technique. How was this possible? And where did they find inspiration for such rollicking fantasies on the labor theme as:

"Sing me a song of social significance,
All other songs are taboo;
It must be hot with what is what,
Or I won't love you!"

Or such blithe idyl of the urban working-class as:

"Rich folks go away to the country you know
When the days get hot,
But we all decided that we wouldn't go;
We prefer this quiet spot, on
Sunday in the Park.
It's our place to play and sport, our fashionable resort,
Until it's dark, on
Sunday in the Park."

Primarily, of course, they got their inspiration out of their own lives: out of the collective humor and pathos, work and songs of the men and women who man the industry. But again it was the I. L. G. W. U. which gave direction and provided the medium for expression of the curtural heritage of the workers of thirty-two nationalities who make up the Union's membership. Through classes, dramatic clubs, choral and sports groups, local units of the Union opened the world of art and literature to a quarter million workers. Out of these homespun efforts, out of this newly released energy and talent, inspired by the ideals for which the Union stands, flavored with the rich humor of the Jewish Theatre, and lightened by the unmistakable flair of Broadway emerged the miracle of "Pins and Needles."

But if "Pins and Needles" is the most spectacular, it is only one of the hundreds of educational activities which continue to grow year by year, as the I. L. G. W. U. expands toward its goal of a hundred percent union industry. From Portland to San Antonio, from Puerto Rico to Quebec, in every town where a row of power sewing machines and a cutting table indicate that women's wear is being made, a miraculous transformation takes place each evening at five o'clock. As the butterfly sheds its chrysalis, the day-long prisoner of the machines becomes the heroine of a drama, soloist in a chorus, or student of economics—all provided by the Educational Department of the Union.

In Milwaukee, garment workers are putting on "Idiot's Delight." Workers and children of workers show Kansas City what it's like to live at "Dead End." In Fall River, the leading roles of Elmer Rice's "We the People" are aptly played by representatives of the many peoples who are America: an Irish chap and an Italian, both skilled cutters, operators—Polish, Portuguese and French-Canadian. At Carnegie Hall, five hundred members: three choral groups, string ensemble, mandalin orchestra and modern dance group, present the annual concert of the New York Cultural Division.

Production management and time studies are taught to foremen and workers alike by the St. Louis locals. In all metropolitan centers, "civil service" or officers' qualification courses in the economics of the garment industry and the history and functioning of the Union are required of every aspirant for a paid job with the Union. No local is too small or remote to set up its elementary class in public speaking and parliamentary law, while courses in labor history, labor economics and consumer problems follow shortly afterward.

In all these activities, studying, playing and developing together, this younger generation of garment workers is finally realizing the dream of its fathers: the dream which led three generations of immigrants from Europe's slums and ghettos and pogroms: the promise of a more abundant life in America.

The garment industry is primarily metropolitan. The New York market is by now the largest in the world, accounting for almost 75% of the entire industry. But just as New York represents the extreme of concentration, so do the small towns throughout the South, where cotton garment shops have recently located, represent the extreme of decentralization. And the tow-headed girls who come down from the hills or in from the cotton fields to run the machines on cheap cotton dresses and uniforms are as much part of the industry and the I. L. G. W. U. family as the experienced Italian and Jewish dressmakers on Seventh Avenue.

In some ways these newer members enjoy a great advantage: the day of the reeking, tenement sweatshop has passed. The I. L. G. W. U. and public opinion have seen to that. But Southern garment workers are faced with certain problems of their own. The factory building in Millville, Georgia, or Mississippi, or Tennessee may be clean and modern. But who has paid for it? Chances are that the employees themselves, out of their pitiful earnings have been assessed to pay for the building, promising as condition of their employment to pay a stipulated amount each week, which will be used to pay off the debt incurred by the city fathers in order to erect the building to entice the employer to their community in the first place. This economic tie-up between manufacturer and city government with its resulting anti-labor phobia, is of course, basically, a problem not only for labor, but for the whole community, a situation in which the workers have the right to expect the understanding and cooperation of an enlightened public opinion.

These are the garment workers! The twenty-seven who stand tonight in the spotlight of a New York stage do not stand alone. Although they "dress their observation in syncopation," they do not speak lightly. They speak to a quarter-million comrades in factories and tenements, speak to the consumers of the wealth they have created, speak to all the men and women, boys and girls who long for a similar chance to show what they have inside them. As the final curtain falls, they stretch out their hands to the audience and say:

". . . We've just begun.
Together now, we know the song to sing,
The words are ours,
Ours is the tune,
We're alive and wide awake,
And we have something to say.
We've got our chance to
With song and dance to
Put our foes on Pins and Needles.
The labor haters,
War-mad dictators
Put them all on Pins and Needles.
Come, we're going to flout them
With truth about them,
We've got the stuff to rout them
We've worked to make it
Now let them take it
Just what's what with lots of hotcha
Sing PINS AND NEEDLES!"

Search

There is no word for you, the restless-hearted,
No beacon, no light
Only the turbulent and driven searching
At noonday, at night.

Swiftly and near speak the false havens softly.
Ah, But not there
Lies the deep place, stilling the storm-wild
longing.
Go not too near.

Only beyond the pass, the sea, the chasm,
Through blood and pain
Beyond the blaze of night, bordering chaos
Lies the plain.

Where loneliness, forgotten and unguarded,
Is laid aside
And the sought harmony, like a calm current,
Is swift and wide.

—Mary Louise Pettis

Raymond Staples

The Sun Flowers

LUCY TOOK the big mail order catalogue from the shelf and thumbed its pages until she reached the pink sheets of the index.

"Let's see now," she mumbled to herself, "Sector sets; Seed, bird; Seed, flower . . . page 610."

The catalogue was unwieldy in her small, dirt-creased hands; she threw herself on the floor, pigtails askew, and spread the book open before her. Licking her right thumb rhythmically she leafed the pages and stopped when she came to a brightly coloured plate, from which zinnias, marigolds, California poppies shone. On the page opposite there was a long list of packets of seed; she ran down the list with an extended finger, forming the names of the flowers with her lips.

"Delphinium, heliotrope, larkspur, love-in-a-mist," that was a pretty name, "marigolds, nasturtiums, pansies, sun flowers." There it was. "Sun flowers, seed . . . . 10c per packet."

Lucy could see the tall stalks of the flowers growing in spindle fashion beside the door, the leaves spread fan-wise, and the yellow heads raising in the morning as the sun came up, and the stalks bent like swan's necks after the sun had set. Against the grey, unpainted boards of the cabin they'd be yellow and beautiful; they might even grow tall enough to hide the broken window pane where the cardboard was nailed.

She got up, thinking only of the sun flowers, and stumbled over the basket of collards her mother had sent her for. From a worn school book she carefully extracted a clean white envelope with a stamp on it, the teacher had given it to her. Lucy fumbled in her torn calico pocket and drew forth a stubby pencil. In big, awkward letters she scrawled the name of the company across the envelope:

SEARS ROEBUCK COMPANY
ATLANTA
GEORGIA

On the order blank torn from the back of the catalogue she carefully copied, "Seed, sunflower . . . 10c per packet, 692 S 9724." She wrapped the ten-cent piece, after unknotting it from the scrap of domestic it was banked in, in a bit of brown paper and folded the order blank around it.

All the way down the road to the post office, past the crumbling chimney that was left of a house the big tornado had swept away two years ago, her heart sang. Flowers by the door, just think of it; a garden all her own full of big yellow sunflowers. They'd bloom all summer the teacher said. Just think, first thing in the morning she'd see them there looking in the window at her. All day long she could look at them; when her mother was busy she could steal over to the window and move the cardboard and reach out and touch them. At night when all the others were asleep she could turn sidewise on her pallet and see them there. Some day, if she had a lot, maybe she'd cut a few and put them on the table in the pretty green likker bottle she found down by the highway. They'd look nice in that, big and yellow in the green bottle.

This is RAYMOND STAPLES's *first appearance in the* MAGAZINE. *Besides being a member of Phillips Russell's class, he works for the University Press, and frequently inhabits the resorts of the cultured along Franklin Street.*

Pride welled up in her breast; she held her head high and wagged her pigtails back and forth as she marched into the post-office. Licking the flap of the envelope with a generous tongue she pressed it down with a tightly clutched fist. Behind it a damp smear of black darkened the white paper. A small thumb print left an oval beside the name of the company, which Lucy looked at and spelled over to herself as she slid the letter into the mail slot.

After she had dropped the letter in Lucy stood by the mail window, twisting the hem of her dirty red dress in her hands. She eyed the counter across from the window and wondered how the big red suckers and the little chocolate drops tasted. She sniffled and rubbed her grimy arm across her nose, leaving a streak on its sooty surface. Finally the man at the window moved away. Lucy stood on her toes and pressed her face close to the iron bars so she could look as far into the cubicle as possible. The postmaster leaned toward her.

"Whatcha want, Lucy?"

"How long do it take fur a letter to git to A'lanta?"

"Bout a day, I reckon. You orderin' som'thin from the mail order house, eh?"

Lucy nodded. "Sunflower seed."

"Ought to git em about Monday, bein's this is Wednesday."

Lucy scampered out of the office and down the road, singing over and over to herself as she went,

"Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday; Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday; Monday . . . Monday . . . Monday. Five days till Monday, five days till the seed would come. Monday . . . Monday."

Early Monday morning Lucy rolled off her pallet thinking about the sunflower seed.

"Today is the day; the postmaster said today they'd come."

It didn't take Lucy long to pull the red callico dress over her head. She ran around the house and doused water from the bucket by the back door over her face; then she started down the road without stopping to get her cornpone and molasses. She reached the combined store and postoffice before the little wooden cover of the grilled window was raised. Waiting patiently she thought about the package.

"How large uh'll it be? Is sunflower seed big or little? What ifen it ain't here, but it's got to be here, the postmaster said it would be."

Reflecting all these things, Lucy scratched her leg with the clay-covered toes of her bare foot and watched the window suspiciously, as though she were afraid it might be opened for a moment and closed again before she could get her seed.

When the wooden cover went up Lucy was the first in line. She stood again on her tiptoes and peered into the boxlike office. The old man inside chuckled to himself and reached in one of the cubbyholes.

"They're here, just like I said," and he handed her a small packet which felt awfully light to contain seed for flowers as big as sunflowers. On the front in large letters her name was neatly printed:

LUCY BOWEN
BURTON
GEORGIA

When she tore open the envelop a small brown packet slipped out. On the front were printed directions for planting the seed, and inside Lucy could feel the smooth ovular shapes of the seed themselves. She tore it open, carefully, and let the seed fall into the palms of her hands. "They must be neabout a hundred," she thought. They looked a lot like watermelon seed; frantically she turned the envelope over to make sure they had not sent her the wrong thing, and there printed across the top were the reassuring words: SUNFLOWER SEED. She sighed and ran home, skipping in the dusty clay road.

Every morning after the planting the first thing Lucy did was look at the plot of hoed-up earth by the door. During the day she would run in from the cottonfields, where she worked with her father and her brothers, to examine the small furrows; she would sneak outside while her mother's back was turned and get down on her knees to see if the seed had begun to grow. When they finally broke through it seemed to Lucy that the days were endless, but each night the green stalks seemed a little taller.

The buds came all at once. One day Lucy found them when she ran out in the morning and that night they were etched knobbily against the broken pane, from which Lucy had removed the cardboard. The next day there were big yellow flowers nodding at her when she opened her eyes. Dancing around them, Lucy counted and called to her mother to come and see. There were twelve big flowers; little buds were poking out here and there. The sunflowers towered above Lucy's head, but she craned her neck back joyously and looked up at them seeing wrinkled shingles and blue sky beyond. They were beautiful; beautiful and yellow against the grey boards, and they hid the broken glass and looked right in the window. She rushed into the cabin and returned with the green bottle.

"Just one this time," she promised herself. "Later when they ain't so new I'll cut a whole heap of 'em and fill it plumb up."

That night Lucy lay for a long time looking at her sunflowers. She could see the big blooms hanging sleepily on their stalks, which were arched like swan's necks, black in the moonlight. When the moon disappeared and the rain fell she was still awake; as she fell asleep she could see the big blossoms dripping with rain as the lightning flashed. She dreamed of them against the house, by the rock, and the open door.

The tornado came so suddenly that no one in the little cabin knew before hand. One moment there was a roar and a greenish light and the next the roof was flying away, the walls were falling, and the chimney was toppling. The wind picked Lucy's pallet up and sailed it out like a magic carpet. It was left in the midst of the cottonfield where the stalks of the plants were broken and bent.

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Lee Manning Wiggins

Burglary in the First Degree

Feudalism Lingers on in North Carolina

IT IS JULY the eighteenth, 1939, Raleigh, North Carolina. Light streaming through the court-house windows makes the faces grotesque: the crowd's—strained, shadowed, expectant; the judge's—self-consciously dignified, well-shaven, unsmiling; the lawyers'—excited, flushed; the jury's—important, assured of a secret; and there, the accused—conflict between self-control and inner torture showing itself in the brightened gaze, the parted lips, and the rigid facial lines. Something is a little morbid here; the tension which pervades is not healthy; there is too much hope in the waiting.

The prisoner's hands keep nervously re-grasping the dirty hand-rail behind his chair. It is not the first time he has been here, because he is a poor man. His thoughts are cloudier than ever, for his body's fear of death keeps inserting itself into the argument. He is in the white man's court, and his only recourse is the time-proven formula of his race: silence.

In preparation for this article, LEE MANNING WIGGINS *did research in the law library here and communicated with state officials. His interest in first degree burglary law was aroused by the Willie Richardson case.*

This is not the first time here. The Governor said: "Morris is an habitual felon, beyond all hope of reformation." Police officers called him the "Grey Mouse," because he was fast and tricky, hard to catch. But this time it's different. This time they won't let him plead guilty to a non-capital charge to escape the larger punishment. It's the straight ticket: first degree burglary, punishable by death. There's a new element this time, a fatal element.

Two quotes:

The Governor: "Ample evidence has been produced to convince me that Morris has been involved in at least two burglaries that also contained elements of attempted rape as well as robbery."

The Defending Attorney: "It looks as if they are going to kill him for the crimes he hasn't even been indicted for—not those he confesses or those of which he has been convicted. Every bit of evidence dealing with suspicion of attempted assault is entirely circumstantial in nature and is pure hearsay."

The quiet drowns these five seconds, the heat thickens, and the court-room grows smaller. Now the unctious foreman steps up and hands the justice a slip of white paper, which he reads slowly and calmly. He clears his throat and begins his speech.

It is July the eighteenth, 1939, Raleigh, North Carolina. A man is going to die for the theft of an eighty-dollar check and twenty cents cash.

II

What is the law which allows a man to be executed for such a trifle? The North Carolina Code of 1935 gives two statements, the first a definition:

"First and second degree burglary—There shall be two degrees in the crime of burglary as defined at the common law. If the crime be committed in a dwelling-house, or in a room used as a sleeping apartment in any building, and any person is in the actual occupation of any part of said dwelling house or sleeping apartment at the time of the commission of such crime, it shall be burglary in the first degree. If such crime be committed in a dwelling-house or sleeping apartment not actually occupied by any one at the time of the commission of the crime, or if it be committed in any house within the curtilage of a dwelling-house or in any building not a dwelling-house, but in which is a room used as a sleeping apartment and not actually occupied as such at the time of the commission of the crime, it shall be burglary in the second degree."

The second law is entitled "Punishment for Burglary." "Any person convicted, according to due course of law, of the crime of burglary in the first degree shall suffer death, and any one so convicted of burglary in the second degree shall suffer imprisonment in the state's prison for life, or for a term of years, in the discretion of the court."

What does all this add up to? It means that a man must be sentenced to death if it can be proved that he broke into or even opened a door of a house with anyone in it, when entering it at night time with the intent to steal. The jury has no

choice in the matter, nor does the judge. A note appended to the law defining burglary provides that "The jury does not have the discretionary power to return a verdict of burglary in the second degree if all the evidence shows burglary in the first degree."

Furthermore, "dwelling-house" has been defined by precedent as including far more than an actual home or apartment. For example, in the State v. Whit it was ruled that "A smoke house opening into the yard of a dwelling house, and used for its common and ordinary purpose, is, in law, a part of the dwelling, and in the breaking and entering of which a burglary may be committed."

I am sorry to take you through all this legal verbiage; but one more quotation and I am finished. I simply want to show how amazing the thing is in its totality. This is a decision of 1910 in the case of State v. Shuford, taken from the North Carolina Digest. "*Held,* that the value of the property stolen was immaterial when it was taken by breaking and entering a dwelling, and a sentence of imprisonment for more than one year could be imposed where the larceny was committed by breaking and entering a dwelling in the nighttime, though the value of the property did not exceed twenty dollars."

Let's make this concrete. Suppose you're an unemployed man with pretty sorry clothes. You are walking by a farm house early one night, and, seeing no lights on, you decide everybody is out for the night. Here's a good chance, you think, to replenish your wardrobe or your belly or both from the stock of somebody who can afford to lose it better than you. You are afraid to approach the house, but there is a smokehouse adjoining, and since its door is unlatched, you open it and walk in. Nothing is inside but a cot with a pair of shoes under it, so you pick up the shoes and walk out. When you are apprehended the next day, you find out that the smokehouse was used for a bedroom, and also that the farmer's family were sleeping in the house last night. During the trial you discover that you have committed first degree burglary and the jury has no alternative but to render a decision of guilty of a crime punishable by death.

Now the governor is the only person who can commute this sentence or pardon you. You begin to realize that there is a government not of law, but of men, for obviously everyone sentenced for such a trivial crime will not be executed. Naturally you want to know what happened to the men sentenced on this charge before you. The facts are simple enough. There have been thirty-three men sent to death row for first-degree burglary since 1910, the year in which the state took over the execution of condemned men from the counties. Nine of these men were executed, twenty received commutation of sentence, and four received new trials. But now you learn something more interesting. You breathe a sigh of relief when you find that *no white man has ever been executed under this sentence.*

III

Now we begin to strike oil, to reach down to the ancient roots of this curious Southern tree from whose limbs hang dead men. There is no polite name for it. Of the two impolite names, the more superficial is "the honor of white womanhood" and the more basic is "white supremacy." A study of the history and purpose of these laws might disclose still more.

The law defining burglary was enacted in 1870. It was altered to its present form in 1889, during which year also the death penalty law was enacted. These dates have an immediate significance to all Southerners. They are in the middle of the period when the fight to establish and maintain white supremacy was hottest. The Ku Klux Klan was riding high. White men swore to uphold white supremacy by means fair or foul, with the aid of laws and lynchings, crimes and crosses. Keep the negroes in their place! Above all, keep them away from the white man's territory at night. Here was a law which would make it possible to execute any negro who so much as set foot on a white man's property at night. The Governor could always take care of any accidental results of the law. The precise reconstruction of the purposiveness of the law is unimportant. The point is that the cultural atmosphere of the time was one of suppression of the negro, and this law was one facet in that suppression.

What excuse is given for the continuance of this kind of legalized brutality? Nothing but the old threadbare arguments. These arguments are worth refuting again briefly, although they have been refuted before a thousand times. And not until we have discovered the real reason behind them can we shelve the case.

The first of the two chief arguments holds that negroes are innately more criminally inclined than white men. At first glance, criminal statistics seem to uphold this opinion. Prison figures in the South show a disproportionately large number of negroes incarcerated. But a closer examination of the figures shows other things. Fifty percent more whites

are pardoned or paroled each year than negroes, which of course reduces the white ratio in prison. An even more important fact is that negroes receive for the same crimes an average sentence running from two to three times what a white man would receive, which makes the figures two or three times higher than they would otherwise be. Furthermore, negro delinquents are not adequately hospitalized, and are left free to follow the whims of their deranged or below-normal minds. Statistics on number of men in prison, in short, prove nothing. And there is no other special proof any more valid to show that negroes are innately more criminal than white men.

The second argument against negroes is that they are natively inferior to white men and should be "kept in their place." Franz Boas, one of the greatest of living anthropologists, has fought this superstition ever since the publication of his *The Mind of Primitive Man*, in 1911. In *I Believe* he says, "At the present time the national and 'racial' groups are the fictions that create most trouble in our world. . . . It has never been proved that a necessary relation exists between the genetic character of an individual and mental attitude, solely determined by the local type to which he belongs, not by his individual characteristics. The fact that people of different regions or of different social strata who happen to differ in bodily build behave differently is no proof that these differences are an expression of racial qualities." One could quote authorities ad infinitum in this field, along with their arguments, but this brief statement from one of the leaders must suffice.

Let us then discard these two arguments as unprovable and therefore untenable. But what reason lies behind the general assumption of these arguments, both based on hatred and the assertion of inferiority on the part of the negro by the white man? I think it is fear, not fear for white womanhood, but fear of the unknown and challenging race that may grow up, intelligent and capable, able to enjoy life on its own values, regardless of the white man. It is the fear of economic rivalry and of being pushed to the bottom of the ladder. No other group hates the negro so much as the poor white who has to compete with him and barely rises above him economically. No man is more reviled than the prosperous negro farmer living among less successful white farmers.

When we search for the real reasons for negro burglaries, we find, by no coincidence, that the same economic rise of the negro which the white man fears would largely eliminate the crime which he despises. In other words, the death penalty law not only does not aid in the solution of the crime, but actively hinders it, showing how superficial indeed is the pretense that putting a stop to crime is the real reason for the law. William T. Root in a *Psychological and Educational Survey of 1916 Prisoners in the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania* says, "If every man had good housing conditions and a steady job, at a living wage, a good opportunity for education, there would not be very much crime. . . . Particularly in the case of the colored people, the crime is on the part of the community. . . . Negroes . . . don't get protection for the same reason that it is always hard to protect the economically weak against the strong."

What can we say, then, for the first degree burglary death penalty law? Besides its basic inhumanity, this law is as ineffectual in stopping crime as dandruff cure would be for heart failure. In attacking the superficial manifestation of a deep maladjustment in a scarcely veiled attempt at repression, it fails to scratch the surface of real cause. It not only reflects the physical poverty which gives rise to it, but also the poverty of human beings who use it as a lever to depress another segment of humanity to a level of fear and degradation.

In all reasonableness, apart even from any humanitarian sympathies, we may state that this law does not aid fundamentally in the reduction of first degree burglary. Only increased income, education, crop subsidies, housing, and economic security can strike at the basic causes of crime and make North Carolina a safer and more habitable place for human living.

Professorial Portraits I

Keener Chapman Frazer

SOME PROFESSORS on the campus are known to never give an A to an undergraduate, some others are known to never give anything lower than a C, some mark it down every time the sleepy student cuts a class and some others write meticulous notes on class recitations. But there is a small group who feel that the student is automatically an adult when he enters college and is therefore privileged to learn absolutely nothing if he so wishes. The professor, so this group argues, is available at all times to help those earnest undergraduates who want to learn and after that their debt to the class and to the student ends. The "party-boys," the dreamers and the just-plain-lazy students are free to cut their collective throats if they so wish. K. C. Frazer is one of this group.

"Here are the books which will help you understand the problem under discussion," he will say, patting down the back of his carefully brushed hair, "I don't expect half of you to look at them but if you can possibly tear yourselves away from Harry's and the coeds for a few hours you might find them useful."

Mr. Frazer holds the Library in something of disdain.

"The books are there but why sit on hard seats when you can take out the material and do the work twice as well in your own rooms?"

Studying to him is an adult pursuit which needs an adult's approach. No one can teach you how to study. That is for the individual to learn by himself. If he can't or won't "learn how to learn" he shouldn't be in college at all.

International Law and International Relations are Mr. Frazer's chief interests both in the classroom and outside of it. Besides being the President of the Southern Political Science Association he is very active on the Southern Council of International Relations which puts out a fortnightly bulletin under the guidance of it's able secretary Mr. Mark Orr.

But the campus knows K. C. Frazer not only as an authority on the subjects which he teaches but as an interesting lecturer as well and as the best-dressed professor at Chapel Hill. Each day at eight-thirty the students drift into class, open their *Tar Heels* get out pencils and settle down to the crossword puzzle. Between ten and fifteen minutes later Mr. Frazer walks briskly down the hall, deposits his hat in his office, gets his books, walks into class. His shoes are always shined—which is a miracle for these dusty pathways—his suit neat, his tie meticulous.

Occasionally, when Mr. Frazer is away in Washington at a conference or lecturing in Alabama, his native state, there is a quiz to greet the startled students when they arrive in the morning. These quizzes, once done, are never seen again. They disappear somewhere down the hall on the second floor of Saunders and there they stay. There is a belief among the Political Science majors that grades are given in direct ratio to how well "K. C." knows the individual men in his class. If he knows you by sight and by name you get a B. If he knows the name you get a C. If he doesn't know you at all he gives you a D. This is no doubt only partly truth but it's certainly true that a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Frazer is advantageous, not only because of any help it might give you on your grade but because he is a delightful conversationalist and an interesting one.

In the cloistered and stuffy atmosphere of a college campus it is indeed a treat to find now and again such men as this who believe that there is a reason for theory, that practice is the ultimate test. Too many are wont to stagnate in the murky waters of intellectualism and forget that there is a world outside which should be reflected in the writings and teachings of the pedants who wish to influence the minds of the young men and women who pass through their classrooms.

Morton Vogel

Saturday Drag

CHARLEY glanced casually over the shoulder of the blond sitting in front of him. His eyes narrowed momentarily before he could read the word. Then with a sigh of satisfaction he finished the cross-word puzzle and put it into his notebook. He assumed his most attentive look for a while but finally decided that he could get as much from the text as he could from the droning of the prof. Directly beneath the legend, "Geology—lecture—Saturday" in his note-book Charley wrote "Martha" first with a flourish and then painstakingly in a backhand. After six or seven tries, both printing and script, Charley selected the one he liked and added to it, "And Charley." At 11:50 Charley extracted a cigarette from his pack, tapped it on his thumb-nail and put the wrong end between his lips. The match poised and at the first sound of the bell, flared.

Two years of commuting between Chapel Hill and the Woman's College provided MORTON VOGEL *with a background for this, his first short story. He claims that he was only the medium through which the story wrote itself.*

At the dormitory Charley waited until the crowd around the mail-box thinned a bit and then peeked into his box. There were four letters within. "Hit the jackpot, Charley?" called someone. "Probably all for my roommate," retorted Charley. He twisted the dial and drew out a letter from home. No check. Two more addressed to his roommate, and the last from Martha. Charley felt himself relax and realized that here was the letter for which he'd been waiting. In his room he dropped to his bed and opened the letter. "Kind of casual," he thought, and reread the letter. Well, anyway, he'd see her tonight, and besides she never did write very exciting letters. At the restaurant Charley read the letter a third time and decided that he hadn't really read between the lines before. "You know that I *always* enjoy being with you, Charley, and I want you to come Saturday night."

"She wants me to come Saturday night," thought Charley. "Boy are we going to have swell times. That gal really goes for me, and she's not bad herself."

"There is something I want to talk to you about." "I wonder what in Hell she means by that," thought Charley. "Probably the Sophomore Hop over at W. C. Of course the Sophomore Hop!" For a panic-stricken moment Charley searched his mind before he remembered that his tux shirt and studs were at school with him. Then he recalled that the dance was a month off anyway.

On his way out of the restaurant, as a matter of course, Charley asked the cute waitress for a date. She had a reputation for never dating, and, as Charley expected she upheld her reputation. "When Martha asks me to the dance tonight," thought Charley, "I'll hesitate a second. Let her think I have a date or something, and then I'll accept her invitation and act very surprised to get it. No use letting her take me for granted. And I'll tell her how tough it is bumming all the way over there and back just to see her. Come to think of it a hundred miles of bumming in an evening just to date some girl is something. Of course, there's nothing to it but I'm not going to tell her that." Charley dug into his pocket and counted his money. One dollar and sixty-five cents. "That'll be enough for tonight if I don't go to the movies this afternoon," thought Charley. "But then I didn't go yesterday as I intended, and if I had, I would only have had a dollar and thirty-five left and that's enough for tonight.

Two hours later Charley emerged from the theater still glowing from the thought of the picture he had just seen. It took fully fifteen minutes before his thoughts fell back into the familiar, comfortable groove in which they had been moving for the past two weeks. "I'll give her my ring at the dance," thought Charley. "Should I give it to her before the dance or when I kiss her Goodnight? I guess the beginning of the evening would be best. Then she could proudly exhibit it to her envious friends while I act casual and sort of aloof and just smile every now and then." Delighted with the picture he was drawing, Charley's mind raced on as he sauntered toward his dorm. "After all, what if I am only a sophomore in college? Three years isn't a long time, and I've been promised a couple of good jobs when I graduate.

Of course, I won't ask her to marry me for a while, but there are plenty of successful marriages that started just like this."

Charley stopped short. "Is this me," he thought, "actually thinking of marriage?" He shrugged smugly and resumed his slow amble. "I guess it gets us all eventually," he thought. "I can't keep running around with different girls for the rest of my life. Got to settle down sometime." He walked into the dorm store, had a dope, and watched the slow progress of a checker game for a few minutes. Realizing that here were no prospects for a bull-session, Charley took the stairs two at a time and arrived a little breathless at his room. He found his roommate and a boy whom he recognized from his Math class sprawled on the beds. The boy from his Math class was waiting for him and Charley remembered that he had invited him up to do Math together "any time." "I'm awfully sorry," explained Charley, "but I just got a letter from my girl over at W. C. and she says I'd better come. I don't feel much like going, but you know how it is." The boy from his Math class didn't know how it was, of course, but Charley noticed a new respect dawning in his class-mate's eyes.

Charley stood in the shower and flexed his muscles. "Boy, it'll be swell being married," he thought. "I'll let her have any kind of wedding she wants. Of course that isn't really important but women like those things." The water suddenly got hot and Charley jumped. He readjusted the water taps and fell to scrubbing his hands and nails. His ring caught his eye and with difficulty he twisted it off his finger and examined it closely. "Why shouldn't I give it to her tonight?" he thought. "Hell, what am I waiting for? I'll give it to her tonight and from now on we'll be going steady.

Shining with neatness, Charley entered the restaurant. "Big time tonight?" inquired the proprietor. "Where you going?" "Got a date." Charley was intentionally laconic, a bit annoyed that his careful grooming was so obvious. He finished his sandwich and smoked a cigarette. The waitress as usual failed to capitulate.

Charley waited in the reception lounge a little stiffly. He hitched his trousers up at the knee, secure in the knowledge that he was wearing garters. He was fidgeting with his ring as Martha entered and his heart leapt as he arose to greet her. "Boy, she's pretty," he thought. They were dancing the first dance and Charley hadn't had the opportunity to give her the ring. He decided that he'd wait for the end of the evening when they were on the terrace at the back of the dorm. Automatically he danced with a succession of girls, asked each one, "Where you from?" and said "Thank you" to their "'Joyed it"s.

Finally they were on the terrace. "You're an awfully swell fellow, Charley." Charley started struggling with his ring. "I always enjoy dating you." That knuckle was stubborn. "I wish I could ask you to the Sophomore Dance, Charley, but mother's birthday falls on that week-end and I've got to go home." Charley gave up the struggle and the ring found its accustomed place. Martha continued to explain apologetically. It was chilly and Charley shivered in his coat. That damn spotlight bothered him. "This isn't turning out the way I planned it," he thought. "I'd better wait until the next time." He was puzzled at his relief when the counsellor called curfew at eleven-thirty.

Back at the Hill that night, Charley sat in the restaurant and reviewed the evening. Nothing definite stood out in his mind and his thoughts were somewhat confused. He remembered his delight at seeing Martha and caught himself also remembering a mole on her neck which he hadn't noticed before. He recalled a number of girls with whom he had danced, tried to remember their names but failed completely. Only one of them had been really cute anyway but her name was as elusive as the others. He thought of the girl who had reminded him of an Indian, and of the ride home with a slightly drunken driver who preferred the left to the right side of the road. Dutifully he tried the waitress again as he left the restaurant. Still adamant. In bed, Charley thought again of that mole. He wondered how he had failed to notice it before. Without consciously trying, he remembered that the one cute girl had a double name and that the first half of it was Betty. It came to him after a while that the other part was Jean and that she was a good dancer.

Charley pretended to detest his Saturday class but he could never work up any real feeling about it, and seldom cut it. That blond in front of him sure knew her cross-word puzzles. Charley needed number seven horizontal. She had it and Charley finished his puzzle. He glanced at his watch, held it to his ear and then looked at it intently for a moment. Feeling resigned he leaned back and opened his notebook. Idly, from force of habit, he started a large block "M." It disappeared under his eraser and Charley went to work again. He got as far as "B-E-T-T-Y J-E" before the bell rang.

Craig "Spec" McClure

Frost on Parnassus

How to Acquire a UNC Diploma the Hard Way

THE MAIN incentive for my ever registering as a university freshman with but fifty dollars between me and starvation was the same, I suppose, as that impelling thousands of other boys in America with no financial backing to seek college educations. I wanted to escape the heritage that had been handed me at birth.

My family was of an honest, hardworking, materialistic breed that had for generations produced farmers and industrial laborers. I was the first to finish high school on either side of my parental lineage. The finger of differentation was early but kindly put upon me. I was a "bright boy."

Two years after graduation from high school I was working as an office boy and general helper around a small-town railway station in the South. It was my first year away from home. Four of the six dollars I received weekly as salary went to pay my board. In an environment uncomplicated by the moil of neurotic impulses I was later to find I managed to live comfortably enough on my small pay. But from childhood my vision, nourished by solitude and omnivorous reading, had wheeled outward to strange shores. I thought of going to sea. It was the tangible thing to which the confused hunger of my youth could pin itself. A physical examination brought out my defective eyesight. Thoughts of the navy had to vanish.

But I was not alone. Joe Whetney and Carl Rucker were my comrades. The three of us had been bound together by a common love for books and a capacity for dreaming. All of us were restless with ambition.

Joe worked in a cotton mill as a sweeper. He lived on "factory hill." Carl was the frail, unhealthy-looking son of a village groceryman. Both of them wanted to be journalists. In high school Joe had been awarded a loving cup donated by the editor of the local paper to the best student writer. Carl had been a correspondent for several dailies. I had no idea of what I wanted to do, but my brain was haunted with dreaming.

Each of us felt the need of a college education. It alone, we thought, could permanently inoculate us against the life we had always known—and, after a fashion, always hated. Early one spring we began to lay plans for entering the State university in the fall. How we were going to pay our college expenses concerned us little. We had in mind one of those vague catch phrases of youth. We would "work our way through."

Of the three of us, Joe was the most imaginative. As September approached, he began a critical analysis of our situation and ended with the decision to work one more year before trying to go off to school. That was the nearest he ever got to a college.

From the night Carl and I said good-by to him in his squalid little room on factory hill, his attitude toward life seemed to change. He lost his self-confidence. A latent inferiority complex developed rapidly. He became a dark and constant brooder. His hypersensitive creative mind, untempered by age or experience, turned inwardly to create for Joe a Frankenstein from which he could never escape. Before Carl and I had finished college, something had snapped in that mind.

After the most weird and terrible peregrinations of which I've ever heard, he ended in a charity hospital in the West—a hopeless victim of paranoia, convinced that he was eternally being followed by certain "aristocrats" of our town who were bent on destroying him through the exercise of fantastic mental powers. I still get sporadic letters from him. He believes that if he can but get into good physical shape again he will write a profound volume on mental telepathy.

II

Carl and I took to the highway one warm September morning and hitchhiked to the State university, two hundred and fifty miles away. We reached the campus a week before school started.

After two days, I was employed to help clean the university's dining hall. It was a prophetic

SPEC MCCLURE, *'32, was a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Golden Fleece as well as editor of the* MAGAZINE. *His article, published with the consent of* FORUM, *describes conditions that are still somewhat prevalent on the campus.*

Xanadu *Edgar Thorne*

beginning. For the next four years my life was to be mixed bitterly with dirt and grease.

Several days later I landed another job. It was helping to build a road into a print shop. After the road was finished, the editor of the village paper took me into the shop as a printer's devil. It was my first association with printer's ink. From it sprang my life's ambition—to write.

During the next four years, however, I held many jobs besides my print-shop job. Their diversity was curious indeed. I dug ditches, laid culverts, translated foreign languages, assisted a mason, edited a magazine, gardened, carried newspapers, ushered at athletic contests, waited on tables, washed dishes, read to the blind, tended to children, hauled baggage, typed, and did perhaps a score of other miscellaneous things.

Willing to work at anything, no matter how low the character of the job, I was constantly employed. During almost the entire time I was in school I could have given work to many of those boys who left college "for financial reasons."

There was a dearth of men willing to disregard utterly their own health and comfort for the sake of their employers. The self-help bureau at the YMCA was forever flooded with applicants "willing to do anything" to stay in school. Most of the boys sought diligently for jobs until they got them. Employed, they quickly lost their enthusiasm. Within two weeks after school started, a homeward trek of the backbone of the nation and the pride of a hundred communities began.

I have never known a single boy of normal physical and mental abilities who *had* to leave college "for financial reasons." I have known plenty who left because they were not willing to pay the price of being in college without money.

Five hundred dollars was almost rock-bottom for a school year's expense at my university. Many of us started the fall term each year with but little or no money. Unless one had someone on the outside looking out for him, summer employment was not an easy thing to get. Many of us stayed in summer school rather than chance picking up work outside the college town. There thirty cents an hour was considered good pay for our labor. If we were to make the required five hundred dollars before the spring quarter ended, we had to average six working hours a day, including Sundays.

For two years my regular daily program called for getting up at six o'clock in the morning. From six-thirty to eight I cleaned up the print shop and fired the furnace. I then had a half-hour in which to wash, eat my breakfast, and walk a quarter of a mile before my first class began.

Three class hours a day was our average. My last lecture usually ended at one o'clock. By one-thirty I had eaten my lunch and reported at the print shop for work. There I ordinarily labored until six o'clock at such strenuous tasks as melting linotype metal and casting it into pigs, scouring ink off the presses, lugging barrels of dead slugs, and struggling against the ever flowing deluge of grease, ink, and paper to keep the place in order.

Within an hour after I left the print shop I tried to eat supper and report to the library for study. Time in those days was a precious thing. One couldn't afford to risk disturbance in the noisy dormitories if he wished to prepare his lessons properly before midnight.

Although it was a program, as I look back on it, eminently capable of bringing a draft horse to an early grave, I followed it in general for four years. I was well rewarded. In addition to paying all my college expenses I managed to make Phi Beta Kappa and to take enough part in extracurricular activities to be crowned in my senior year with the highest of campus honors—election into the Order of Odysseus for "outstanding leadership."

III

During my off hours I could not afford to spend money on amusements. Every penny counted. During our entire first year at the university, Carl and I spent scarcely a dollar for such things as shows and soft drinks. Fortunately I had developed a love of natural science in my boyhood. For relaxation now I walked about the hills, rejoicing in the fact that appreciating the glories of nature cost nothing.

Gradually my classmates coagulated into small cliques. In order to live as luxuriously as possible, we pooled our resources. A morality to which we had been meticulously bred by our parents faded before the terrific strain of doing without the little things youth's heart demanded.

Our gang was composed of eight or ten boys. We had no rules, but it was a point of honor that each of us do something for the common welfare.

Carl was delivering papers. Each of the carriers he met on his dawn route slipped him a copy of his paper and reported it as unsold.

It was my duty to furnish tickets for various occasions. This was hardly a difficult task. We usually printed the tickets at the print shop. After the regular run had been finished on the presses,

I would set the numbering machine back and run a few extra tickets for the comrades.

Buff, a student assistant in the zoology laboratory, had the grave responsibility of supplying us with drinks. Each afternoon he would steal from the laboratory a small bottle of pickling alcohol. This he would pour into a larger jar which he kept in his room. When a sufficient amount of the alcohol had been collected, we would dump a pint of apricot flavoring into it. This ingenious concoction we called by an impolite name and reserved for special occasions. Although it scalded our throats a bit, we shut our eyes and downed it like men hoping to God that Buff hadn't made a mistake and got wood alcohol instead of grain.

An extra tuxedo could be picked up from the back door of a pressing club. Bill, the student clerk, always saw to that. Sometimes I would go to dances wearing some unknown person's clothing, entering on a phony ticket, and boiled on the zoology department's good alcohol.

For three years I roomed above a drugstore. Practically everyone on the floor was a self-help student. Our ages ranged from eighteen to twenty-five. Rats and cockroaches bitterly contested our rights to the rooms. Swarms of bedbugs gnawed us at night. Once, in a short while, my roommate and I trapped fifty rats in our small room, before we tired of the sport and let them run at will. One tough youth deducted from his rent each month the amount he had spent on insecticides since the landlord's last visit. A Baptist preacher's son turned his room into a gambling den in order to survive. By taking a small percentage of each bet, he managed to make a fairly decent living, for the poker games often ran for forty-eight hours at a sitting. Love of course played its part in our lives, but it was of the commercialized variety and came cheap.

IV

In this lovely atmosphere I'm afraid that even our humor turned a little bitter. We became sharp and relentless. Our being down did not increase our compassion for others. Rather, it brought out a primitive wolfish streak in our natures. For the first time in my life I came to know that the burden of misery in this world is greater than any man can carry. Looking at the ills of the world in a hard, practical light, we could find no remedy for them. A man brought down by an infirmity in his nature, will, if helped to his feet, fall again, we observed. One wearied at the futility of such kindness.

Our lives were ones of activity. We had no time for impractical theory. If the bread we gave out was sogged with our curse, it still nourished a hungry man better than the volumes of vain theory that the sociologists have written about him.

When Hastings, a poverty-stricken blind boy, moved to our building, we systematically avoided him. To be blind and without any money was truly a hardship. We could not afford to risk a softening of the heart. "Oh my God, here comes Hastings," someone would say, and the words would silence the room like the shadow of a hawk on a barnyard.

For a while Hastings tried to make a living tuning pianos. Existing on cold canned food, he was finally brought down with a stomach ailment. Wandering around without a guide, he was continually bumping into things. His shins became bruised and infected. In the shadows of a famous sociological department, white-hot with theoretical ideas for humanity's salvation, he went as much as two days at a time without a bite of food. He was too sensitive and proud to beg.

In such an environment is it any wonder that our philosophy should early tinge with wormwood, that we should age and tire at twenty? Life had not supplied us with the calloused brains and the unfeeling hearts of natural vagabonds, while giving us their habitat. We were of an intelligent class; otherwise we would not have been in college. It was the university's purpose to stimulate our thought each day. Each night we turned our brains to the miserable business of our lives.

V

In my junior year I was relieved of my janitorial duties in the print shop and given the job of running the press which printed the college daily. I usually started to work around midnight and quit five hours later. The hours were rarely the same.

Carl delivered the papers that I helped print. My day ended, and his started, simultaneously. During the cold months I would bring his two enormous bundles of papers to our rooms so that he could arrange them for delivery in the warmth of our building. On freezing mornings Carl would take a swig of corn liquor before starting out. Often he would sicken and vomit on his route.

Trembling with nervous as well as physical exhaustion, often I could not sleep. I lay in bed and heard the winds howl and thought of Carl outside with his frail body and huge paper sacks. With every nerve in my body aching for sleep

then I had to crawl out of bed and catch my first class before nine o'clock.

The boy who alternated with me on the "graveyard" shift, as we called that morning press run, failed every subject the first quarter and dropped out of school. The owner of the print shop, an essentially kind man who would fight to the last ditch editorially for social justice, kept me on the job for the rest of the winter. He used me as an example of what youth with ambition could do.

I was not bitter against him. Then suddenly one day I realized that he was one of the lords of civilization, the editor, the determiner, the embodiment of its thought. And my sorrow for mankind and my sense of futility toward life increased threefold.

Thought is the worst of poisons. The lack of it has kept the great masses of workingmen submissively and, to a degree, contentedly, in the most hellish of conditions. Material comfort has dimmed the awful focus of the minds of those capable of the bitterest logic. In comfortable surroundings most of the dangerous philosophies with which a university inoculates her sons passes off in harmless arguments. But give a youth the tools of logic, force him into the pitiless solitudes of night, harass him with a thousand physical discomforts,—then, brethren, you have started something not so easily ended.

VI

For two years Carl had carried the university's daily paper. Through health and sickness, through winter's bitter hell and the soaking rains of spring, through the good days and the bad days, he had been loyal to that pathetic little job. But his complexion had grown pallid, and a dry little cough he had developed filled me with alarm.

And now in the spring of our junior year the publications board was picking a new circulation manager for the coming fall. Carl seemed the only logical choice, and I was certain that he wouldn't have to go out on the route another winter. In his physical condition, I thought, it was imperative that he should not.

The board thought well of Carl. He had made a good man. But the job went to a fraternity boy whose lack of either desert or experience was amply covered by the fact that a professor of economics on the board had long been a friend of his family.

Carl came to the room after the selection had been announced. His eyes were dull with an inarticulate, dazed hurt. As I watched him staring from our window, my heart blackened against the mob for its fumbling, unintentional cruelty. To hell with what I had been taught about the brotherhood of humanity. From now on I was going to get my share.

During my first quarter of school, I had been called to the office of the dean of students.

Under the strain of my schedule, I had had to cast aside all thoughts of my physical appearance. My hands, particularly the fingernails, were perennially black with printer's ink. My hair, naturally wild and unruly, was seldom combed more than once a day. I was too weary and pressed for time to shave regularly. One of my professors had reported my appearance to the dean, with the suggestion that my mental condition be checked!

Dean Bracken greeted me with a bland smile when I seated myself nervously before his desk. He taught a class in philosophy and "understood boys." "There's nothing wrong with your think-tank," he beamed assuringly. He warned me against the strenuous life I had cut out for myself and offered to arrange a loan for me. Frightened at the thought of incurring a debt I saw no possible way of clearing up, I stammered my way out of his office.

Now over two years had passed. I had not heard from the dean again. A stubborn pride had forced me since childhood to keep my problems to myself. And now what was pride? Vanity—a fool's sterile luxury, I reflected.

Every year a scholarship of a hundred dollars in cash was given to "the most deserving self-help student" in each of the classes. I was making my own way well enough by this time. I was doing far better certainly than many others I knew. But I was no longer concerned with ethics. I needed that hundred dollars for a little scheme of my own.

Dean Bracken remembered my former visit all right. He had followed my career in the university with interest. It was the dean's job to look after his boys.

With an effort I manfully downed the contempt and bitterness that rose toward my tongue and sprang my elaborate, carefully rehearsed tear jerker. I was badly in need of money to finish out my year at school. And that scholarship—well, the dean of students would know if I deserved it. He might even put in a private word for me to the awarding committee. His influence would mean much.

The dean smiled a bit archly. He would see what he could do.

I had just become eligible for Phi Beta Kappa when my case was presented to the scholarship committee. The fact that I had managed to pay all my expenses, so far, besides making good in my studies, was brought up *against* me. Others who had not done so well needed the money perhaps more than I did.

It was the mob's fumbling soul again, crying out against the ambitious. No man asked why half the muscles in my body were beyond control with their twitching. No one mentioned the frozen dawns in which I had staggered out half-blind with weariness—a gray, trembling, shuddering weariness—from the print shop, in order that my bills might be paid.

Fury stuck in my throat and I said nothing.

"Tell us, one of the men asked, "how you've managed to get along."

"If I do not have the money, I do not spend it," I snapped.

My bitterness was lost in the appreciative laughter of the entire committee. That remarkable bit of wisdom had clinched the scholarship.

"That's exactly the kind of men we need in business," cried Dean Haskins of the commerce school.

"Let our man alone. We need him for school work," loyally cut in the dean of the school of education.

Dean Haskins smiled at me approvingly.

Shuddering with disgust and nervous exhaustion, I was bored at their attempts to compliment me. After graduation, I heard from none of them —but I got my scholarship.

Three of us who worked at the print shop were awarded a hundred dollars each. I took mine and went to California on a vacation.

VII

The last year in school passed quickly.

My work kept me busy to the end. An hour before the commencement exercises were to begin, I was up to my elbows in ink, cleaning a printing press. I barely had time to grab my cap and gown before the procession began.

Returning alone to my room, I sat down to wait for Carl.

He came in with Charlie Onsley. No friends or families had come to see our graduation. We were glad they hadn't. Sentiment over the affair would have been an insupportable burlesque.

"Well, we're through," said Carl. "What do we do now?"

"God knows," I said.

Five years later I was working with pick and shovel in a ditch in California.

Ten miles away, Charlie was peddling magazines for a living.

Carl was doing manual labor around the print shop.

Hemmings, the business genius of our gang, who had entered school with twelve dollars and graduated with fifteen hundred, after paying all his expenses, was selling insurance on a guaranteed fifty-dollars-a-month trial basis.

We blamed no one—not even the social system—for our predicaments. Driven bitterly though too early, we had dunked our young, impressionable brains into a sea of deadly futility from which we could never escape.

The capacity for normal faith, for love, for devotion seemed to have been ripped from our beings. We had only one thing left from the turmoil, and that was a poor skeleton of a faith in our mental integrity. But we hugged it to our hearts.

Thereafter I moved between two worlds, understanding them both better, I believe, through having lost them.

Each book that I had read, each new thing I had experienced while stumbling around on Parnassus had placed a block in an impassable wall between me and my people. I could never go back to their world again. Those who had been my friends received me with the reserve and suspicion characteristic of the peasant mind toward the advanced, now that I had a college degree. When they did not, I soon became intolerably bored with the limited store of their lives.

In the "upper" classes, I was received with patronage by those who hastily explained to arch-browed guests that I was an unusual character of some sort. I did not care. I had grown not calloused but genuinely indifferent to snobbery. I shunned many of those whom I had once thought above my world.

Out of the furor, the agony, and the beauty of those four years on Parnassus I had gained one priceless thing: I had learned to live alone.

I had achieved self-confidence and a supreme humility. I had been shown that by paying the price one might do anything he wished, within reasonable limits. I had lost all patience with men who say that today we have no opportunity. In those years since graduation, though I've never made more than a hundred dollars a month, I've done everything I've truly wanted to do.

Hugh Foss

Culture and the Coed

SAM GERTZ came from Brooklyn, New York. He entered Southeastern with the definite idea in mind of absorbing all the southern culture he could find. He was determined that he would return home an outstanding person in the eyes of his fellows. He would be a cosmopolite, would be able to lapse easily into a pseudo-southern accent.

For four years he lived in Laughton dormitory, ate in Washington Hall, went to the movies every afternoon, hitch-hiked to Franklin each Saturday night. He had few friends and fewer interests. He was a mediocre student, a mediocre fencer and his face was the kind you never look at again—neither good looking nor ugly, just plain. He was average. He had been average in Brooklyn. He had lived in an average house, in an average block with average parents and, on going to Southeastern, he had taken his old life down with him and cemented it around him so closely that no outside influences could possibly leak through his hard shell of convention.

HUGH FOSS, *whose experiences as a Saint Anthony playboy have proved disillusioning, writes of a situation that well might have sprung up on any campus. He says that college students are primarily interested in short stories about themselves.*

But although his routine life at college moved on undisturbed by the interests and activities of those around him he was, in the beginning of his fourth year, suddenly lifted from his mental complacency and stood for a while on the brink of a chasm which threatened to effect his whole life but which in time receded again and permitted his old routine to resume its uninterrupted course. It permitted him to eke out a low C for his four years of stagnation, permitted him to rent a cap and gown and get a diploma which he forthwith hung on the wall in his home back in Brooklyn. Perhaps it was just as well since the gods had molded his destiny in very common clay, never meaning him to play Romeo to Juliet.

Way down in the small soul of Sam Gertz there was a spark of idealism. Buried, to be sure, under layers of complacency, it managed to flicker through twenty-one years of his life and only went out after his love affair—as he liked to think of it—had come to an abrupt end. His idealism had consisted of an attitude towards women. He had always felt that women were like flowers—to be looked at but not picked. This idealistic notion of his was pinned on his coat for all to see. He would tell his friends:

"Damn if I can see why guys are always looking for sex. I like talking to queens, not just trying to neck 'em all the time."

He liked dirty jokes. He liked to whisper behind his hand when a coed went by on the campus but he never took them out, never talked to them except about class work before the professor came in.

"Christ," he would say, "I don't know this stuff."

"Neither do I." The coed would lean across the back of her chair.

"I'll flunk sure."

And that was about the extent of it. He was scared to death of women. He went to the dances now and again but never danced. He would stand in front of the orchestra and watch the crowd around him but wouldn't cut in. If a girl looked at him, glancing over her partner's shoulder, he looked away. But Sam Gertz went to the movies and read very romantic novels. Through these he had built up his conception of the perfect woman. She would be different. She would scorn the petty interests of her kind, would be no slave to fashion or convention. She would love the Finer Things in life. Above all she would love him for himself. She would see that he was a different being too.

And then one day he met this dream girl of his. She was all that he had ever hoped for. Her face was not beautiful but long, black hair to her shoulders, a scarlet line for her mouth and jettly painted lashes made her seem to him the most exotic woman that he had ever seen. He saw her first as he got on the train going back to college and he chose a seat across the aisle from her. She was reading *Leaves of Grass,* her head back on the cushioned seat, her scarlet-tipped fingers holding a cigarette. From New York to Wilmington, Delaware, he couldn't summon enough courage to speak to her but he thought of a thousand ways of starting. He discarded all as either too childish or too abrupt. Finally he was so desperate

that he tried the next thing that came into his head.

"Going to Southeastern?" he asked, trying to be as matter-of-fact as possible.

"Yees." She drew the e out to her lips and cast the word at him with the rise of a plucked eyebrow.

He stuttered something about that was swell and he knew she would like it. He said that he had been there for three years and liked it more all the time and he knew that it would grow on her too. She didn't say anything for a while but finally she blew a line of smoke across the aisle and looked at him sideways.

"Dew like poetry?"

He had never read a line outside of classes but he muttered that he loved it.

"I read it all the time," he said, "but mostly the Romantics. I don't like the modern stuff so much." He tried to remember some of the things he had had to read for Freshman English but couldn't recall a line. Shelley and Keats were the only two names that came to him. He wanted to change the subject but didn't know how. She kept on about the poetry for a while and he finally didn't say any more and just listened to her. She didn't seem to care whether he said anything or not and kept on about Whitman and Frost and Milay until they got to Washington. He took her in to dinner and tried to be nonchalant and pretend to the staring people that they were travelling together. She ordered a salad and a glass of red wine and some cheese, explaining that she was dieting because she was getting too fat. He thought she was a little on the thin side if anything but didn't contradict her. He had wanted a big meal but decided that he might seem to be flaunting food in her face when she couldn't eat it so he was content with a sandwich and a glass of milk.

In an upper berth that night with the rails clanking beneath him he vowed that he would make her like him. That he would take her for long walks in the country, that they would read together and listen to symphonies in the music library and discuss them together late into the night. He built up his dream until it merged with the wheels' noise and he was asleep.

For weeks in Southeastern he hardly saw her at all. She was busy, so she said, with her new courses and was writing poetry for a magazine back in New Jersey. She seemed never to go out with anybody else so he decided that this must be true. He would call her every night but she was always

doing something else. Down town he looked furtively in the cafeterias and beer places but never saw her. She wasn't in the library very often and when he would meet her there she would seem to shun his company. But he tried vainly day after day, week after week and finally there was a change in her manner towards him. She became suddenly friendly and cheerful over the phone and one night let him have a date with her. He borrowed his roommate's best suit and a silk handkerchief and was waiting for her ten minutes early. They went to the movies and then had a beer in Joe's. It wasn't the kind of an evening he had expected or wanted to spend but just to be out with her was enough for Sam Gertz. The students coming in for a beer would look at her sideways. He felt very important and talked too loudly, laughing at anything.

For a month they went out together all the time. He would meet her after lunch and they would take a walk behind the stadium. They read poetry together and listened to symphonies. It was just the way he had wanted it. She would read the poetry and tell him what she thought of it.

"He's quite good, you know." She would flip the pages slowly, reading passages at random. "His wording is obscure in places but the feeling is there, the mood."

He agreed with all she said. He sat on the ground at her feet and dared hardly move for fear of annoying her while she was reading. At night he read about the great poets and musicians and artists but he never spoke of this and wouldn't give his opinion unless she asked for it. Almost

every night they went to the library together and read the magazines and novels which she recommended. He never thought of becoming intimate with her or if he did he was much too scared of her to even hold her hand. This became such a phobia with him that he would go to any lengths to avoid touching her at all. But she seemed not to care and he was convinced that she was far above such things. She loved the Finer Things and so did he. He wondered to himself how others could act towards women as they did. Treat them like animals, like common whores. Dreams of living eternally with her occupied his every moment. They would have a small place in Greenwich Village and one maid. They would go to the opera and the art galleries and the libraries.

At the beginning of the Winter quarter they decided at registration that they would take a modern poetry course together. This was the beginning of the end. The professor teaching the course was an ugly young man with short, bristling hair and large, veined hands. He was brilliant and fiery in class, loving his work passionately and inspiring even the dullest of the students with a spark of his abundant enthusiasm. Sam and the girl sat in the front row and listened intently to his initial lecture. He spoke of the new era in poetry, of the changing ways of life and the changing arts which reflected this new way. He read passages hastily to illustrate his point and closed the volumes with a snap when he had finished. After class their conversation was full of him. His name was Julian Gates, he was new at Southeastern. The girl thought him the finest man she had ever seen.

"Brilliant, charming." She was radiantly delighted. "My God what a man. How can a man be so full of his subject? He's vital, he's different." She forgot about Sam. Finally she stopped half way across the campus. "I must go see him. I must talk to him." She was walking hurriedly back to the building before he could stop her.

Every day she talked more about him. In the afternoons now they took no more walks in the woods. She insisted that she had work to do, that she must see Gates about the next day's assignment. After a while she started calling him Julian and then it was that Sam began to worry. He wasn't conscious of jealousy. He was convinced that she was interested in this fiery young man simply because of their mutual interest in poetry. They still went out together but she was changed. She didn't seem to care about reading out loud. She avoided the music library. She was always going to see Gates or just coming back from seeing him—or so it seemed to Sam Gertz. But he thought that it was a passing enthusiasm, that another course would soon take her interest and then everything would be all right again. Finally she stopped talking about Gates altogether. Even in class she would hardly look at him at all. She changed her seat to the back of the classroom, took voluminous notes, kept her eyes on the pages all the time. Before she had never taken her eyes off him. Now she seemed to have forgotten him entirely. Yes, she was different. She hardly noticed Sam at all. She went out with him but it was not the same as before. He was hurt and he was lonely. He began taking long walks in the country by himself and would go to their old place above the stream in the woods and feel sorry for himself. Perhaps, he thought, I'm not bright enough for her. She knows so much that its only logical that she should go see that man all the time. There can be nothing in it. She hardly looks at him in class. But he's bright and knows a lot and she finds him interesting. Sam felt sure that it would soon end.

And then one beautiful winter day with the sky like ground sapphire and the earth hard as

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DURHAM, N. C.

granite, Sam took his last walk. He went, as usual towards the stream behind the stadium. He took a book of poetry with him more to remind him of the earlier days than for any reading he might do in it. Down through a winding path with the trees bare and black in the sun he walked sulkily, watching the road. There was a big rock down by the stream where they had sat on many a fall afternoon and now it was filled with memories for Gertz. He could see again the heavy brassiness of the leaves above them and the girl with her legs curled under her sitting at the base of the rock with the dull granite mass of it above her, reading Milay's *Conversation at Midnight* with long gestures of her hands. He would always think of her that way, he thought, because it embodied for him all that she meant, all that she was—something from another world that he had found. Someone who had furnished the key to the Real Things.

He climbed cautiously down the hard, frozen side of the slope to the water's edge and sat there with his back against the rock and the book unopened on his lap. He picked up a pebble and tossed it into the stream. A little eddy swirled away and lost itself in the ripples of a miniature falls further on.

In winter it is easy to hear a stranger approaching because the air is so clear and voices carry the way they do on a still night. So Sam Gertz heard them coming as they turned the last corner up the hill. He recognized her voice at once. High and shrill, it had a note of anger, of bitterness in it. She was talking with a cutting quietness which had more anger in it than she could muster. Sam Gertz was still as death behind his rock because he was frightened and because he was more shocked than he had ever been in his life before.

"Listen you little bitch," he heard Gates say between his teeth, "you keep your mouth open much more and I'll kill you. You just spout much more about you and me and I'll make your name mud around here. You started this thing and by God you'll finish it. Try to throw me over and it'll be the last act of your sweet life." The words were coated with hate.

She could hardly speak. "Don't threaten me, you peasant. Don't you dare threaten me. I'll do as I damn please and you nor no one else will tell me to do different. You think you're so damn good. . . ."

The words trailed off into the rushing splash of the stream and Gertz sat there without thinking. Finally he picked up a stone and threw it in the water. It was so cold he began to shiver.

The Lecture

I listen to his thinning voice
Spin pedantry through the steam-filled room.
I listen to his voice . . . the steam . . .
And count them one.

I see his fast-receding hair,
So strange on such a forward brow!
Perhaps that meticulous Matthew Arnold part
Splits half-a-dozen hairs.
So combed, so pampered and sustained,
It stretches midway down the cranium . . .
No turns: no jumps:
A runway for scholastic lice!

Note the attenuated form—
He's almost rubbing shoulders with himself!
(That spinal cord must lead a lone existence.
Ah, pray that it will hold him up!)
Here is the sort of thing
Crows see in corn-fields—caw—
And fly away.

Is that a sparkle from those astigmatic eyes?
No!—Only an incandescent glow
Reflected on his thick-lensed glasses.
Those eyes have long since lost the inward light
By trading life for letters.
Set in their narrow grooves
They slide in constant sideward shifts:
Two furtive satellites
Caught in the gravity of print.

Like a wound machine
His voice runs down,
Until — the hour up—with forces spent—
He quits the room, and leaves
(Obviously) behind
A unity of yawning mouths and desecrated
silence—
An epilogue of mute reproach.

—Richard Nickson

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ANGLO-PHILISTINE

HAYWIRE. Hector Bolitho. Illustrated by John Groth. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. 179 pp. $2.00.

During Mr. Bolitho's four month lecture-good will tour of the United States last year he kept a diary. And an author who keeps a diary has always in mind the possibilities of its being published. *Haywire* is Mr. Bolitho's "American Travel Diary."

His motives and efforts to "understand" America and its people probably were sincere, but the anxiousness with which Mr. Bolitho threw himself into his crusade is indicative of the superficiality of the result. Within four months he traveled from New York through the northern states to California and through the southern states back to New York. Within four months he lectured before women's literary societies in all parts of the country. And within four months he conversed with statesmen, tenant farmers, society women, cowboys, big business men, college students, authors and cab drivers. The result could be little more than a brief and often distorted glimpse of the United States. As such it is interesting to us only in its distortions, for its truths are platitudinous.

But Mr. Bolitho does not pretend to have felt the pulse of America. In this rambling, sketchy account of his tour he recites anecdotes, overheard conversations, personal experiences in a style that is usually artificial. The style is sometimes an attempt at a familiar, personal account and sometimes an attempt at an exalted description or eulogy. It never achieves either. However, a pleasant satirical touch is occasionally added and given weight by the sketches of John Groth.

These random descriptions and experiences are notable only when they are familiar. Chapel Hill in particular earned a kindly description, and the South in general, an unkindly one. Of the South Mr. Bolitho says:

> For all its age and mellowness, the South has disappointed me. . . . I bow to the charm of North Carolina, the impoverished elegance of families whose names once graced the Shires, or the old houses of Somerset. But what has all this got to do with a country whose very excellence and might lie in the fact that it has created its own civilization?

And in his musing he asks of Chapel Hill, "Is it here that the hope of the South is to be found?"

What ever significance *Haywire* does have is implicit in a conclusion which one Englishman reaches after seeing America, that below the surface Englishmen and Americans are very, very much the same. And since this diary is written in a manner which seems to represent any Englishman's impressions of England's sister-nation, it might well have been called in these days, *An Englishman Discovers America.*

—DAVID MALONE

MURPHY TO MANTEO

NORTH CAROLINA—A GUIDE TO THE OLD NORTH STATE. Federal Writer's Project. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 601 pages. $2.50.

Recently published by the University of North Carolina Press this book attempts "a comprehensive product portraying the characteristics of the people of one of the greatest of the American states," to quote Governor Hoey, who wrote an introduction for the work. The material in the book was compiled by the Federal Writer's Project of the WPA with headquarters in Asheville.

The book, indeed, does give a comprehensive survey of North Carolina and its people. A section on the general background material written by Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh News and Observer, prefaces the work. After this section various phases of North Carolina and North Carolina life are taken up. There is a chapter on the natural setting of the state with reference to physiography, climate, and flora. Chapters on the history of the state, agriculture, modes of travel, industry and labor, public education, religion, sports and recreation, folkways and folklore, eating and drinking, the arts, and architecture, give a satisfactory general treatment of these topics. There is also a chapter on the Negro which pictures effectively and candidly the place of the Negro in the state.

The next section of the book deals with thirteen cities and towns of North Carolina describing points of interest in each of these and including general essays on the layout, population, and history of each city. There is also a digest of municipal facilities such as airports, radio stations, swimming pools, theaters, golf courses, etcetera, which are available in individual cities. The information on Asheville is most complete

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since that city is in the center of the mountain district of the state which has especial interest for tourists, both native Carolinians and outsiders.

A series of thirty-three tours covering all parts of the state occupy the third division of the book. Trips over all the major highways and many secondary ones with commentaries on points of interest, salient facts about the towns en route, and the mileage of the tour give a very good picture of North Carolina as it actually is—a state of small towns and rural villages.

The last section of the volume contains a description of the national parks and forests within the state. A chronological list of historical events and a list of suggested readings on North Carolina wind up the book.

This book, though somewhat sketchy in certain individual instances, does give an excellent and comprehensive view of the state both as such and as a combination of the many elements which go to make up the state. The work contains an unusually large number of very good pictures taken from all parts of North Carolina which aid the reader to form an opinion of the state. For anyone interested in knowing about the Old North State this book would be required reading. Many North Carolinians will find it a great help to understanding their state and outsiders will find it eminently useful in any attempt to evaluate North Carolina.

—Ernest King, Jr.

QUO VADIS

New Directions, 1939. New Directions, Norfolk, Conn. $3.00. 390 pp.

No other book awakens equal anticipation to that aroused by the New Directions annual. That is, if you care where do we write from here. A no-holds-barred anthology of experimental writing, the Shadow of Pound on Earth, it has had among other contributors Cocteau, Stein, Eluard, Cummings, Jolas, Marianne Moore, Archie Macleish, and last year's comet, Delmore Schwarz. At the risk of piling up a few names I classify the present company so—First importance; Lorca, translation of his *Bodas de Sangre*; selection and annotation of the Greenberg Mss.; and the section on Design. Of especial interest also are excerpts from books by Henry Miller and Lawrence Durrell and Harry Levin's article on Joyce. Established writers, whose contributions are up to their standards, are W. C. Williams, Kay Boyle, and John Wheelwright. Rising starts: Patchen, Dylan Thomas, Eberhart.

Lorca's play, abortively presented New York 1935, is a romantic tragedy translated at the climax into Shelleyan realms. The language and metres of the lyrics—seen thru' English—have the essential Lorca. This folk drama should find intent readers in Chapel Hill. There is indeed an analogy between Spain and the South, or Wales or New Zealand, even, and our home which gives this collection a peculiar value for us.

The Greenberg Mss. were the subject of a *Southern Review* article (Vol. II, 1.). Laughlin presents the selection rather as evidence toward the study of creative psychology than toward the particular case of Hart Crane. Of Greenberg little is known and that little is another in the hackneyed series of indictments, Genius vs. Society. So be it, we are not concerned with *les Maurice de Guerins*. The verse itself presents the recognizable love of man for words, shaped and linked. *Autodidaskulos eimi*—"I am self-taught; a God taught me to make all manner of songs."

New Directions in Design was a laudable innovation in 1938. This year it assumes an historical character, dealing with the neglected subject of American industrial design in the 19th century. Our cardinal requirement now is functional beauty; if America is producing her civilization one foot must be as securely based on comprehensions like Professor Giedions as the other on Whitman. An attractive feature of this section, as distinguished from the sometimes repellantly intellectualism of the collections as wholes, is the inclusion of Juan O'Gorman's Airport Mural. We have had a damn lot of mural lately, but O'Gorman ought to be recognized, and he adds a simple and enthusiastic note to N. D.'s infinite variety.

At long last we may see some of Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn*, with a few deletions. Miller's "human document", we take, is related directly to Joyce's, but has undergone the stylistic simplifications in regard to narration and conscious thought of the thirties and the complications of the imagination's work which the surrealists elaborated. But in almost everything here the reader has great opportunity to see the impact of varying styles on evolving writers. Durrell is introduced by a very Eliot blurb from Eliot. He seems to be about to become our day's Huxley, a mixture of genuine and fundamental attack on English society with further steps in sexual realism. He steals Whitman's notorious operating table scene and at least one direct plagiary—I wonder if Eliot was moved by the same line? But it is impossible to say briefly much of authors presented to us with such tremendous credentials and so small slices of their work. Cross-sections demand micro-technic.

Levin, now, does for Joyce what might be possible and to a less degree necessary with the preceding writers, having the evidence before him. The criticism of modern classics, as of ancient, is not the work of one man; rather, as was shown in the cases of *The Waste Land*, *Ulysses*, and the *Cantos*, it is achieved by the accumulations from many capable sources. There

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Ernest King, Jr., in The Carolina Magazine

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is already a great *Finnegans Wake* literature; Edmund Wilson made the first generally circulated contribution to it in *Axel's Castle;* I have just read a good characterization of it in Babette Deutsch's Handbook on modern poetry, but Levin has put together apparently the best of opinion and gives would-be Wakeans almost everything except the foreign languages. (Readers should have their attention called to N. D. Press' *Exagmination of James Joyce.* I regret that I have not read it, but it is presumably basic.)

As to the editorial policy we note that the Press is projecting a number of schemes, a critical survey of radio, micro-photography of special literary documents, two innovations in the field of anthology, and two new series of publications. Of the last he says, "These studies will not be written by professional moles," and goes on to complain that there is in education too little contact with the living stream of literature. Ah well; the last was well answered in C. S. Lewis' essay on the English Syllabus (*Rehabilitations,* Oxford), and does not round himself derive rather from antiquity or from personal friends than from immediate but distant contemporaries? Apropos of P.; it's his economics on which the editor sounds off in the opening. (God save 'em!) And here is the last of the Preface:

> Why does this young man advocate such ambitious plans at the time . . . when we are threatened with . . . war? I have an answer . . . .
>
> Let us oppose the principle of destruction with the principle of creation. Let us honor the artist as we have never honored him before. Let us thank him for the vision of life he gives. Water the flower that grows in his hand. Listen when he speaks. Give him food.

Which is exactly what Imagists, Georgians, and Vorticists were thinking twenty-five years ago.

—Kiffin Hayes

BLACKOUT

Ordeal. Nevil Shute. New York: William Morrow and Company. 1939. 280 pp. $2.50.

This is not a great novel, nor perhaps a near-great one, but there is in it a story of consuming interest to those of us who are secluded in our knowledge of the true nature of World War II that is going on today across three thousand miles of ocean. This is the simple story of a quiet English family which is suddenly confronted with the real and terrible results of a conflict which is literally in their back yard. They awake one rainy night to find that their native town of Southampton is being bombed from the air by an unseen and unheralded enemy. All communications are cut off, their friends are killed around them and, as night after night the living hell continues, they are driven from their home and finally from England itself.

We here in America are blissfully oblivious of the human side of war except perhaps to read it suddenly in the face of an old Polish woman in a newsreel. We become all too accustomed to the cold factual accounts in our newspapers and fail to see that each day people die and, in this new warfare, they die behind the lines in their beds.

If Mr. Shute does no more than to make us stop and think for a minute on this real side of the conflict he has done a

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worthwhile thing indeed. The story of this English family with its heroisms and its terrors is one which might well be duplicated throughout Europe today and actually in England tomorrow.

Perhaps such novels as this one will do no good after all for people forget too soon and it will take more than words to convince us that war is not two parallel trenches alone. We must see it ourselves. We too must flee from an unknown death, we must fight the inevitable disease which will follow, the milk shortage, the awfully foulness of broken sewer mains and disposal plants. We must perhaps know these things ourselves before we can hope to stop this world from periodic holocaust.

The novel is too brief, too limited in its scope to permit an adequate coverage of the subject. The reader tends to become engrossed in the troubles of the Corbetts and fails to see the larger suffering around the family. Their escape from the desecrated area is one which most could not be fortunate to effect since the Corbetts have a small yawl with which to leave by sea around the Isle of White whereas most must chance the disease infested road to northern England which has been bombed most of the way. These less fortunate refugees are herded together into jerry built camps with inadequate facilities and must live like animals in the brief refuge of the country side. The Corbetts are not a typical family to my mind and as such should not have been chosen as the main characters in the story. But be this as it may, *Ordeal* is an absorbing tale and a timely one.

—Hugh Foss

THE SUN FLOWERS

(Continued from page twelve)

Lucy did not regain consciousness until the sun was up. A chicken coop rested near her; dead hens with their feathers blown back like an umbrella turned inside out and trees, uprooted, lay about everywhere. Hobbling, Lucy made her way painfully across the field without looking at the havoc wrought around her. Her thin little lips were pressed in a determined line, a blue bruise ran across her forehead. From the wreckage of the house Lucy's mother saw her coming. She ran to her and clutched her up close to her flat old bosom, sobbing as she did so. Lucy seemed not to see her; seemed not to notice the still bodies of her father and brother Ed lying under the cottonwood tree. She made her way toward the door of the cabin; where it had been there were splintered slabs of the walls and piles of the soot coated rocks from the chimney, and staring at them Lucy could see underneath the yellow of the sunflowers.

Sonnet

I met you in an ordinary place.
How strange that in the stillness of the night
I felt you there! Almost as if we might
Have met before. I chiseled out your face—
A silhouette against the window frame,
And though I had not seen your eyes, I knew
Them for unyielding eyes, and cloudy blue
From looking at the sky too much. Your name—
An ordinary name—most strangely then
Was like a sound that I had heard
A thousand times, but vaguely as a word
One hears at waking time, or either when
One sleeps. Reluctantly I felt your touch
Relight a fire already burned too much.

—Caroline Hart Crum

To Raymond Crispell

Professor of Neuro-Psychiatry

If I was not born too late, I at least inherited
The cast-off cloak of the generation that was
The counsels that they gave me grew pious saws
Advising the best wisdom of an action.
From such was offered little of distraction
By Christian maxims, "songs my mother taught
me." . . .
Too crude an antidote for subtle poisons
And anecdotes moraled *mementi mori*
I should have done better playing basketball
Learning to fox trot, attending the Y. M. C. A.
Now I might have a job and the hope of joining
The immaculate starry-eyed Rotarians.

—Kiffin Hayes

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The Carolina Magazine

December, 1939

"Have you ever noticed that Camels burn longer and give you more smoking?"

ASKS VAN CAMPEN HEILNER
FAMOUS GAME AND FISHING AUTHORITY

Above, "VAN" waiting in the duck blinds for the "zero hour." Explorer, sportsman, scientist, conservationist, author of the authoritative, new "A Book on Duck Shooting," Heilner knows the waterfowl flyways from California to Maine, Alaska to Mexico, and those of Europe too. "Van" has been a Camel smoker for 18 years.

You can tell a lot about a cigarette by whether it burns fast or slowly. Camel cigarettes are noted for their long burning. In fact, they burned longer, slower *than any other brand*, in recent scientific tests (*see right*). Van Campen Heilner, the famous American authority on wild game, points out an interesting angle to this.

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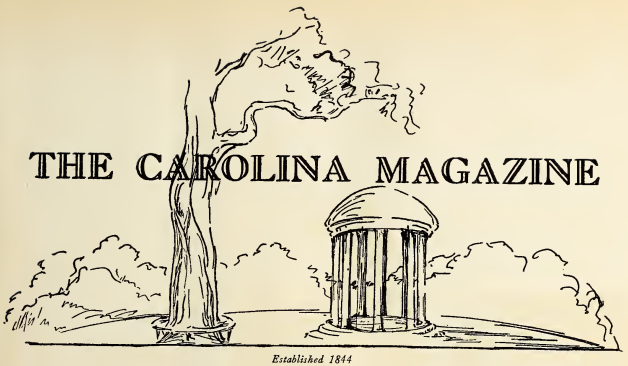

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Betty Harward

To the Teachers, God Bless 'em

Darker Aspects of North Carolina's Noblest Profession

SHE CONSIDERED herself lucky to get the job in the first place. The school wasn't out in the country, which made her the only one of the gang at school who wasn't teaching in the country. It was in a town of some one thousand souls. A town which had drug stores, beauty parlours, and a movie. She didn't realize how valuable the movie was going to be.

She arrived on a hot September afternoon at the bus station—which turned out to be a filling station—and checked her bags. First she asked of the group lounging around if Mr. S - - - - had a phone.

"Yeah, he's got a phone, but he's out at the school building now," one of the men answered, "You the new teacher?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well then, I'll call Mr. S - - - - and tell him you're here. You'd better go on down - - - - -."

And he directed her to the probable rooming places that had already been engaged for her. She was to look them over alone, make her choice within an hour, and leave the left-over housewives to work against her in the PTA for the rest of the year, unless she should succeed in making friends with them and calling a truce. What has just occurred is portentous of what the remainder of her professional life is going to be. The men who lounge around the filling station knew all about her before she got there. Even as she walks away they discuss which one of the rooming places she will probably take.

In some small town schools and a few country schools living conditions are better—or worse. There exists what is colloquially known as the *teacherage*. There is no better name for it. The advisability of having all the teachers live together for the duration of the school year has been discussed pro and con by educational theorists. No definite conclusion has been reached. On the one hand the teachers will have a certain amount of privacy living to themselves—unless there is a prude in the bunch, they may decide that smoking in the bath room will be permitted. On the other hand, regardless of the fact that theory courses in education try to teach embryonic teachers that at the end of the school day shop should be closed, you will find teachers discussing pupils and problems far into the night. It's the only way they have to let off steam. Misery loves company and when the whole high school faculty has to pass Johnny Smith because his father is chairman of the school board no one feels so bad about it.

BETTY HARWARD *hardly looks like a school teacher, but sandwiched between her graduation from W. C. and entrance in the Graduate School here, is a period of high school teaching. Thus, she knows only too well whereof she speaks.*

What does the teacher get out of this privation—this living a public life? In North Carolina (we stand 43rd in the national ranking of education)—a beginning teacher makes ninety-six dollars a month for the months school is in session, usually eight months. The scale increases every year for eight years like this: ninety-six, one hundred, one hundred and three, one hundred and seven, etc., up to one hundred and twenty-three. In other words, if you're just a fair teacher and don't ever get out of the rural school systems (and a good deal over half the state's 23,000 school teachers don't) the most you can ever make, no matter how good you are is nine hundred and ninety dollars and five cents a year. Negro teachers who must fulfill the same qualifications as white teachers in order to obtain a certificate make only two-thirds as much as white teachers do. The one-third difference is popularly designated in the legislature as the "race differential."

This picture is pretty dire. School teachers *can* make more: in a nine months school you get the extra month's salary, your school may be in a special charter district which has voted a supplement (the supplement amounts to a few dollars each month), or you may be an athletic coach and make a bonus. Its a cinch, though, that you can never make more than forty eight hundred a year. One of the greatest figures in education today, our own Frank Graham makes only eighty-two fifty.

And even for the salary what do you get. Try getting a job teaching in the public schools of North Carolina some summer. The questions most

often asked are the most personal. Do you smoke? The answer she gives depends on how she sizes the man up who asks the question. To a school board member the answer is unhesitatingly "no"; if the principal asks the question and he looks understanding you tell him the truth. Do you drink? That's easy. If you said yes you might as well walk out on the interview then and there. Do you date much? Of course not. If you're young enough you'll be wondering if there are any eligible men in the town. Then comes the inevitable question; what church are you affiliated with? One principal interviewing at a teachers college told an applicant, "It's a shame you aren't a Baptist. The school board told me there were too many Methodists on the faculty already." It wasn't the principal's fault. He has to keep his job, too, and that means kowtowing to the school board. It is interesting to note that there are a few principals who lead their boards around by the nose. A very few.

For how long are you hired? You won't believe this. You will wonder why the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. haven't taken the situation in hand long, long ago. When a teacher signs a contract to teach in North Carolina it is good for one year. To break the contract she must give thirty days notice. However if the school, i. e. state, wishes to break the contract there is no legal requirement that notice be given. A teacher may be dismissed for misconduct, immoral behavior, and unprofessional activities: the school board and the principal are the sole interpreters of what these terms mean. For example, in one rural school the teachers were expressly told that they should not date high school boys. Now this school was arranged in a unit: the building, the gymnasium, and the teacherage were all in the same acre of ground. The teacher involved was twenty years old; it was her first year and she was making a very good teacher. The basketball season was in full swing. The biggest game in the county was scheduled for the local gym. Several of the boys in her class came by the teacherage and as a matter of courtesy asked the teacher to come on over to the gym and watch them win. She walked into the gym with them, nodding a greeting to everybody she saw, while the game was in progress. The next day she was fired by the head of the school board. Why? For dating high school boys. Her appeal? Ordinarily it was the school board, but obviously she would have no chance here. Her next and last resort would be the state superintendent of education. The state superintendent of education is elected by the people. His office is purely political. Why should he reverse the school board's decision? He has nothing to gain, votes to lose and besides he doesn't know the details of the case. The teacher left. Her career in education ruined before it was begun. She could never get another job.

There are three teachers for every job on an average. In English and history the odds are greater, in science they are lower. How does the teacher apply for the job in the first place. Interview is the most desirable, but if you *can't* see the man you have to write. One mistake in English counts you out; but the letters from most of the principals show no great familiarity with English grammar and letter forms. The letter has to be a pretty good one to even get an answer. There are so many letters and only about a dozen principals in the state who have a secretary. On the record there is one daring young miss who wrote a principal in the western part of the state to inform him that she was giving him a chance to hire one of the best teachers in the state. "If," she wrote, "you are interested you can reach me at . . . ." and she gave directions for phoning her, "but don't reverse the charges." She got the job and became one of the state's best teachers—some years later she became the first woman county superintendent in the state.

And if you manage to weather the years with no mishaps; if you are allowed to give your life to hundreds of thankless, forgetful children, what then? When you are so old that the board and principal decree that you have lost your efficiency you fail to be re-elected in the spring. Nothing is said, all is very quiet; the teachers who are re-elected are notified, those who are not find out in the newspaper when the list is published. The people of the community are apt to deplore the fact that "poor old Miss G - - - - has no place to go and probably no money," but they do nothing. There is no pension—the salary stops. What does happen to her?

In view of the brilliant futures facing the potential school teacher, who goes into teaching? Who are the people who spend four years meeting rigid requirements to go into a profession which is not a profession? Four-fifths of them are women as opposed to two centuries ago when four-fifths of them were men. The answer here is easy enough. Beginning school teachers were very recently school girls. While in school they thought of nothing particular to do until the third year when it was discovered they had to major. What about teaching—"I don't plan to teach all my life anyway." How many have you heard say that? So

teaching is used as a stepping-stone to marriage. "Which is all right for the girl," a famous sociologist remarked once, "but pity the poor children she teaches." The girls who really mean to get some place go into other fields. This is a harsh indictment. There are some few who go into teaching purely from the altruistic point of view, there are some who took education in college in case nothing turned up and were forced into school teaching because they either lacked the initiative or could not get any other job, and there are some who are teaching to save money to go back to school on. The last reason is pretty risky. There is something about a rut which tends to keep one in it.

But the one-fifth of the profession who are men. Why do they go into teaching? The professor is no longer the respected man of the community that he was a hundred years ago. He has become just another man working to keep his job. "Book learning" is too common-place nowadays. At an NCEA meeting a year or so ago one of the banquet speakers, a business man, said, jokingly of course (but was he?), "I never could see why any red-blooded man would want to go into teaching." Excluding the first reason men probably go into teaching for the same reason that women do. But those who *stay* in public school teaching are unfathomable. As a rule they are men who have given up long ago. Feature a man with a family of two, even three children, living on less than a thousand dollars a year. He is able to exist comfortably enough, but what about the other things in life—books, music, wide contacts, which he has been exposed to in college. He hasn't the time or money for them. He is forced to let his mind stagnate. Why would he stay in it? You find out.

But, you may say, the true teacher should care little for compensation. There are people in this dollar-mad nation of ours who actually believe that—people who bury their heads in the sand to evade the truth. True, teaching should be a noble calling, our brand of public school teachers, those who teach the young, should be higher, but we won't get a higher brand until it's worth the higher brand's while.

"Ye cannot live on bread alone," but the school teacher must manage to. There they are—the lot of them, teaching from year to year, waiting for something to break, living in a very critical public eye, having no hope of making a lot of money, with not even a pasture to turn them into when their usefulness is gone. The legislators do nothing, the educators are pushing ahead slowly, the teachers themselves are hog-tied by school boards and community mores—ah, Jehovah, bless 'em—somebody has to!

But We Have Fine Roads — *Henry Moll*

Frank Holeman

Black River

YOUNG MRS. Farlowe could not focus her gaze to include the visitors. She looked through them at some apparition in the sunshine.

"Dead?" she said. "You didn't have to tell me; I knew it. I saw him last night."

A tremor ran through the group of villagers on the steps, but it did not find expression in a mouth. The villagers had already been so profoundly impressed with the dreadfulness of their tidings, that her reception of them could little matter. There was only this fleeting tremble; and Bart Crane, undertaker, looked half-angrily at his pale assistant, before he launched into his explanation.

Besides taking an active part in all upper quadrangle activities, Mangumite FRANK HOLEMAN *is well known as an exponent of the Renaissance man. This story is indicative of the versatility of this Machiavellian journalism major.*

It was more moving, that Mr. Farlowe had been so young and energetic, and just on the threshold of life, so to speak. The circumstances, that he should drown on a fishing trip, only added to the pity of it. That his body could not be recovered was the most sorrowful part of all. Mr. Crane had grappled carefully.

Young Mrs. Farlowe stood statue-like while Mr. Crane spoke. With her hands she gripped the sides of the doorway. She did not even look at Mr. Crane and his company, but turned her head and raised her chin slightly as if some sight in the distance fascinated her.

Her hair was jet-black but so soft that the slightest movement of her head would disarrange it. It was combed back from her forehead, and covered the nape of her neck.

Her face was more angular than round, but it was neither. It was rounded with the fleshly luxuriance of youth. Her cheekbones were high, and her nose was straight. Her eyes were blue.

Framed in her doorway she might have been the picture of youthful pensiveness or wonder or awe or sorrow. The feelings are so indistinguishable in the young. It was only obvious that she was thinking deeply about something far away.

"If you would like for me to bring some flowers to the house anyway - -" Mr. Crane was saying. He repeated the suggestion.

"No," she said without particular emphasis. But the thought made her relax. As if suddenly remembering her duty to these people who came to express sympathy, she began to thank them softly. It seemed she proceeded methodically around the group thanking each equally. No one must be missed.

When she had finished her eye chanced to light on a small bed of flowers not far from the door where the hill began to slope sharply down to the road. They were in bloom: fall marigolds. Her gaze became fixed. Mr. Crane saw she was likely to go into another trance. He excused himself, and led the little band slowly away.

The house on the hill had been occupied for two years by Mr. Farlowe and his wife. Mr. Farlowe had come out from the city in the winter with two other men, and inspected it. Then it was dilapidated and cold: the very picture of desolation. The two elm trees in the yard were stripped.

"This is the place I need to write music in," Mr. Farlowe had said.

"You're not serious, Henry," one of the others put in. "Only fifth-rate artists seek this 'magnificent isolation' you hear so much about."

"But I won't be isolated," Mr. Farlowe replied quickly. "There is the village where I shall be very much involved." He pointed down east to the straggling group of houses by the bridge over the Black river.

"I'm going to know all the life that goes on there," he continued. "And it's as fundamental as life in the biggest city. I can understand it better. It's the kind I sprang from.

"Then up here I shall have quiet when I want it. And the promptings of Nature. Yes, this is the place for me." He was above persuasion, and he rented the house. The next summer he returned with young Mrs. Farlowe whom he had just married in the city.

True to his plan, after the necessary architectural reforms were executed on the house, he plunged into the life of the village—and his wife with him.

His natural musical nature—he was always friendly, cheerful—soon brought him rude esteem

from the plain villagers, and he became a favorite as favorites go among primitive folk.

His wife was taken with the arrangement because she saw it deepening his love for her. With all their friendliness and naturalness and earnestness, the villagers could not pretend to understand his genius. He came to his wife for that; and as she admired him, he loved her.

She lived among the villagers by day, too; and would have confessed to an increasing interest in the things about her. But in the house on the hill at night they were invariably alone.

His music profited. Several compositions attracted wide notice.

II

After Mr. Crane and his company departed, young Mrs. Farlowe went to the marigold bed and plucked up grass and weeds till dusk fell. A cold October night was in the offing. Finally she broke off three blooms and brought them into the house.

She built a fire in the grate, and seated herself before it. Gazing steadily into the flickering blaze, she soon fell asleep. In her dreams she still smelled marigolds—as is often the case with persons who fall asleep in rooms where odoriferous blossoms have been placed.

Several hours later she was awakened by a light kiss on her forehead. Stirring she saw it was Henry, and she experienced the warm, indolent sensation of being worshipfully loved that such kisses are calculated to give. Instead of embracing him she sank back into her chair and looked satisfiedly at him.

He was dripping wet, and his flesh was almost blue. He had been smiling mischievously at her since she wakened.

"What in the world has happened to you?" she asked, as if it were not obvious that he had been swimming.

"I fell in the river this morning," he said. "How lucky you are to have such a strong swimmer for a husband."

As she surveyed him, the warmth bubbled higher inside her to positive pleasure; and soon she would have had done with negation.

"The whole day was not lost, though," he went on. "Here is a melody that came to me by the bridgehead."

Still in his dripping clothes, he sat down at the piano and began to play a light tune with an undercurrent of powerful reflection that gradually overspread and possessed the whole piece.

Middleway, young Mrs. Farlowe remembered having something to tell Henry, but she couldn't pick out which of the day's events it was. The memory tantalized her so she could concentrate on nothing else, and she almost missed the effect of Henry's piece for it.

At the end it came to her suddenly. Reflecting on it, she smiled and stretched with pleasure.

"Mr. Crane told me you were drowned this morning," she said.

Henry left the piano, but did not come to her. Instead he walked to the door.

"Henry," his wife said.

He opened the door.

Suddenly she was seized with a wild premonition. She leaped from her chair and ran after him.

"Henry! Henry!"

III

The village station master, Jill McRainey, could not carry Judge Wilson to the county seat because he had been engaged to transport young Mrs. Farlowe and her personal belongings to Huskins Center on the main line of the Inland.

It was a good idea, said Jill as he prepared his old automobile for the long run, that Mrs. Farlowe should leave the scene of the accident for a while.

It must be unnerving indeed for a young widow to live in a house like Mr. Farlowe's, way up on a hill like that. She ought to go away. Perhaps she might never come back.

When he arrived at the house on the hill, young Mrs. Farlowe was sitting on the door step surrounded by her baggage. She was wearing a deep blue traveling suit and a small hat. She was not wearing a veil. She had a bright marigold in the lapel of her coat.

Her baggage loaded in the back, Mrs. Farlowe sat beside Jill, and the long trek was begun. It was a bare, bright and blowy October day.

"The finest weather in the world," Jill remarked, intending to infer that autumn is the best season of the year from a meteorologist's point of view—which indeed it is. But it would be foolish to suppose that there are not equally fine single days in other seasons. Mrs. Farlowe, however, said nothing.

Soon down from Farlowe hill, Jill guided the car through the village and on eastward. Once through the village the ground began to rise again, and progress was slower.

The air was filled with metallic light, and one could see for miles. It was to no real purpose, though, for one could tell easily enough what was happening by looking under his own feet or at the

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Lee Manning Wiggins

The Unknown Continent

The Hobo as a Vanishing American

There's many a man killed on the railroad, railroad, railroad,
There's many a man killed on the railroad,
And cast in a lonely grave.

AND OF ALL the men killed on the railroad, the most frequent victim is the bum, the hanger-on. It is the fear of the unknown danger and the fear of death that keeps men off the freights. But when you travel nine thousand miles criss-crossing a continent you soon discover you can't do it hitch-hiking. Especially if there are two. And Irv and I didn't want to break up. "Well, we'll take it easy," we said. "We won't hit anything moving, or anything at all risky."

Readers of this article will be glad to know that for once Lee Manning Wiggins *is writing about something he knows at first hand. He spent last summer working his way across America riding the rails and hitch-hiking.*

We heard conflicting reports, too, of the danger. "Why, hell," said a mechanic named Moyer who took us from Lynchburg, Virginia to Portsmouth, Ohio, "I wish I didn't have this damn car on my hands. I'd hop a freight and ride straight through to Chillocothe! Hell, nobody ain't gonna bother ya! Me and my son here climbed in a box-car in Saint Louey and rode right on through. We hit San Diego at night and the brakie come by and woke us up and said 'Boys, here y'are - - end of the line.' You ain't gonna get nowhere on the highway. Get ya a jug of water when ya cross the desert. Before we got to it I got me a big gallon jug and filled it up. I told the rest of the bums to get water, but they laughed at me. And by Jesus, when we hit the desert those bastards had the nerve to come up to me with their tongues hanging out beggin' for a swig. 'You can go to hell,' I said. 'I told ya to get water. This won't kill ya, but it'll teach ya a damn good lesson!'" His laugh was the dry grating of an oversized Adam's apple.

But others said "Saint Louis is hot . . . Cheyenne is bad . . . They're building a new airport at Salt Lake—ninety days . . . Stay out of San Antone—sixty days on the P-farm . . . Look out for Texas Slim on the T. and P. . . . You'll be clamped for vag the minute you hit Frisco . . ."

Cincinnati, at any rate, was safe, by all reports. Our tip was "Catch the trolley to Neve street, walk under the bridge and up six blocks to the yards. Ask anybody there." We stood in the street next to the yards uncertain and frightened, in a dirty back-corner of the city, under storm-clouds obscured by the fog of reflected light which hangs over cities. Hundreds of tracks with thousands of cars stood silent, parallel, while four engines roared intermittently, making up. Engines tower in the night to gigantic proportions, fire boxes glowing like a dream of hell to shivering bums. Where from here? Which train to take?

As we stood with our doubts, a man rose from the darkened door of a corner store, crossed the cobblestone street, and spoke "You boys goin' to Saint Louey?"

"Yes."

"Catch that train there. Leaves in ten minutes."

"How about bulls?"

"This yard's all right."

"Where do we get on?"

"Any empty. If a car ain't sealed, open it and get in."

"Thanks."

We crossed over, skirting a moving light that indicated a switchman. Feverishly we ran up and down the train, as it backed and pulled—everything was sealed. "Get in this open car," I shouted. I climbed up. A figure jumped up from the car, and fear hit me like a sledge-hammer. I nearly fell off. "Get in," it cried. I hauled over, Irv after.

"Keep down," someone whispered.

We threw ourselves down on sheet-iron cargo. Four were there—two Negroes and two white men. Irv and I were afraid to breathe. Suddenly we heard two whistles, then the clanking down the line as cars were jerked hard to the length of their couplings. A terrific bang and the car lunged forward. It was done!

The wind it blew up the railroad track
It blew way up and half way back
And the wind it blew,
Holy Jiminy! how it blew!

In a quiet Kansas town, too quiet for hitchhiking, we hit the Missouri Western for Salt Lake City. Over the dust bowl on a gold midwestern afternoon. Hills scarred with erosion gave way to endless flats to the horizon, baked and cracked, varied only by the steel ribbons unwinding behind the train and occasional farm houses, tinder-boxes, deserted or full, and muddy trickles along which grew trees in ragged lines.

We knew that the dust in the air and on the land had caused hundreds of thousands of these "Okies" to migrate to California. But nature's customary irony used the dust to build up a sunset that covered the whole sky orange and crimson, and suddenly vanished. Then the cold set in.

I was lying under some boxed machinery to keep warm when we stopped. Two men jumped down in the car, and one threw himself beside me.

"Where ya headin?"

"L. A."

"Where from?"

"Virginia. How about you?"

"South Carolina."

Strange comrades. "Two mountains of pride." Huddled in a windswept boxcar, shuttling over the cold plains, close under a few crates for warmth.

"Cold as hell here." I spoke. "What are you doing? Looking for work?"

"Yeah. I've been out here three summers."

"Got any money?"

"No. Spent my last money on my girl. You oughta know her. I'll show you her picture tomorrow. She's really swell—doesn't go around tryin' to get laid all the time the way most girls do—you know. She's a sweet kid. We may get married the end of this summer. What's your name?"

"Lee. What's yours?"

"That's funny—mine's Leo."

"What if you don't get a job?"

"If I can't make it I'll take it. I'm willing to work. I figure I have as much right to eat as the next man."

"Yeah, I guess so."

A long freight roaring across a Colorado dawn. And a boy saying, "I've got as much right to eat as the next man." A new philosophy?

The midnight train and the fo' day train
Run all night long.

"You can't get out of Salt Lake. Train leaves for Frisco at six o'clock, get you into Frisco about ten o'clock day after tomorrow, but you can't make it. They're building a new airport, and clamping all bums for ninety days. Hell, they'll give you thirty days for vag around here."

The underslung stumble-bum who was our informant stepped back into the bushes across from the tracks.

"If you want to try, there's a switch eight blocks over. Follow the track. Watch the bulls. Got any makin's? Thanks."

"Thanks, buddy."

We hid by the switch and hit on the run. Luck was with us, and we rode out in an open car on a fifty-foot gun barrel bound for Mare Island, California. We passed the great Salt Lake and night fell. Night on the level salt wastes is cold and clear. The next day we still rode. We ate the stale bread we had begged at a bakery. Two more joined us from other cars. They talked to each other. One was a boilermaker by trade, short, heavy, a squat engine himself. The other was a slightly bald man of thirty-two, shuffle-gaited, irresponsible. He laughed frequently, slapping his knee.

"I ruptured myself at the mine yesterday," said the boilermaker. "I was lifting a damn little boiler when the man at the other end lost his grip. It got me right here. I'm going back to Los Angeles to get the union to take care of me. I'll get compensation for this all right."

"Yeah, you'll get compensation. Hell, I'm goin' back to a woman I know in L. A. She's a nurse; I lived with her a year, and we wasn't married, neither. I went out there lookin' fer work. My wife didn't want me to go, but I couldn't get nothin' in Salt Lake. God damn it, I said, if you're comin' come on, and if you ain't stay here. It don't make no difference to me; I'm leavin'. I come back to see her a month ago and damned if she ain't gettin' a divorce, and the kids. Hell, I'm glad to be free again." He dexterously rolled a cigarette in the wind and lit it, chuckling somewhat ruefully.

The boilermaker smiled impatiently. He wanted to tell the stories.

"I can't ride like I used to," he said. "We used to hit anything. I knew a kid hit a Katy out of Tulsa doin' forty. He dove for a tanker and caught the bottom bar. It carried him fifty feet and slung him out in a brier patch. That kid was raw for a month."

"Yeah, I bet he was raw."

"I had a pardner once thought he was pretty good. 'I'll hit it on this bend,' I said, 'if you will.' 'O. K.,' he said. We hit that damn train at about thirty. I hit it first, and I looked back and saw him grab holt and fly up the side of the car like a damn grasshopper. He held on, though. We got off at Needles and I said 'Let's hit another.' 'Hell',

he said, 'my arm feels like it's been tore out of its socket.' " He laughed heavily and silently.

"Yeah, I bet it did feel like it was tore out of its socket. I once - -"

"Hell," the boilermaker cut in, "one time I got in the car with a damn jailbreak. I seen somebody at the end of the car when I climbed in, but I went on down to the other end and went to sleep. After while I heard a shot and saw that son of a bitch shooting through the roof. The brakie was walking over, but he didn't take no time getting off. After while he swung in the door from the top. 'Listen, buddy,' that bastard aimed at him—'it's easy to swing down here and hard to swing back up, but you're going to do it before I count ten or I'll blow the guts outta ya.' That brakie didn't say a word, he just went right back up there, and that train was doing fifty miles an hour. I didn't think he could do it, but he did."

"Jesus Christ!"

"Well, the good days are over. We used to go into wheat town and sit on the corner and wouldn't move for a cent less than five-fifty a day and board. That's all gone now."

I thought of a thirty-mile hike we took through Kansas wheat fields in vain. And then I realized that morning for Irv and me was twilight for the old-timers, the millions who rode the freights wide open before the war, ran rough-shod over the West in the harvests, made money and spent it in liquor and women. Those wild days of expansion were gone, leaving little work and less wages, little hope and less happiness. We were seeing a twilight of the lusty gods who made American legends and ballads, and although it was good for this raw undisciplined epoch to end, I was glad we had not come too late to catch the dying embers of a former glory.

The railroad cars are coming, humming,
Through New Mexico.

We left California in a "reefer," the unfilled ice compartment in the top of a refrigerator car. Big enough for two to sleep, the insulated box would be cozy on a chilly desert night, but as we climbed the mountains in late afternoon the air was warm, and we sat on top of the train. And we saw ranges of solemn hills in long shadows, smoke from lonely mines rising occasionally in the distance. Across mesquite and sage, fenced land and free, mountain and canyon, we rode. As night came we passed towns—Yuma, Wallton, Dome, Sentinel, Maricopa—each with its hobo jungles. I thought of the story I had heard of the jungle in Sacramento—how a maniac had decapitated nine hoboes one night. I thought of the precarious existence of these men, each carrying his pack, begging, panhandling, eating seldom, sleeping less, stealing rides, hated, despised, often in jail, often cold, always afraid. I thought how they had lost everything yet could not return, for they had no home, and no will to make a home.

And I thought how their lives were like a poet's. With a past miserable and a future uncertain, they learned to live in the moment—the strong swallow of tin-boiled coffee, the open blaze, the warm sleeping-papers, the rich afternoon, the swept mountain, the fast train, and the stiff gradient well pulled. Intolerable as this life was, each had his inner necessity which kept him prisoner to it. Here the indigent farmer, the divorced clerk, the dissolute worker, and the homeless youth of all races and all ages became one in a fellowship that met and flared instantly, under pressure, like two flints struck, and as quickly, flints parted, died forever with no malice. The golden rule became here the only possible rule for survival; the generous act was a commonplace; the personal fear gave way to the universal necessity. When you have removed hope, you have made men free for good—unfortunately you have also made them free for bad.

Jay Gould's daughter said before she died,
"Father, fix the blinds so the bums can't ride;
If ride they must, let them ride the rod,
Let 'em put their trust in the hands of God."

When you want an exciting ride, hit a passenger train. Jay Gould's daughter or somebody may have closed the "blind baggage," the car just behind the tender, but don't try the rods unless your faith is at high tide.

We hit Amarillo at six-thirty from the highway. At eight-twenty we were huddling, four of us, in the shadows opposite the station house for the eight-twenty-five Rock Island passenger to Oklahoma City. We heard a distant whistle, then the engine. A brilliant light transfixed us momentarily, then the train was motionless beside us, panting steam from its fiery mouth, quivering, to leap forward. We ran out, climbed the tender, and threw ourselves flat on top. The double whistle shrieked, and we started with effortless ease, gathering speed like a hawk, shrieking into the plain at eighty. Like a meteor the train catapulted across the land, unbelievably fast after the deliberateness of freights. I thought of Spender's lines:

"Ah, like a comet through flame she moves
entranced
Wrapt in her music no bird song, no, nor bough
Breaking with honey buds, shall ever equal."

It was hard to think this had begun as a timorous venture in Cincinnnati.

Ah'm goin' whah nobody knows my name,
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd.
Ah'm goin' whah de chilly wind don't blow,
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd.
Ah'm goin' on dat ol' K. C. line,
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd.

We felt good when we caught a five-fifteen hotshot out of Shreveport to New Orleans, on the Kansas City Southern. It looked like the fastest ride we'd ever had—right through to the city by morning. We went to sleep.

I felt a hand on my shoulder. The train was still. The bum who was with us was shaking me.

"Watch out!" he whispered.

A flash-light beam poked into the car. We flattened out against the wall. It withdrew. The hobo was trembling like a flag in the wind.

"Why'd we stop?" I wispered.

"I don't know," he said.

I tried to comfort him. "Hell, there's nothing to be afraid of," I said.

Irv said we should get the hell out of there, which we did, but the other fellow didn't have nerve enough to get out. Irv disappeared and came back a minute later.

"Hey, Wiggins, get on this oil tanker. A Negro brakie just told me they're breaking up this train to ferry it across the Mississippi, and all the cars aren't going over. This one is. Get on!"

As we got on, the engine backed up and pushed us down onto the barge. The yards and pier began to recede; we were on the broad level of the Father of Waters, deep and shadowy. We went over to the tug-boat to grub some tobacco from the hands. They stared at us open-mouthed, but said nothing.

We hit the other side. Irv and I jumped on the tanker, and rode off. We felt pretty clever about the whole thing. A Negro ran up.

"Get down on that levee damn fast! They's a bull with a flash light on this side walkin' 'round with sixty days on the chain gang tied to his tail!"

The bottom dropped out. We forgot our feet and dove down the embankment into the rushes and lay there, wet and shivering. The train was shifting and making up. We didn't know when it would leave. If we ran out too soon, we were lost. If we ran out too late, we were in the middle of nowhere with no way to get out and a bull to elude. I stood up to see what was going on, and almost caught full on a flash-light beam down the levee. I dropped like a shot partridge and lay paralyzed with fear for fifteen minutes. Finally I looked out. The train seemed to be ready to move. The crummy was on.

"Let's go Irv!"

We dashed out, climbed up in a mad fever, flattened ourselves desperately against the top of the car. People sometimes disappear on Southern chain gangs, without ever getting word out. We got flatter. The double whistle! She moved! Ah, old iron and steel! How we love thee, friend!

Headaches and heartaches and all kinds of pain.
They ain't apart from a railroad train.
Stories of brave men, noble and grand,
Belong to the life of a railroad man.

We learned a lot about those headaches and heartaches. We saw hundreds of human dramas enacted, heard thousands of others. We knew the hungry, jobless, families with sick babies, trying to travel thousands of miles in hope of a job. We knew migratory workers, farmers indignant at the inroads of the bankers, Mexicans who had fought under Villa, men who had worked years to make a few thousand and then blown it in a big bust. We slept in jails, roamed waterfronts looking for work, froze on sixty-hour open-air rides through the Rockies, burned on salt and sand deserts, built prairie fires and cooked and slept by them, picked apricots with the migratory workers. We learned to roll cigarettes in the wind; what the "Katy," the "Q," and the " L. and A." are; what a "shiveree," a "reefer," a "gondola" are; we came to know railroad towns—Tucson, Tucumcari, San Luis Obispo, Topeka, Burlington.

These sketches have been no more discursive than the trip itself. The beauty of nature and human comradeship, the tragedy of wasted and meaningless lives, the growing cry of the people for social justice, the romance of action—all were present most of the time. I wish every young American, especially of the middle class, could have the experience of hitting the rails, breathing the cinders, sleeping in jungles, running from bulls, working and living with people who are a surprisingly vital and original part of our culture. I hope each young person will learn at first hand the humanity and dignity that are stifled beneath the filth and sordidness of the lives of these people. I hope you will explore for yourself the unknown continent.

Note—The ballads heading each section are all heard on the road. I have taken the present wording from Carl Sandburg's excellent book called *The American Songbag.*

Mary Johnson MacMillan

Eine Kleine Nacht Musik

SHE WAS NOT quite ready when he called up for her. The day had been long, but with a quick shower and a bite of supper she felt better already. She dabbed on a little lipstick and a drop or two of perfume—"Coeur de Femme" it was—and her high heels were clicking down the long dormitory corridor.

The night was lovely—misty, and a wonderful grey glow around everything, like—what was the line she had read somewhere—living inside a pearl. It was a good night for music. Walking down the long straight path that led to the center of the campus, they could hear only the timid rustling of the old leaves and the intermittent drip of the rain from the low shrubs and trees. The campus was quiet. There was an occasional sound of distant laughter, and a radio playing somewhere, but mostly there was the quiet and the cold and the clean grey rain.

MARY JOHNSON MACMILLAN *for the past year has been one of the most frequent and most competent contributors. Finishing up work on her Master's this quarter, she leaves the field open for top honors in sweetness and light.*

They weren't talking much—an occasional remark about a movie they'd seen, a term paper to do, and the way the campus looked—old gold and silver and grey. She was tired, but it was good to be here in this place, with beauty and music and people who understood about the way things were.

They entered the Music Hall, nodded to some acquaintances and sat down, close to the back. She helped a woman who was sitting next to her take off her coat, and the woman smiled, a bit shyly. She's by herself, the girl thought. She can't smile at anybody when there's a phrase she likes, or interchange glances at a quick appreciation of beauty. She's alone.

The music started, and for the first half of the program she wasn't really aware of it being separate from her. It crowded around her, but, with her body relaxed, it was just a part of the night, and the rain, and the light in the mist.

After an intermission, the lights dimmed and the strings of the orchestra played Mozart. His music came spinning through the air, lighter than the air itself, on thin gold threads of melody. There were high sweet violins, low throaty violoncellos and violas that carried a firm clear melody. The music engulfed her. It was perfect, and light—and transitory.

We've got to remember this, she thought, we've got to hold this moment—all of us here. So many of us and so young—and we've got so much before us and behind us. So much beauty, goodness, loneliness, and truth. And it is for such a little while. The little old lady next to me has lost so much. It has all passed her, but maybe when she wasn't looking. We've got to remember it, and hold it and keep it and understand it. It's hard to comprehend. Because it is such a little thing, as delicate as Mozart. It is a little thing, but it is important. Deep and wide and all engulfing. Can't you see? All of you here tonight . . . we've got to have this as a feeling to remember when we need high courage. We'll need it . . . when we are old.

The haunting story of Siegfried's Rhine Journey came next, cellos and French horn and questions all unanswered, and the concert was over.

The little old lady next to her spoke timidly, "The Mozart was lovely, wasn't it." The girl answered something quick and low, and got out as quickly as she could. The jostling crowd was somehow intolerable.

The air was cold. She pulled her tweed coat closer about her, and the two of them walked toward town.

"David, how'd you like it?"

"Good enough, I guess. You wanted to go, so it's all right with me."

"But David, didn't you feel the necessity for going? Don't you feel better now? I mean, it was sort of important for all of us there, and everywhere, to understand—about the Mozart, and how we've got so much, we're young and free and there's so much for us to have and . . ."

They were at Main street by now. There was a sudden shriek of brakes, a bleat of a horn, as a tiny shadow started across the shiny black highway. The girl gasped as she saw the terrified face of her little woman. Alone, and the night so black. The old woman scuttled across the street, and was safe. But her face, frightened and lonesome and old, stayed with the girl for a long time.

(Continued on page thirty-two)

The Last Exile

One bourne constrains us all; for all
The lots are shaken in the urn,
Whence, soon or late, will fall our turn
Of exile's barge without recall.

—Horace

I.

So many suns have died:
in shadows we stand
fearfully together, our
stubborn hearts stoned.
We wrap uncertainty
around us for a cloak,
frightened our love is
measured by a vulgar clock,
and wait while this fear
draws blinds in the heart.

II.

No home but mind, you clutch
my sleeve, breathe the quick
haggard breath of stunned
lungs, and wondering, quake
bravely, while knowing
this permanence is here
uncertainly a day,
like a thug at hire;
and nothing holds you long,
even crucifix.

III.

I could lie of nights
a million years ahead,
offer penny pictures of
clouds in which to hide;
but my breath cries with
yours, my eyes too
considering the crumpled
tree, Buddha's toe,
finding in neither of them
delight nor respect.

Dick Goldsmith

How To Be an Unsuccessful Writer

It's Easier Than You Think

IT IS the Christmas of '32. Throughout the city during the early mornings, myriads of small boys are creeping into myriads of living rooms to reap the harvest of at least two or three days of impeccable behavior. Into one of these rooms stumbles a small boy, pulling on a bath robe, and gouging his eyes with squirming fists. He lets out a gasp of joy as he sees the results of his careful and Machiavellian scheming, of the childish note to Santa Claus left lying conspicuously on his father's bureau. Lying side by side under the tinselled Christmas tree is an imposing but safe chemical set and a shiny portable typewriter. A moment's hesitation on the threshold of the room and the boy walks over to the typewriter. Another unsuccessful writer is born.

DICK GOLDSMITH *is quite disgusted with the Editors, past and present, of the Carolina Magazine. Feeling that they are dangerous influences on neophyte writers, he indicates in this article the evil deeds which they do achieve.*

The young man in question was myself, and sometimes I have been possessed with an ineffable regret that I did not take up chemistry or even pearl diving, which is a profession for which I have rather an over-sized leaning. It is incomprehensible to me today how writing could possibly have taken precedence over the many fruitful and entertaining careers for which I then thought my special talents were fitted. At that time, prior to receiving the instrument of my downfall, I entertained a high regard for the life of a fireman, a naval aviator, Richard Harding Davis, and the unforgettably perilous career of the Wireless Boys. I was then of a rather mechanical turn of mind, and my preference for the typewriter may merely have been caused by the interesting possibilities of total destruction which it presented. Or it may have been the way it just sat in the middle of the room inviting someone to press all the keys at once to see what would happen.

My parents, I am sure, had no ulterior motive in view when they gave me the machine as a Christmas present. It was probably done to rid them of one more request, and perhaps they were scientifically curious to see what I would do with a typewriter once I had it. After a few days I found out that the most profitable use to which a typewriter could be put was writing, and from then on I proceeded on that assumption. When I first had the notion that I would like to have a machine I thought it would be a magic key to success in all and sundry departments of school work, a key that would enable me to do a maximum amount of work in a minimum amount of time, meanwhile covering myself with glory, doing away with the drudgery attendant on writing French lessons in longhand.

From that to using the instrument to pursue a literary career is a jump which neither I nor anybody else will ever be able to explain or understand. I fiddled around with the typewriter for hours on end and it is a matter of mathematical probability that I had to end up by writing something. The first opus which I ever turned out was dedicated to the seas, and was a little poem chockfull of onomatopoeia. Thus: Boom, Boom, Boom. Later followed another poem which I wrote in bed with the typewriter balanced precariously on my knees in which I expressed a more than vehement dislike for an enforced diet of tea and toast to which I had been confined for more than three days. My parents were delighted with my talent for self-expression but all they did was to switch me over to milk-toast.

In my formative period I grew daily in stature, and my little essays in verse became longer. The lines lengthened out, and I created poems with as many as five stanzas. The rhythm was usually quite ragged, but my efforts were all characterized by a marked attention to rhyme. It entailed a great deal of work as if I couldn't find a rhyme for one word, I would tear the whole poem up and start on a totally different theme. This was necessary as I knew that if I started over again on the same idea, I would inevitably come up against the unrhymable word. I had tried it and it never failed.

My penchant for writing poetry was explain-

able in a number of ways. Firstly it did not require an extended effort to write a poem, or rather the kind of doggerel which I turned out. Also, poems, no matter how short, were complete entities which could stand alone. Even my inexperienced eye told me that ten lines of prose does not look as well centered in the middle of a page as a corresponding number of lines of nicely staggered verse. Anyway I had a hazy notion that any prose effort had to be at least two pages long, and to have written such an astonishing amount would have meant my absence from all other spheres of activity for at least a year. In addition, the only prose that I had ever seen was full of dialogue, and I had horrible difficulties in finding the quotation marks on the typewriter, and then there was always the decision to be made as to what finger should be used once I did find it. That failing is still with me today, and is probably the largest single influence in my psychological approach to the short story. All credit is due the CAROLINA MAGAZINE which first informed me that I had a psychological approach.

I have constantly been read into in this manner, and it is one of the most disconcerting experiences which an unsuccessful neophyte can have. Having written something which he does not think is worth the paper on which it is inscribed he shows it to someone who is supposed to know something about literary craftsmanship, and finds himself precipitated into a discussion of his work which draws him way out beyond his depths. In media res, reader interest, get the magazine out of the dorm stores, are terms which figure predominately in such dissections of a writer's efforts.

It was an important day in my life when I first wrote something which my high school teacher failed to understand. It was then that I made the important decision to put childish things behind me, and start on the career of an unsuccessful writer. That day I was made to understand in a kindly but unmistakable way that I was talentless, and that there were no prospects of my ever having any. A weakling might have bought a manual on pearl diving, gone on to build model airplanes or joined the Junior G-Men, but I held steadfast to my choice of career. It had one beautiful aspect. I knew then that I should never prove a disappointment to anyone.

Now all I needed to confirm my decision was a rejection slip from some reputable magazine. I had no idea of being a failure in any self effacing manner. If I was going to fail, I was going to have something worthwhile to show for it. My first rejection slip came from the New Yorker. It is still a surprise to me that they did not take my little offering. I am sure that it was poor enough to deserve mention with appropriate comment in some part of the magazine. But the only appropriate comment was on the slip itself. Not letting any possible emotions that they might have felt interfere with the orderly conduct of editorial duties, they told me that at the present time they were not printing the type of poetry which they had received from me. It was a little bit of whimsy which I had concocted and it dealt with two denizens of the briny. Much of it has escaped me, but I remember enough to give you an idea of the sort of thing of which the readers of the New Yorker were deprived.

Out over the ocean
Where rhythm and motion
Run rampart through sky-blue waters
There lived a fish
A tasty dish,
And he had a half-pint daughter
Now pa was a bass
And had some class
But he was a sucker for a left-hook.

I did not think too much of the whole poem, but I was particularly enamoured of the last line of the verse quoted. When I sent my brain-child around to a number of other magazines including the Saturday Evening Post, and found the opinion of the New Yorker corroborated, I suspected collusion, and I thought of recourse to the Sherman Anti-Trust act. There was no animus in my feelings towards any of the magazines which had failed to avail themselves of my talent. That they had done so was their fault, and if they suffered by it, well, they would be more careful next time.

For a while I was very happy with my rejection slips, but this fool's paradise soon vanished. I was bested in a field which I had thought was peculiarly my own. A classmate of mine mailed a manuscript to Esquire, and they gave my friend glory forever by saying that it was too sophisticated for them. I cannot conceive of anything more satisfying than writing something that is too sophisticated for Esquire. When I have done that, I shall be content to remove my shoes and quietly give up the ghost.

The defeat I had suffered daunted me somewhat, but I did not give up. If writing for the New Yorker was not my style then perhaps I could write something genteelly sad and hauntingly beautiful. I did this and gave it to my English teacher who promptly read it to one of her classes. It was

a segment of my sensitive and shrinking soul. Every stanza ended with the lines "Only in sleep can I find you, but I must awake and let you go." Somehow a devious little devil in my form discovered my authorship of what he classified as mush, and he hounded me down and taunted me with writing mash notes to the teacher who was as withered and weather-beaten an old maid as ever skipped over the Porter's scene in *Macbeth*. These two lines were flung at me on any and all occasions, and I almost deserted the muse for the manly art of self defence.

After that adventure I side-stepped poetry for a while, and sought to express my immortal soul in prose. The result was a tidy essay in the best Addison and Steele tradition. It was entitled "On Smoking" and was forthwith published in the high school literary magazine which my school clique then controlled. They took it with misgivings, but it was the longest thing that had been presented for appraisal, and my service to the party deserved some reward, so there was nothing else for them to do. After the magazine came out some of my classmates came up to me and said they had read it. They then walked away without further comment. From this I gathered that they must have enjoyed it so much that they were incapable of putting their appreciation into words. I imagined they felt like the silent crowd after the Gettysburg address. I had never experienced that silent awe before, and never hope to encounter it again.

But that is all a part of being an unsuccessful writer and that is why I am going to give it up. The first step I will take will be to sell my typewriter. It will be a sad parting, but it will spare me countless pains in the long run. To be a writer you are supposed to have something to say, and I do not have sufficient to talk about to write a good letter to the paternal mansion. Of course, not ever having been a writer it is difficult to stop being one, but that is the sort of contradiction which my naive heart delights in. I am not sure what is next on my agenda, but they still need firemen and policemen, and somewhere in the East they are still diving for pearls.

Richard Nickson

Addressed to the Headliners

VOX POPULI

Bob Reynolds, you're a — Senator:
They say you're patriotic.
We wonder if the Senate or
Ourselves are idiotic?

PORTRAIT

Unbearably good, impossibly nice,
Hypocrisy's insufferable tool:
He smiles upon his wit's demise—
A most unprecedented fool.

OUR FATHER COUGHLIN

Thy priestly robes, they do not fool:
We see the wolf beneath the wool.
Thy Sunday hours do not bluff:
We see the fool beneath the wolf.

PROPOSED INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

The final count, the total score
Abundantly confess:
He might have been conceivably more,
And inconceivably less.

Professorial Portraits II

Francis Foster Bradshaw

I RAN ACROSS a pamphlet the other day entitled "The Wheels of Juggernaut." It was a violent arraignment of the present educational system in North Carolina. It went something like this: The tax-payers of this state are grudgingly compelled to pay for their children to be eternally damned and sent to hell-fire. What is mistakenly called public education is nothing else than an undermining of Christianity and the fundamental principles upon which our country is built. You are all acquainted with the scornful manner in which so-called educators refer to the biblical account of Creation. They call it a pleasant but absurd legend.... This gentlemen, if I may be euphemistic, apparently believes that the youth is being taught to think too much for their own good.

Now here are a few excerpts from an article written by a student which deals with Dean Bradshaw and his ideas on education: "Dean Bradshaw, like T. S. Eliot, believes that ideas have been presented in the same un-imaginative way for so long that people have become prone to accept them like oysters do river-water. One of the essential features of Dean Bradshaw's teaching technique is an attempt to make statements that will so knock his students in the head that by the very force of concussion they will fight back. This necessitates thought. The Dean thinks that thought is a prime factor in the educational process. . . . A student in refuting one of Dean Bradshaw's statements said: "But what I'm saying is as plain as 1 and 1 makes 2." "That's very interesting," replied the Dean. "Will you tell the class what 1 is?" Another student once asked the Dean: "Don't you think the present educational system is turning out educated people?" He answered, "Don't you think the present Sunday Schools are turning out Christians?" . . . The philosophy course taught by Dean Bradshaw in some ways resembles the Salvation Army or a revival meeting. After conversion, neophytes are always changed in some way. Many students enter into this course as a pleasant way to pass their elective time. Some, by the beginning of the Spring Quarter, come to the conclusion that all knowledge is useless and proceed to fail a few courses. Others ponder upon the merits of suicide. One student of my acquaintance was taking a B.S. in Chemistry—this was before Dean Bradshaw showed him the light. He is now getting an M.A. in Philosophy. These violent reactions do not seriously disturb the Dean. He seems to think that a little suicide is better than a large cattle ranch, at least for a University . . ." Dr. Bradshaw apparently takes the exact opposite position to that of the Juggernaut on the question of the amount of thinking done by the average student.

"Fuzzy" Bradshaw came to the University of North Carolina as a freshman after five and a half years of schooling. Though he came from a religiously orthodox family—his father was a Presbyterian preacher—he had always been interested in science; as a matter of fact, he at one time intended to become a doctor. He roomed at Archer house his first year, but since he was a self-help student he did not find much time to associate with others. He was lonely. When he was elected vice-president of his class he was amazed; having become used to loneliness he had now to overcome his accomplishment. His list of activities thereafter reads like an obituary: Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, Di Society, Business Manager Tar Heel, Amphoterothen, Golden Fleece, Phi Beta Kappa, etc. His other, less honorary, activities are no less un-limited: Assistant Head waiter at Swain Hall, Treasurer and Janitor of the Dialectic Literary Society during his junior year; during his senior year besides being Business Manager of the Tar Heel, he managed a boarding house, and was an assistant in Zoology.

He roomed in Carr dormitory one year. Carr was then the worst behaved dormitory on the campus. At that time there was a partition in the build-

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Raymond Staples

The Willow Tree

NO, MICHAEL, you can't go with us," said Eric. "You're a scairdy-cat, and besides, you're too young to collect bird-eggs."

Michael turned to his other brother.

"Please, John, can I go? I promise I won't be a scairdy-cat, and I won't get in the way. Please, can I?" He cocked his head on one side, and looked half-expectantly at John.

"No, you can't," said John, shortly. "You dasn't climb the willow tree, and anyone who's afraid to do that is too big a baby to go bird-egg hunting with us."

Michael sat disconsolately on the steps and watched the two older boys saunter down the lane. He felt very young and alone when they were out of sight and the sound of their whistling had died on the still June air.

"I'm not a scairdy-cat," he said, "I'm not afraid to climb the willow tree. I'll show them."

Eagerly, he got up and ran around the house to the weeping willow tree that drooped over the eaves of the barn. His six-year old legs were spindly and wobbled like a spider's as he ran. The ladder was still propped against the smooth gray trunk; it reached almost to the crotch of the first limb and the tree. Michael mounted it slowly, looking up at the sky as he climbed. It was just possible for him to get his leg over the first limb by standing on the tip-toes of the other foot. He clung close to the thick trunk after he pulled himself up; not daring to look down at the ground. The tree seemed infinitely taller from there than it had before. Through the holes of the drooping foliage the sky was a jigsaw patchwork of cloudless blue. Limb by limb, Michael made his way to the topmost branches; standing there, where the boughs were supple and slender, he could feel the languid pulse of the afternoon and look over the top of the barn to the fields where John and Eric were hunting eggs. Only once did Michael allow himself to look down; when he did the ground seemed far-off and alien. He closed his eyes to shut out the dizziness that came over him and clung closer to the limbs to keep from falling.

Rocking in the breeze, he sat there all afternoon waiting for his brothers to return. Long before they reached the lane he could see them bobbing through the high grass of the fields. When they were close by he shouted at them and waved his arms. John stopped first and looked around for him; then Eric; finally they saw Michael high up in the old tree.

"I did it," he shrieked, "I did it; I'm up in the willow tree."

Michael's small, blue smocked arm described a circle among the branches and seemed to propel him forward; he pitched from the top-most limb down through the leaves, striking the outstretched boughs as he fell.

Lying in the big bed of his room Michael regained consciousness slowly. He opened his eyes; they were watery and disappointed.

"I fell out, didn't I?" he said, looking from one brother to the other.

"You're not a scairdy-cat, Michael, you did climb the willow tree," said John.

"And you can collect bird-eggs since you're not afraid any more," said Eric.

Michael closed his eyes and listened to them as they planned his collection for him. It soothed him to hear them admit him to their hobby and manhood, but, with a fluttering in his heart, he knew that he was more afraid than ever before.

During the long weeks while his leg was mending, Michael lay in his bed and looked out at the fields. Every day John and Eric were in them hunting, and late in the afternoons they brought in new eggs for the collection. It was on the table by the bed; each egg carefully blown and mounted on a pad of cotton, rows and rows of eggs graduating from the tiny one of the hummingbird to the big brown one of the wild duck. Often, Michael gently clasped a smooth, ovular egg in the palm of his hand and closed his eyes. He dreamed that he was out in the fields with his brothers, climbing the trees, and he knew that the eggs must feel very much like the one in his palm, only warmer, when they were taken from the nest.

RAYMOND STAPLES *resents such labels as "cultural" or "intellectual" and insists that his major interest is beer. This is in keeping with his desire to write about the simpler emotions rather than the soul-rending, world-turning ones.*

One day he went to sleep dreaming that he was hunting eggs; he climbed a tall tree and found a nest at the top; reaching in he touched the eggs and closed his fingers over one to draw it forth; then he started falling. Michael woke up with a start; the egg-shell in his hand was crushed and scattered over the coverlet, and he was wet with perspiration.

Late in the summer Michael discarded his crutches, but he was not allowed to go to the fields with his brothers. The season for hunting eggs was almost over; lying on the lawn, he was glad it was, for he would not have to go out and prove that he was not afraid. Every time he looked at the willow tree he felt the fluttering in his heart and got dizzy, and once, standing on the high kitchen porch, he looked down at the yard below. It spun around and around. Even when he stood on his tip-toes to pick chestnuts from their burrs on the low bushes the fear of losing his balance and falling nauseated him and caused his head to swim.

As Autumn progressed the strength flowed back into his legs. He romped over the lawn with Eric and John, sicced Perrien, the cocker spaniel, on the squirrels, and watched the little grey-brown creatures scurry up the trees and race along the swaying limbs of the altheas, alders, and the branches of the tall oaks.

"Watch him!" Eric shouted. "Look! he's going to jump."

Michael craned his neck but closed his eyes; he was in the top of the willow again. Suddenly he was falling, and the earth was whirling around and around.

John and Eric did not guess that Michael's fear had increased. Since the day he fell from the willow tree they had stopped calling him a "scairdy-cat" and a "big baby." Everywhere they went Michael trailed along happily. He joined their games, made whirl-a-gigs in the stream with them, and outwardly lost the feeling of loneliness he had had when he was turned away with the stock excuse, "You're too young"; still, in his heart, Michael recognized his fear; knew that he was more a "scairdy-cat" than he had ever been before his fall. There had been no occasion to test his courage.

Saturday was cold and clear, John, Eric, and Michael bolted their breakfasts and rushed out of the house, sliding on the hall rugs as John challenged:

"Last one out's a rotten egg."

On the lawn they pommeled and pelted one another with their fists and balls of leaves.

"Let's play follow the leader," suggested Eric.

"Bid leader!" choroused from all three at once.

"We'll draw straws," said John, pulling a long wisp of grass and breaking it into three pieces of different lengths. Eric won.

"Now do what I do or you're out," he shouted, turning handsprings across the yard. Michael and John followed; they jumped the pond, hurdled the fence, wiggled on their bellies under the barn and out into the yard. When John started clambering up the ladder against the willow tree Michael lay very still for a moment. The fluttering started in his stomach and rose in his throat. He got up shivering as he watched John follow Eric. Alone he stood at the foot of the ladder, his head back and his eyes closed so he could not see the sky and spokelike branches of the tree whirl before him. John and Eric were near the top. A twig, snapped in their climb, struck Michael in the face. He opened his eyes and saw his brothers looking down at him.

"Ya, ya," squealed John. "Michael is a scairdy-cat; he's out."

"Scairdy-cat, scairdy-cat, scairdy-cat."

The words tumbled over in Michael's mind with the dreams of climbing and falling. A squirrel scampered across the lawn, small and fearless, with an acorn bulging from its teeth. It leaped and was off up a tree. Michael watched fascinated. Slowly he stepped forward. Foot before foot he ascended the ladder, never looking down. The breeze seemed to cease and the still air closed his throat. John and Eric swayed in the crow's nest of the tree. They were indistinct blurs against the sky.

As Michael pulled himself upward he clasped the trunk of the tree; it was solid and still. "It's like rock," he thought, remembering the supple, shaking branches of the trees he dreamed of.

After that it was easier for him to breathe, to climb, and to look up. John leaned down offering a hand to the final limb. Grasping it a warmth of comradeship flowed into Michael. He looked at his brothers, seeing in their eyes the pleasure of the rhythm in the tree's movement. He felt it surge through him as he saw the barn and the familiar earth below. It was not a dream it was real. The hands of his brothers touching his sleeves made it real. Michael watched the leaves tracing spirals in the air. Above the sky seemed warm and close. He wished with a joyous ache that he could climb higher and higher until he could look down upon the tree.

Richard Gonder

No Ordinary Grave

THE PICK DUG deep into the frozen earth. Clumps of clotted dirt were torn apart. Grass roots strained, popped at the middle and, protesting, flung a spray of dirt into the grey stubble of old Jimmy's face. But the pick dug deeper. The plot became wider, longer. The soil became less firm, yielding rocks and roots to make the final protests. A growing pile of dirt changed in color from rich brown to clay pink as Jimmy tossed out shovelsful to the right of the plot. Always to the right.

Eight feet long, four feet wide and seven feet deep. Smooth walls. Straight, perfect corners. Just an ordinary grave —and that for Doc Harvey. Methodist graves are the same as Catholic graves. Doc's would be no different. Eight by four by seven. Smooth walls. Straight corners.

DICK GONDER *wants to make his mark on the Magazine before he leaves at the end of this quarter. He is being tutored in mark-making by Phillips Russell and here presents his first and last mark.*

From the iron-gated entrance to the cemetery low gears of a truck growled into the silent morning air. Stretching his stooped body Jimmy watched it bump up the hill. The early brightness of the March sun dusted grey gloom from the granite towers. Bright beams slid across the marble markers driving shadows over the flowered mounds. The sun sent conversation from marble to granite. Motionless action and mute joy was there. Rays from the Murray monument reflected to the slick marble block bearing the name Stuart. There was a society, awake and conversing. There was life above the mounds. Marble reflected. Granite sparkled.

When the truck arrived at the top of the hill its red-headed driver yelled:

"This'n ol' Doc's hole, Jimmy?"

The old man grunted. He resented anyone calling them holes although he did it himself. The red-head and his helper released the chains from the tail-gate of the truck and placed boards from the bed down. Then they loaded a large, bronze-colored vault on the boards and let it slide to the ground. A twist, a hollow crash and the vault was ready for the grave.

"Too bad," said the redhead, "About Doc I mean."

That was all Doc's death meant to the people downtown. No ceremony. No thought. Empty words. Tears would be wasted and thoughts would bounce unheard from the granite towers. The ceremony, all there was of it, would come tomorrow.

"It's a long ways up," the driver said, embarrassed at Jimmy's staring silence. "Be hard for all the people wantin' to see the funeral."

"A long ways down, too, Kid."

"Yeah. Well, so long."

The truck tires bit into the gravel and it rolled down over the hill, backfiring all the way. Sun rays fell to searching the vault, exposing its galvanized richness to the cold stares of the granite towers.

Priceless peace . . . comforting when it rains . . . today's consideration for a fading yesterday . . . Look out of your window at the rain and snow . . . think . . . think of your loved ones . . . dead, cold and wet . . . think of your dead . . . are they safe and dry? . . . Galvanized metal hides the bones . . . the dust is powder . . . dry.

Jimmy's memory of Doc was clear. Standing knee-deep in the grave he could remember him as he last saw him. He had gone to him complaining of chest pains.

"We aren't young any more," Doc had said. "We can't do the work we used to. Ought to slow down. You ought to quit digging holes. You don't have to, you know."

"I'm as good as I ever was, Doc. I like diggin'."

Doc had laughed. "Yes. You'll probably dig mine. But mark my word, Jim, someday you'll dig your own."

That was all. Now the words were ringing back, even before time had a chance to make them a memory.

* * * * *

In the afternoon Julian T. Enlowe, undertaker, and his staff came to erect an olive green awning over the grave. They set up shining chromium rails around it that gave the not-yet-finished pit a

glorious distinction. Enlowe watched as Jimmy smoothed out the walls with a crowbar.

"Smooth it up nice," he said. "This ain't no ordinary grave. We'll put the vault base down first thing in the morning."

Tribute to the healer. No ordinary grave. Different from all the rest. And yet, how? A bronze-colored vault, a casket and Doc. No ordinary grave. Eight by four by seven. Smooth it up nice.

"How far to go yet?" Enlowe asked.

"About a foot," Jimmy answered.

"Put them edge boards in before you leave."

"Sure."

Soon the hill was deserted and Jimmy's pick had been used for the last time. The final touches had left the walls so smooth and the corners so straight that anyone would have thought the hole was wrought rather than dug and shoveled. It was ready for tomorrow and the ceremony tears; ready for an extraordinary funeral. Ready for Doc.

Jimmy looked it over carefully. He was satisfied. He threw the tools up. Then reaching his knotted hands to the edge, he strained to bring his tired body to the surface. Strain filled his face with the pink of rushing blood. The chin got over the top. After a great effort he got his chest on the edge and pivoted support from hands to elbows.

Suddenly his motion stopped. His forehead turned crimson. Muscles in his neck were forcing through the skin. His eyes stared wide, white and straight. Then his face relaxed. Jimmy slipped back into the hole.

Red sunlight crossed the tops of granite towers. There was no sparkle. From slick tombstones came no reflection.

Renaissance

Here is the end of all that I have known;
The sharp day wavers and the night has pause,
This silence lingers, crouches for a leap,
And bounds upon the air with certain causes;
So all is ending;
You have left your lute,
The echoes of your notes are in the sky,
The day is gone, the knife of night descends,
The heart of loneliness draws breath,
And wails a cry.

—Stephen Waff

Above, the Grass

Once again these black-limbed shadows lie upon
my roof, so thin,
And now bestir themselves an inch or two, across
the ridgèd tin—
Foredipped and back, foredipped, then back,
Swayed by the shifting wind.
Great fingers have grasped the moody mist I saw,
Smoothed out its tattered edges, dim and raw,
Sent down the starry cold—the rains are gathered
in.

They said, "The winter's come," but in my heart
I knew
The burning fires of autumn lingered through
In glowing coals, still warm and rich, and rife
with hope,
Hope left of growing life—or new,
Not rotted out to sterile mold and dust,
Where falls the withered leaf, to die, because it
must.

Now is the winter come, I know.
I see three-seasoned life, a barren agèd woman, go
And gently lay beneath the snow
Her spent fertility.
I do not weep beside her grave—above, the grass
will grow.

—Frances Poole

North Georgia

We came, seeking hills and skies, respite from
Europe,
But history galluped beside, with war in the
stirrup;
Yet when we attacked him with words, we sent
him retreating,
And secretly smiled at a victory on first meeting.

But as we returned, a party triumphant and
gallant,
Prizing our skill, our courage, strong hearts and
our talent,
We smelt smoke, heard faintly the roaring of
battle,
Heard hooves, looked up, saw the stranger again
in the saddle.

So here, in the grey hour of fate, before sun and
morning,
We pause from our hopeful labors to give you
this warning:
Beware, in the fervor of synthesis and of analysis,
Caution, volition numbed, will's final paralysis.

—Lee Manning Wiggins

Dexter Freeman

Peaches and Crackers

P-E-E-A-CHES!" Art Baucom wished the red-head wouldn't scream it so. The sharp sound of the word sent shivers through his body and made his muscles ache. Eleven hours of bending over and lifting fifty-pound boxes of peaches —the monkey had almost got him! The lower part of Art's backbone felt like a buzz-saw, the back of his head throbbed, and his hands were swollen and sore as spiders. And still the peaches came. Art heard the grinding of a wagon dragging around the corner of the packhouse toward the unloading platform. The, thank God! he heard the driver yell out: "Last load coming up!" Everybody in the packhouse speeded up his work.

It was a rush day at the McKee orchard. Tomorrow morning four carloads of Elbertas would roll northward. Burton McKee, owner of the orchard, stood at the left side of the packhouse smoking a pipe. He took pleasure in watching bushel after bushel of peaches being transferred from rough field boxes to neat crates. It was like a big mill. Eleven girls were hand-grading the fruit as it came in. Each stood before a separate screen-wire bin, picking the culls from the peaches good for packing. With rhythmic movement the graders pushed the first grade peaches into bins opposite theirs, where the packers crated it and hurried the boxes to the nailer.

Art couldn't figure out how the girls could stand it—being on their feet all day like this. What about their internal organs? There was Red Horten down at the end of the line, standing with her legs wide apart and grading peaches to beat hell.

She didn't even try to hide the fact that she was going to have a kid pretty soon. Art had heard that babies could be born tired and never get over it. But then, most of the graders didn't make much difference to Art one way or the other. Ida Mae Kime was really the only one concerned him. After all, she was his girl, and he had a right to be concerned with what she did. It didn't make sense for Ida Mae to stand up there day after day with the peach fuzz creeping down between those pretty breasts of hers and making the skin break out into pimples. Her dad was the postmaster and nobody with a government job that good ought to let his daughter work in this blister-factory for twenty-five or thirty measly bucks. Still—well, it was kind of good having Ida Mae around to look at while he worked. Art thought he'd like to have a job as packer so he could look across the bin and talk to her. Instead of him, though, there was that damn' cracker—Pete, they called him—making five or six bucks a day just because he was from Georgia. Ida Mae graded for him. Art's collar grew too small when he saw how Pete looked at Ida Mae—just as if he was saying: "Lady, you got a damn' nice set of breast-works —just as nice as any I've seen down in Gawgia." That was just the way Pete looked, and Art didn't like it. Besides, he didn't exactly approve of the way Ida Mae giggled when Pete looked up with that worldly-wise smile of his and said something suggestive to her. Art didn't actually hear much of what was said, but he knew they weren't talking about dandelions or rainbows. Sometimes Art wondered. And his imagination was sweet-spiced with visions of the cracker squirming in barrels of peach fuzz.

DEXTER FREEMAN *maintains that this story has not even the germ of social significance. Although he has written from experience, he has put his social conscience on the shelf with an eye to entertaining rather than instructing.*

Half-way to the end of the cull side of the platform, with a basket of low-grade Elbertas swinging across his stomach, Art saw that the red-head was getting low on peaches. Setting down his basket in the middle of the floor, he rushed over and had a new box waiting before she could yell. Red-head looked disappointed. Art shrugged and stepped back.

Three places down the line Ida Mae was ready for more peaches. Art tried to be energetic as he bent over to pick up a field box—just to show Ida Mae he wasn't tired. Gripping the box handles, he attempted to bring the load up to the grading shelf with one swing, but when the peaches were halfway forward, he lost his balance. The box went crashing to the floor and Art sprawled over it onto the graders' platform, tumbling against Ida Mae. Art heard her scream once as he fell. He was a bit dazed when she helped him to his feet. Looking around with embarrassment, Art saw that

the whole crew had suspended work and was staring at him. Ferguson, the packing boss, came over with an exasperated frown.

"Got the dropsy?" he asked.

Art bit his lips. He'd love to cram a peach down the bastard's throat.

"I slipped."

"Well, watch that stuff. Might get hurt sometime. You'll have to crawl under the bin and pick up them peaches."

Art didn't answer. He said nothing about having a couple of inches of bark peeled off his right shin.

Ida Mae looked at Art, who, knowing he was being pitied, blushed and tried to laugh it off.

"Kind of took a high dive that time, didn't I?"

"Sure did," Ida Mae said. "Poor thing, you're limping. Did you hurt your leg much?"

"Naw, it's nothin'. Just bruised my shin a little. Must of slipped on a peach skin." Art's eyes crawled along the floor, searching for the peach skin he knew wasn't there.

Art glanced over at Pete. The cracker was laughing at him.

"Ladies and gemmun," Pete announced, "I give you a pome."

Ida Mae snickered and Pete winked at her. Licking his lips, he delivered himself:

> Art took a tumble—and how!
> 'Cause he had his eyes on a frau.
> He fell on his shin
> Down under the bin.
> Meow! Meow! Me-ow-w!

Art's face was a red cabbage. He hated their laughter. With a three-cornered grin, he crawled under the bin and began picking up peaches. He could hear Pete still chuckling. Art gritted his teeth. "Damn his soul! God damn his soul!"

Down at the end of the grading line, Janie Lund, the blossom daughter of old Jim Lund, the brick-layer, had completely suspended her work to listen. Pete, with all his smooth man-of-the-world-ness, was her True Confessions hero come to life.

"Why, Pete," she admired, "that's *good!* It really is - but - -" Janie glanced down at Art and became sympathetic - - "you hadn't oughta make so much fun of Art. He works twice as hard as you do." The workers began laughing and Janie stuck out her tongue at them. Pete threw her a kiss.

"Sweetheart, I gotta lot more poe-try I could give you if they was nobody else around." He funneled his breath. "Did you hear the one about 'There was a young woman from Dare - -'?"

Janie broke in quickly: "'Who was sadly in need of repair' "—she giggled—"That's *old.* Art told me that one a long time ago—didn't you Art?" Art had come out from under the bin, and was brushing himself. Without looking at Janie, he mumbled, "Pete ain't the only one who's been around." Pete was smiling as he went on packing.

The Cracker looked across at Ida Mae. "Come on little gal. Grade up a storm so we can leave this damn' place. I feel fuzzy as a caterpillar."

Ida Mae smiled self-consciously. "Here," she said, "this'll fix you up." She reached up to a shelf above her head and got a big box of Dixie Doll talcum powder. Pete pushed his head far over the bin and pulled back his collar.

"Okay, shoot," he said.

With powder dribbling from his neck onto the peaches, Pete rolled his eyes and saw Art Baucom staring at him. The Georgia cracker winked and Art turned away, his jaws tightening like a thumbscrew. Pete laughed and drew in his neck, shaking the powder around under his chin and loosening his clothes so that the talc trickled coolingly down into his pants. From the end of the grading line a dark-eyed girl named Janie was watching him with a funny expression.

It was five minutes past eight when Art heaved the last box of Elbertas up to Red Horton's bin. Through for the day! God! What a relief! Art figured that after he got home and tucked in some grub and washed this damn' fuzz off, he'd be feeling fine. Might even go to the late movie. Art walked over and sat down on the grading bench next to where Ida Mae was standing.

"Feeling as good as you look?" he whispered.

"Oh, I feel all right—kinda tired. *You* must be about dead, working so hard all day."

"Naw, I ain't much tired," Art lied—"at least not too tired to take you to the movie tonight. What about it? I heard Ferguson say we wouldn't start workin' tomorrow until ten o'clock, on account of they want to let the pickers get ahead of us. You could sleep till nine."

"I'm sorry, Art," Ida Mae said, "but you didn't ask me soon enough. I've already got a date."

"Goin' to the movies?"

"No, don't think so. You see—"

Art's eyes darkened. "Yeah, I might of known it. Okay, okay—go ahead and have your date. You and that—" He glared at Pete, who was whistling "My Georgia Gal" softly between his teeth.

Turning his back on Ida Mae, Art walked

slowly toward the water bucket, which was suspended from a rafter down at the end of the grading line. He was wondering . . . Maybe he was wrong . . . No, hell! He wasn't wrong. Bill Maddox, the soda jerker down at Warner's drug store, had told him yesterday about Ida Mae and Pete coming in and drinking a coke together. With a dipperfull of water halfway to his lips, Art suddenly paused and looked over his shoulder at the Georgia cracker.

"Hey, Pete!" he called, "goin' to the show tonight?"

Pete looked up with a surprised grin.

"Son," he said, "a guy don't think about shows when he's got a date with an angel—at least not this guy." Pete stepped back from his bin and yelled, "Crate off!"

Art turned away, burning inside, his face strained with unconcern. Well, that settled it. He'd show her he didn't give a damn. Let Ida Mae date the cracker. She wasn't the *only* girl in the world. Art manufactured a smile and cleared his throat loudly. He stepped up beside Janie Lund. He talked in a voice loud enough to make not only Ida Mae, but all the graders keen their ears.

"Janie, what about you and me goin' to the movie tonight? You can go home and - -"

Janie's face reddened and she looked over at Ida Mae, who was grading peaches furiously, pretending not to hear.

"Art, I - I can't tonight. I'm doing something else."

Art didn't wait for the rest. He walked rapidly toward the other side of the packhouse and without glancing back, jumped off the loading platform onto the ground. His neck stinging with peach fuzz, he walked out into the cool darkness and sat down on the running board of a parked car. He lighted a cigarette and inhaled until he was dizzy. Art was thinking about the way Pete looked at Ida Mae. After all, he didn't want to see her make a damfool of herself. In five or ten minutes they'd be coming out together and they'd get in Pete's car. Pete—damn his soul!—riding around on a summer night with *his* girl. It was like swallowing a sour pickle. Art suddenly stood up with nervous inspiration. Maybe he could fix that! Ten yards from him stood Pete's yellow Chevrolet coupe. Art translated thought into action. He walked over to Pete's car and crouched beside the gas tank—tapped it, trembled with eagerness. Must be two thirds full. Art rose and opened the back tool compartment. Fumbling around in the bottom, his fingers stumbled on a pair of pliers. Hurriedly he bent down and ran the pliers under the tank until they closed on the little square gas plug. In a moment gas was soaking into the sand. Every two or three seconds Art tapped the tank with his knuckles, and when he figured there was maybe a pint or less left, he reinserted the plug. He had just closed the lid of the tool compartment when he looked toward the packhouse and saw Mr. McKee coming down the steps. Art hurried back to his seat on the running board and lighted another cigarette. McKee was coming toward him. It was his car Art was sitting on.

Art stood up. "Hello! Mr. McKee, goin' in to town?"

Burton McKee stared into the darkness. "Oh, hello there, Art! Didn't see you. Yes, I'm going in—want a ride?"

Art climbed into the car. "Yes sir, got through a little earlier than the others. Pretty tough day we had."

McKee nodded. "Yes, big day, but I guess that's about the last rush of the season."

At the cross-roads near the Baptist church, Art got out of the car. The peach fuzz didn't seem to bother him anymore. He half-trotted for two blocks and came to the gate leading into the Baucom yard. Slipping around to the garage, he found the door closed. The car was there. Making as little noise as possible, Art crept inside the shed and climbed into the car. Pop would think it kind of funny—probably not let him have the automobile—so he couldn't take any chances. Art pulled out his pen-knife and tampered with the switch a moment. It worked. He started the car and backed it slowly out of the garage.

It was only when the automobile was bumping along the road toward McKee's packhouse that Art was able to relax. Deeply he inhaled the darkness and began whistling "My Georgia Gal" mockingly.

When Art had gone a couple of miles or so, he slackened his speed and began watching the roadside carefully. It was around four miles from town to the orchard; so Art figured he could expect pretty soon to find a yellow Chevrolet parked along next to the dog fennels.

Art didn't have to wait long. He was within a mile and a half of the packhouse when he saw the coupe sitting by the roadside. It was Pete's right enough. Maybe the goddam cracker wouldn't be so cheeky now—spouting his poetry! How did it go? "Art took a tumble—and how!" They had all laughed at him!

Art drew up even with Pete's car and pulled over to the opposite side of the road. He coughed loudly and called out:

"Hell-o there! Havin' trouble? - -" He became sarcastically polite. "Could I be of any assistance?"

The door of the yellow Chevrolet opened.

"Is that - - is that you, Art?"

Art jumped like a frog's leg. Good godamighty! It was Janie Lund's voice. He groaned.

Janie rushed to the automobile. She looked frightened and breathless. "Oh Lord! Art! I'm sure glad to see you! I was gettin' scared sittin' there waitin' . . ."

"Where's Pete?" Art interrupted.

"Oh, he's - - you see we gave outa gas . . he's gone up to the filling station around the bend. He wanted me to go with him, but I told him I rather wait here. I'm sure glad you came along."

Art looked at Janie curiously. . . . "Hell! I sure sized up things wrong!"

"Wrong? - - What do you mean?"

Art felt uncomfortable. "Oh, nothing. I was thinking . . ."

Janie looked at him oddly. "Art," she said, "take me back to town."

"Take you back to town? Ain't you gonna wait for Pete?"

"No - - I - - well, Art, I'll tell you. Sittin' out there in the dark by myself, I got to thinking, and I kinda lost my nerve."

"Nerve? How . . ."

"You know what I mean, Art. You know what Pete wanted with me. I didn't stop to think how it would turn out until he - - he got to kissin' me funny and saying things there in the car. I know what you're thinking, Art, but - - I *got* to tell somebody. I'm going back with you. I don't care what Pete thinks!"

Art had a ticklish feeling. He was thinking: "By God! I sure started something."

Janie's eyes were dark quick-silver. Art tried to be brusque. "Okay," he said, "get in! To hell with Pete!"

Janie got up beside him and he turned the car around. He was thinking too hard to say much as they headed back toward town. It was getting too damn' complicated.

Janie curled one leg up on the seat and turned to Art.

"Look," she said, "you won't say anything about findin' me like that, will you?"

"Not if you don't want me to," he answered.

"Please don't, Art. I want you to forget about it. Swear you won't tell anybody—not even Ida Mae."

"Okay," Art said, and went on thinking. Wonder what Pete would say tomorrow.

Art glanced at Janie casually.

"By the way, you happen to know where Ida Mae is?" He handed Janie a cigarette. Janie squirmed and straightened her blouse.

"I saw Bill Maddox at the packhouse just after you left. He wasn't waiting for Red Horton."

"Oh," Art said, and slowed down to light their cigarettes.

The car had just swung around the curve opposite Matt Spivey's old farm when Janie saw Art bend down suddenly and start fumbling with the choke. The engine was sputtering. Art pulled the choke all the way out—once, twice, three times. The machine gurgled once—then the engine passed out. Art swore.

"What the hell! It can't be out of gas. The meter says half-full. I've gotta find out what's up."

He drew over to the roadside before the car stopped rolling. In the side pocket of the car he found a flashlight. Janie got out and held the light while Art peered under the hood and tapped aimlessly at everything within reach. He looked worried. He was thinking about what the Old Man would say.

"Well" - - Art finally straightened up - - "I don't know what's wrong unless it, unless - - wait a minute . . ." He tampered with the gas line a moment, widening its passageway by loosening a screw. "Now get in, and see if she'll start," he directed. "Hold the choke out."

The engine refused to start. Art raised his head. "Just as I thought," he said disgustedly, "the gas line is stopped up. And you might be int'rested to know I ain't got any tools to fix it with."

"We'll have to wait, then, won't we, Art?" said Janie brightly - - "until somebody comes by?"

"Yes, dammit, we will!" Art responded irritably.

Art sat down on the running board next to the road and lighted another cigarette. Quietly Janie slipped out of the car and sat down beside him. She took a deep breath and sighed.

"It's such a pretty night, Art. You know I think it's fun, being way out here by ourselves. Don't you?"

Art drew deeply on his cigarette. "Yeah," he said sarcastically, "this is fine - - more fun than a barrel of monkeys - - sittin' here doin' nothing

while my old man is raisin' almighty hell back home if he's found out I sneaked the car!"

"Oh, don't be so grouchy, Art. It's not really so bad, is it? Just you and me sittin' out here all alone with the moon shining down like a ripe punkin." Janie's voice was wistful. . . . She was thinking about that last story in "True Confessions."

Art didn't answer. Janie became petulant. "Maybe I should of stayed with Pete. At least he'd pay me a little attention. But I think you're much nicer than Pete. It's an awful pretty night."

Art looked at Janie, "It is kinda nice," he said, "if it just wasn't for . . ."

"Look, Art," Janie broke in, "couldn't you forget about that for a while?" She slipped over and leaned her head against Art's shoulder. He could feel her heart beating.

"You know, Art," Janie said softly, "some folks would call it romantic - - us sittin' here under the - - -"

Art drew back and looked Janie full in the face. "Better be careful, Janie," he said in a low voice, "or I'll be doing what Pete was wanting to!"

Janie's words were moist, "Would you, Art?"

"By God! Yes!"

"Would - - you - - Art?" Janie's hand was on his arm. He felt the quick insistence of her fingers.

Art was forgetting about the car, about Pete, Ida Mae—about everything. He was only thinking of the girl's body beside him! Her young body straining inside the pink button-down dress like a ripe, warm peach in its skin. Art rose to his feet and stood looking down at the girl. Bending low, he kissed her, kissed her mouth and throat with trembling heat. Without speaking he picked Janie up and carried her around the car to the edge of the field where the soft pea vines rustled.

Art and Janie were scarcely aware of it, when, five minutes later, a yellow Chevrolet came roaring along the road towards town.

Pea vines are cool at night, even in summer. Janie shivered a little and Art put his arm around her waist, drawing her to him as they walked slowly back around the car. It was at that moment that a little Model A Ford rattled around the curve next to Matt Spivey's farm. Inside the Ford, Bill Maddox and Ida Mae Kime strained their eyes. To them the car-light silhouette of a boy and girl walking in half-embrace at such an unromantic place just didn't add up right. Coming nearer Bill slowed the car and whistled with surprise. "I'll be damned!" he laughed and nudged Ida Mae in the ribs. "Art and Janie! Well, well!" Ida Mae was not laughing.

Art had disengaged himself from Janie and was standing in the middle of the road signalling Bill to stop.

The Ford squeaked to a halt. Bill stuck his head out of the car. "What's happening here, Casanova? Car trouble?" He tossed in a "haw, haw!" for Ida Mae's benefit.

Art's face dropped like a cold pudding. He wasn't conscious of Bill. He only saw Ida Mae.

"Lord godamighty!" he breathed.

Ida Mae was as calm as a snow scene. "Breakdowns do come in handy sometimes, don't they?" She flipped the words at Art and glanced gingerly at Janie who had stepped up to the car.

Art bit his lips. "I - - I - - aw cut it out, Ida Mae! You've got it all wrong. I just happened to come by . . ." With a look, Janie reminded Art of his promise.

"Well, that is," Art stammered on, "my car really did go bum on me. Gas line stopped up, and I didn't have a pump or a piece of wire or anything to fix it with. We were just waitin' for somebody to come by."

Bill stepped out of the car. "Well, let's see if I can help you. Think I got a pump back here somewhere." He went around to the tool compartment and rummaged for a minute. Presently he returned with an antiquated pump.

"I ain't saying if this'll work or not. I've seen cars have to be towed in because of bad gas lines."

"By God! I hope not this one!" Art said nervously. "I slipped it out, and my old man's a devil when he's mad."

The two walked over to the Baucom car. Bill lifted the hood while Art held the flashlight.

Bill peered into the engine a moment and then turned to Art. "Get in and step on the starter—just to see how it acts."

Art jumped in and buzzed the starter. With the smoothness of a Strauss waltz, the motor broke into a well-fed roar.

Art felt limp and foolish, knowing that Ida Mae was sitting out there watching, and forming her own conclusions.

Bill looked up with irritation. "Is this a joke?"

"No - - I can't figure it out. The damn' thing wouldn't start for hell and high water while ago. Guess the stuff in the gas line musta got dislodged while the engine was cooling down."

Bill jerked his head slightly in Janie's direction and grinned sarcastically. "Oh, yeah?"

Pain hung over Art like a curse. He spoke to Bill in a low voice. "Do me a favor, Bill. Tell Ida Mae the car really was stalled."

"Tell her, hell. She was sittin' there watchin' us. She heard it start up."

"I know, but make her think you fixed it right off the bat. Please, Bill! I'll do something for you sometime."

"Oh, all right!" Bill walked back to his car.

"Say, Bill!" Art's voice was a tight thread. "Where you and Ida Mae been tonight?"

"Oh, just ridin' around." Bill laughed. "I wasn't lucky enough to have a breakdown!"

Art was thinking he'd love to bash the goddam soda-jerker's face in, but he said nothing. Turning to Janie, he motioned her to get into the car.

Bill Maddox, swinging his Model A past them in second, laughed and said to Ida Mae:

"Wasn't a damn' thing wrong with the car!"

Ida Mae did not answer. Bill wished she wouldn't look so thoughtful.

Art Baucom was gloomy as he drove up to Ed Ballard's main street service station and stopped. The peach fuzz began stinging him again and he squirmed beneath his salty blue workshirt and corduroy pants. Janie was quiet, her heart still in the pea vines. Art crawled out of the car.

"Hey, Ed!" he called, "gimme some gas." He held up one finger. Then the finger dropped. Near the corner of the station sat Bill Maddox's Model A. Art could see the back of Ida Mae's head. Bill was half out of the car, laughing as though he might be telling Ida Mae a joke. Art felt sick. He caught Bill's voice saying:

"Wait a minute, I gotta get some cigarettes."

Art suddenly wanted to hide in a crack—he didn't want to talk to Bill or anybody.

He jerked the door open, mumbled "Excuse me a minute" to Janie and tumbled out of the car. Janie tittered to herself when she saw him dart around the station toward the Men's room.

Janie's glance caught Bill going to the filling station.

"Hey, there," she greeted him loudly. Janie still glowed with adventure.

Bill turned in surprise. "Why, hello, Janie!" he twisted his mouth, "how's the dew?"

"Now, Bill!" Janie protested. She got out of the car and stood before him. Conspicuously she flicked at her dress.

"Where's Art?" Bill asked.

Janie nodded toward the Men's room and Bill laughed. But his laugh was cut short like a hair caught by a razor.

Janie was looking past him and her voice was quick and frightened: "Look! There's Pete - - watch out!" Bill was suddenly falling forward, jolted by a hard kick from behind. Janie's cry had come too late. Pete had been watching for her.

The Georgia cracker was mad and half-drunk. He stood over Bill, waiting for him to rise.

"Get up, you sonofabitch. Thought you'd get away with it, did you? Well you won't pull any more fast ones - - you and that goddam - -" Janie had slipped around the corner toward the Men's room. Bill jumped up and sideways, dodging the Georgia cracker. Pete grabbed at him and his voice went high:

"I'm gonna beat hell out of you! I'm - -"

Pete's head went backwards with a sharp jerk. Art Baucom had crept up behind him and his arm was clamped under the cracker's chin.

"You damn' fool! Bill didn't do nuthin'!"

Before Bill Maddox could rush in, Pete freed himself. Turning quickly, the Cracker threw his fist hard into Art's stomach. Art choked for breath and almost fell against Ed Ballard who had rushed out to stop the fight. Behind Ballard Ida Mae came running.

"Art! Are you hurt," Ida Mae was alarmed, and Art felt ashamed.

"I'm all right," he mumbled weakly, "just a little outa breath."

He was still half-doubled. Ida Mae put her arm around his shoulders and led him over to his car. They sat down together on the running board.

"I'm sorry, Art—What on earth happened?—Look, Pete's going inside."

Ed Ballard had the Cracker by the arm and was leading him into the service station.

"Look, Ida Mae," Art begged, "let me take you home. I've gotta tell you about tonight - - you know - -"

Bill Maddox was coming over to the car. Janie was like a pale shadow behind him.

Art was eager. "Say," he said to Bill, "you won't mind carrying Janie home, will you?"

Bill looked at Janie and then at Ida Mae. Ida Mae's eyes said "take Janie home."

Bill didn't bother to reply. He walked toward the Ford with Janie, who was almost in tears.

Art rubbed his stomach as he held the car door open for Ida Mae.

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Of the Making of Books There Is no End

—*The Campus Looks at Current Literature*—

FIVE NECESSITIES

THE ESSENCE OF TRAGEDY. Maxwell Anderson. Washington: Anderson House. 55 pp. $1.25.

Maxwell Anderson writes five essays, gathers them under the title *The Essence of Tragedy* (and Other Footnotes and Papers), and probably expects to escape. He can be caught just as he reaches the fence-top. Maxwell Anderson, you know, is the playwright who made us conscious of poetry for the modern theatre, and who was so convinced poetry was new life he wrote two inspired poetic successes, *Elizabeth the Queen* and *Winterset*. (No polite person ever mentions his *White Desert* which was, to apply the Broadway name for it, a stinker.) The trouble with Maxwell Anderson is that he needs five volumes, for five essays fail to encompass his covey of ideas.

Since Anderson is hampered by the problem of integrating too many ideas, of necessity he leaves a great many dangling threads. In 'The Politics of *Knickerbocker Holiday*,' after beginning to clarify the particular doctrine of the play, he wanders into 'democracy,' and is swiftly swallowed, and while sinking yells what seem to be ridiculous bitternesses.

> If the millions of workingmen in this country who are patiently paying their social security dues could glimpse the bureaucratic absolutism which that act presages for themselves and their children they would repudiate the whole monstrous and dishonest business overnight.

Maxwell Anderson must have passed through either a very long period of thinking, or none, to make this remark. Since most of us realize he does think closely on contemporary occurrences, he owes us a book of explanation for what seems to resemble a slumbering sensationalism.

'Yes, By the Eternal' is an essay written in response to a criticism by Max Eastman. Anderson encysts in this essay his longing for an American drama with permanence, a drama unconcerned with propagandistic motives, a drama dedicated to the people it reveals, and always a drama with the silver prophetic voice. Unfortunately Anderson again attacks without a cautious proof, but condemns certain social systems as having no place as an influence or 'truth' for the writer to pursue. He may be justified: his statements defy. At this point Maxwell Anderson should have written his second book.

'A Prelude to Poetry in the Theatre' is a spirited consideration of poetic drama in America. Anderson agrees with Goethe that dramatic poetry is man's greatest accomplishment. Anderson also believes the modern stage is over-run with journalistic playwrights. He is confident poetry will again reach the prominence it held during the Elizabethan Age, because 'prose is the language of information, but poetry the language of emotion.' This essay is the best confined and best thought-out of the five: here Anderson demonstrates and concludes with logical precision. He could have confined this essay to a very short book.

'The Essence of Tragedy' is a scholarly treatment of a defiant theme. Anderson says he wrote his early plays by intuition, but the method was unsavory, so he undertook the search for the essence of the good play, particularly the tragedy. After years of reading and thinking, he came to the belief the recognition scene, the point at which the leading character pursues a new route of action, was the balance. Everything in the good tragedy must lead up to this central crisis, then break sharply away with the hero crumbling. Anderson analyzes several classic and modern plays by this measure, and shows his method to be both practical and permanent.

'Whatever Hope We Have' is a sweeping treatment of the Artless America theme. Anderson delays long enough to tack down in an essay what might be developed into a philosophical work. He sees Man groping to a realization of a Big Idea of Good, and sees great art as the spark running Man. Man is provided by great works of art with a brief glimpse of the godlike: without significant creative arts to inspire him Man loses his desire for the quest. Anderson applies this to America, bemoans our lack of outstanding creators, attempts to explain it by belief in the dollar, and says we are a dead people unless we perpetuate ourselves with a great culture.

The five essays cover fifty-five pages. If you like *Reader's Digest*, you should find these essays the ultimate in concentration. You may be provoked at the unproved heads in the cabbage patch, but if you read sympathetically you are certain to find the odor different.

—SIMONS ROOF.

ERA IN PICTURES

ART YOUNG—HIS LIFE AND TIMES. Art Young. New York: Sheridan House. 1939. $3.50.

Our period of romanticism is still a very young and sickly waif living without the borders of a second imperialistic war but we are still adequately besieged by a steady flow of autobiographies and autobiographical novels that were temporarily stifled by the cynical twenties. Readers of these detailed biographies by some of our well known novelists, artists, poets, and critics usually turn to them either for the author's work itself, to search nostalgically through them for a past period, or to investigate further some of the obscure beginnings of some of our contemporary literary figures.

In *Art Young—His Life and Times*, the dean of American cartoonists has composed another lengthy and well illustrated book. It is replete with amusing anecdotes of famous artists and writers and accurately illuminates the American Scene across several decades of growing pains and social conflicts. Filled with numerous drawings that have not appeared in book form before, and others that have already become well known to his admirers, this book differs in the approach to his previous biographical *In My Way* published in 1928. The former was a rambling journalistic effort written in the form of excerpts from a diary over period of years. This thorough record of his life excells the former tome by being more richly detailed and detached (as much as it is possible to be in an autobiography). Thus while we read through an interesting life of one of our superior social caricaturists we also are able to review some sidelights of a more than 50 year old history of liberalism in the United States that has led to a new deal in humanitarianism. These periods in the life of Art Young encompass the period from a boyhood in Wisconsin to a life as a satirical artist, and from a period of

high finance capitalism, to one of disillusion and a patchwork social system. Thus, to social minded readers, his views on the Haymarket riots, Coxley's Army marching, the Railroad Strike of 1894 and the literary furones over Upton Sinclair's *Jungle*, Thomas Lawson's *Frenzied Finance*, and Lincoln Steffen's *Shame of The Cities* will prove interesting to read through. Here, too, we find more allusions to the Louise Bryant-John Reed affair which Mabel Dodge Tuhan has already reported in a former book, the petty differences of the *Liberator* editors over policies, and a formidable roster of "great names." Whether you smile over such incidents as the famous *Masses* espionage trial where the author fell asleep, or seek for minor chapters in a past era you will find this 500 page volume one of an enjoyable easy going style that makes entertaining reading.

Our current weeklies such as the *New Yorker* and the slim liberal journals are often criticized for not having produced any significant caricaturists. The answer might be stated by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Professor Emeritus of Art at Princeton University who appraises the talents of Art Young by writing: "His style is his own, immensely forceful and economical of means. This and his keen sense of humor, make him easily our greatest caricaturist." He is easily the Daumier of the post-war period.

—Henry Moll.

RUBINSTEIN

Free Artist. The Story of Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein. Catherine Drinker Bowen. New York: Random House. 372 pp. $3.00.

Anton Rubinstein was the favorite of Europe when twelve years old. He was tied to his chair and forced to practice, he was reprimanded for missing notes, he practiced for many hours on a dumb piano, (a full keyboard lacking strings). But he thought concerts were fun.

When he became Director of the Petersburg Conservatory of Music, he drove his pupils at their work, he was ruthless, he was moody, he actually ruined pianos, tearing out the strings by the force with which he struck his notes, but he was loved very deeply by all that knew him, by sight, by sound, or by words.

Catherine Drinker Bowen has scored a hit with "Free Artist" as she did with "Beloved Friend." She writes in a manner that makes one hear and see the bulky figure of Anton Rubinstein at Steinway Hall in New York, playing twenty Beethoven Sonatas from memory. The recreation of such a great personality as Anton Rubinstein is somewhat tedious, but a well-deserving task. There are skillful dramatizations of Rubinstein's concerts which are exciting and illuminating.

Catherine Drinker Bowen's material has been gathered from Josef Lhevinne, Moritz Rosenthal, Theodore Steinway, and many others who were intimately connected with both Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein. The book was proof-read by Josef Hofmann, who was one of Anton Rubinstein's most ardent pupils. The only point in treatment of the material to be questioned is that the authoress often surmises upon the thoughts confronting Anton or Nicholas Rubinstein. She does, however, make these seem the logical thoughts of the person concerned, according to the situations in which they are presented.

"Free Artist" also gives an insight into the political, cultural, and especially the musical life of the Victorian era.

In "Free Artist," the American tour by Anton Rubinstein

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

becomes unusually important when we relate the cultural life of America to the time of Rubinstein's visit. Catherine Drinker Bowen, realizing the true significance of this writes:

> At last, Europe had recognized America. At last, their front-rank men were leaving Paris, Leipzig, Petersburg—all the strange nostalgic names that had once been the home to Americans. At last, art was coming to the New World. Not charlatanism, but the real thing.
>
> Anton Rubinstein was its harbinger.

—Ralph C. Tolar.

COLLEGIATE MAZE

The Enchanted Maze. Paul Green. Samuel French. New York. 126 pp. $1.50.

The printed edition of *The Enchanted Maze* tells an interesting story of college writing and college dramas in general. It is rather doubtful if this play will ever be produced on Broadway, and it must sell its message by means of the printed page—at best a sorry substitute for the theatre that is the aim of all playwriting. One of the reasons for this is that dramatic publics will not accept a serious denunciation of the college system; they just won't have anything but a happy farce replete with coeds in fullsome white sweaters, students whose only worry is getting into some fraternity, and a general happy picture of juvenile delinquency. Mr. Green, in presenting this revised edition of a fairly recent Playmaker production, writes the story of American universities which has as its greatest virtue an honest picture of bewildered, senile, befuddled, and fly-speck American collegiana. And for any of us who are at all uncertain as to the worth of this great ivory-towered parade, such a position cannot help but make vital reading.

Although it is clearly ascertained that the college in this play could be any school, there are at least enough similarities to Chapel Hill and Duke to make all of us smile wryly in recognition of some generally hushed-down fact or picture. And certainly Mr. Green is a sensitive enough artist to feel the aloneness and lostness of sincere students suddenly seeing some of the sham in hamberger education. Surely he is close enough to university life to sincerely feel that the essential goodness of education has been hardened and smothered under the veneer gloss of power politics. And from such a position it is only natural that an extremely bitter and penetrating indictment—with hurt traces of a hope—should be the substance of this piece of writing. And this much of the play is important enough to make a reading of it a "must" on the list of sincere students.

Green has written this in the episodic scene form that can be technically lamentable unless the tie between scenes has with it the sort of epical flow and suspense that was evident in his "In Abraham's Bosom." Unfortunately, this play has neither of those qualities. And because of this, there is little of an actual basic climax, almost no rising action that is intrinsic to the plot, and no feeling of artistic completeness when it is ended. These are technical flaws which must be stated. They are things to consider in a play when one thinks of its theatre possibilities. But they do not mar the force of Green's characters or the hard message that he often brilliantly forces out to his reader.

His most important character is Billy Parker, son of an influential family in the state, a very big man on the respectable side of campus politics. A very sincere, intelligent, and lost young man. Billy seeks in this play some sort of truth that is more lasting than mousey research that is only a sort of self-aggrandizement, and an integrity for his college that is more final than the little theses of particular university departments. His contacts with the more obnoxious type of educators, and varied types of students, and the bloated industrialist who has heavily endowed the university makes up the movement of the play. It culminates in a final dramatic rebellion that reads better than it might stage. Billy has been elected Graduation Day speaker, and with all of the university notables present, he finally finds power to abuse the whole sham. And he is speaking, as he says, for all of the lost young fellows who are trying to find, or refind, that certain thrilling sweetness and hope of active living.

Now there is a certain weakness in the ending, which may well have been intentional and may reflect the author's sincere statement of doubt. But certainly it is not necessary that such a drama have a completely pretty ending, or even a final one, when American universities are still merrily rolling along in the same gaudy way. It must, parenthetically, be rather discouraging for a sincere writer to have turned out such a play and then see that same American scene played over and over without revision.

There are weaknesses of both structure and character in this play—with the latter most evident in characters who are unforgivably types. But what *The Enchanted Maze* has to say is important enough and said well enough for a college reviewer to recommend it as vital literature.

And there is a lot more in the *contemporary* scene which could stand the forceful pen of Mr. Green. It is protest of the present that will always be the most vital of drama. It is this unhappy present that men like Paul Green should continue to sympathetically interpret. —Adrian Spies

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From Magazines on Other Campuses

MARGARET EADES

Editorials on the European situation and a slight epidemic of flag waving held the favored spots in the majority of college magazines over the nation.

Running a weak second to these were the inevitable goodbye to summer monologues, especially prominent in girls' school publications.

"I wonder if you are remembering too, or am I just another daisy in a long chain?" weeps a feminine contributor of Lynchburg College's *Prism*. "I am consoled with the thought that flowers will bloom again and trees will bud and bear leaves again so why, oh why can't my faded summer love be rejuvenated when spring comes?"

Halliburton was an incurable romanticist "untouched by the realities of the postwar world into which he graduated." Most mature of his travel books is his last, *Seven League Boots* which deals more with factual backgrounds. "It is definitely a historical and critical approach, especially in the chapters describing his visit to Russia."

Last March Halliburton ran into a typhoon somewhere between Hong-Kong and San Francisco, and a broken radio message picked up by a cruising steamer was the last ever heard of him.

The Nassau Lit has inaugurated a series of "brief discussions of various Princeton graduates who have become outstanding writers." The first of these concerns the late Richard Halliburton, a member of the class of '21.

As colorful as it was baffling was the ultra-modern cover design of the *Nassau Lit*. A riot of orange, red, black, blue and white, guesses as to its correct interpretation ranged from a Spanish dance to a fight between a prehistoric man and his mate. It was very interesting.

"For better or worse, today's art is vigorous, irrepressible, imaginative, fluid yet flowing in one direction, fresh yet forceful," writes Professor Kenneth Washburn, who comments on the World's Fair Art exhibit in the November issue of Cornell's *Areopagus*. Propaganda was conspicuously absent, and artists seem to have become "less reformers and more observers." Professor Washburn deplores the lack of humor and individual concepts in the show, but adds, "It is quite possible that for many artists another quart of milk per day or steak per week might make for more humor."

The Prism's page of verse presents a challenge to one's descriptive prowess and restraint. Probably it is sufficient to say that it was at first mistaken for the humor section. Redeeming feature of the issue was a tourist talk on Guatemala written by a faculty member.

Upstream, a weekly journal from the State College of Washington presents an outline of European students' cultural heritage by Joop Ruurs, an exchange graduate student from Holland. Their appreciation of the arts is contrasted with the "apathetic" approach of American students.

In Amsterdam students may attend plays by paying only the luxury tax on balcony seats. Dutch students speak at least French, German, English and often Italian or Spanish. "Most Americans over-estimate the distances in Europe. From Amsterdam we can come to Paris in five or six hours, London in twelve hours, and Munich in fourteen. . . . Because students in Holland have a fifty per cent reduction on the airlines, we travel mostly by air instead of train."

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EINE KLEINE NACHT MUSIK

(Continued from page twelve)

The night was the same. All the young folks were the same. The car that had come so near to hitting the old lady already lost in the night. A nickelodeon across the street blared forth. And suddenly, the girl knew it all was wrong. You couldn't keep it, the courage and the glory. When we are old . . . .

"And what were you saying? About our manifest destiny, or something?" David grinned down at her.

"Nothing, nothing at all."

"I didn't so. Let's go buy me a beer, and forget the whole thing."

"By all means," she said. "Let's do."

PROFESSORIAL PORTRAITS II

(Continued from page seventeen)

ing; also, there was a glass window in this partition. Practically every night a whiskey bottle would be tossed through this window. Each time two athletes who roomed next door would come out and question, "Who did that?" Dean Bradshaw says that they never received an answer during the whole of his year's stay; however, they were unconvinced by empirical evidence, for they continued to ask.

Upon being graduated, he became Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. here for two years. Not only was it the least specialized of positions available, but also it offered an opportunity for further study. Frank Graham, moreover, had halo-ed the position and proved that a man can be religious and successful at the same time. After leaving the Y. he spent two years in the army; in 1920 he came here as Dean of Students. He was only twenty-six years old at the time. Believing that Philosophy and Psychology are necessary for each other, he studied at Columbia and got an M.A., then a Ph.D. in Psychology.

I asked Dr. Bradshaw what, exactly, is the duty of the Dean of Students. He said that the Dean of Students is responsible for adjustment between the institution and the student when the student is outside of class. Further, a Dean usually starts as a conservative and ends as a radical. First of all he thinks that the job is disciplinary: what to do with students that get drunk. Soon, however, the Dean becomes interested in why the student got drunk. Perhaps there is a relation between drinking and boring freshman mathematics. In his third stage he attempts to find this relation. This is done in part by placement tests. This is, also, the stage when the faculty begins to believe that the Dean is overstepping his authority. The fourth and final stage is when the Dean of Students comes to the conclusion that the only way to democratize education is to democratize the spirit of education. Why should the Board of Trustees have no members that are educating or being educated? Not only the faculty but also the students should have positions on the Board of Trustees.

When this is accomplished education will go forward immeasurably. The student will then realize that education is not something that is being done to him; he will realize that it is something that he is doing to and for himself. "Mental activity instead of mental passivity is the principal aim, not only of education, but also of democracy. It is obvious that either one is impossible without the other."

BLACK RIVER

(Continued from page seven)

nearest tree. Away down the valley, through the hills, ran Black river.

The ascent grew steeper for, in fact, the village was located in a vast volcanic crater. At the summit of the ridge, young Mrs. Farlowe asked Jill to stop for a minute. She wanted to look back at the village. The two got out.

Jill's hat would have covered the village now as it lay in the distance. Not a sound came up to them. Nearer were the calls of the winter birds.

Suddenly there fell upon the air a long faint note that might have been, "*M-A-R-Y!*"

Young Mrs. Farlowe turned to Jill. "Did you hear my name?"

"I heard *something*, ma'am."

The note was repeated.

Mrs. Farlowe began to walk slowly toward a little knoll off from the left of the road. It was covered with trees. She disappeared into the thicket.

When he recovered his senses, Jill called to Mrs. Farlowe and ran after her. But he was too late. The knoll and thicket concealed a sheer two-hundred-foot drop to the turgid waters of Black river.

On the edge of the precipice was a bright marigold. It had certainly been thrown there.

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January 1964

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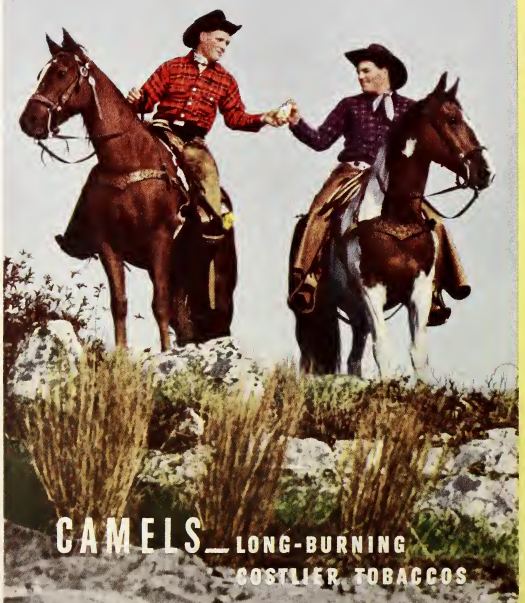

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Overgrown Infant

In an attempt to bring subsidization out into the open, a group of State College alumni recently created a fund, the expressed purpose of which is to provide State coaches with "athletic material" needed to meet the powerful teams on the Wolfpack schedule. Undoubtedly the alumni have football on the brain.

State College and the University of Chicago both have a problem in common, a losing football team. Chicago, under the leadership of President Robert Hutchins, solved it by dropping intercollegiate football from the sport schedule. State intends to solve it by the judicious application of a little financial salve to the right places, stating that many young men are deprived of college educations because of a lack of scholarships. They also imply that a college without a winning football team is a college without a reputation.

Intercollegiate football, particularly in the South of recent years, has grown all out of proportion to itself. It has become a mad race to see which college can collect the most efficient set of players, and consequently the biggest gate receipts. Repercussions on this campus include the proposal to double-deck Kenan stadium in order to accommodate the crowd for the Duke game, played here once every two years.

In most cases, football has become completely divorced from the college. About the only thing intercollegiate left about the game is that the various colleges lend their names to the teams they proselyte. The majority of the spectators are not students. And the majority of the players are not in college for the primary purpose of getting an education, assuming that they could do so between the end of the fall season and the beginning of winter and spring practice. The whole situation is shot full of hypocrisy.

The chief arguments advanced for big time football is that it pays for itself as well as supports the rest of the sports calendar, and that it enables students to get an education, who could not do so otherwise. Both are rather farcial. As John Kieran suggested, the other sports, notably the intramural program, could be supported by slightly increased student fees. And few athletes play football solely as a means to an education.

At any rate, Chicago's solution to the problem seems more sensible than State's. Football needs de-emphasization. Particularly here in the Southern Conference.

Street of Our Days *Bob Koch*

John Alan Creedy

The Union's Inspiration

Industrial Peace in a City of the New South

ON MAIN STREET in Durham, just opposite the Home Savings Bank, there's a little hole in the wall you could walk past a dozen times and not notice. But it's the beginning of a steep staircase that gets narrower at the top like a funnel. Once at the top, though, you push open the door and find yourself in the center of a large, rather dingy hall with lights concentrated on a speaker's dais at the left and more lights assisting in the collection of quarter-a-week union dues on the right.

If it's Thursday night a little before 7:30 there will be three or four hundred people in the room, sitting and standing around chatting and smoking. About half of the crowd will be women, outfitted in the latest fashions Belk-Leggett and the Betty Lou Shop can supply. The men are well dressed too, with only an occasional overall here and there to remind one that all present are factory workers.

John Creedy, former editor of The Carolina Magazine, here presents a brief critical description of the labor movement in Durham, drawn from his experiences associated with the workers in the tobacco and textile industries there.

At 7:30 sharp, T. L. Copley, a middle-aged, slightly bald World War veteran bangs on the marble slab in front of him. The chatter in the hall abruptly subsides. People find their seats in the huge semi-circle, cane-bottomed chairs creak and clatter on the plank floor.

The chaplain stands up:

"Almighty God, we, who are Thy servants, know that without your help and guidance we cannot hope to win through our daily troubles. Teach us to do right according to Thy sight, look on this meeting and guide us in the paths of righteousness and well-doing. . . ."

And that's how a meeting of the Tobacco Workers' International Union begins. As the meeting progresses one is impressed with the smooth functioning of the parliamentary procedure and the seriousness with which each order of business, from a grievance against the Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company to the matter of buying a new union seal, is fully discussed and subjected to democratic vote.

Finally, after all the business before the house has been attended to, Mr. Copley announces that anyone who wishes to speak on the "good and welfare of the union" will be welcome to do so. Typical of these imperfectly camouflaged "pep talks" is the stock oration of Brother Thomas of the Machinists union.

"One of the brothers in the hall tonight," he begins with an expansive gesture, "once said to me that, before he would join a union, he would get him a mule and go to ploughing for a living!" Much laughter from the house. "But he's in this union now with the best of them." Applause. "And I want to tell you that if he had gotten him a mule and started farming I would have followed him out to his farm and told him: 'Brother, if you don't get you a union card, somebody'll be here to take that mule away from you!" More laughter and applause. "And I'm here to tell you that the day will come when every mother's son and daughter in these United States, whatever his job, will be carrying a union card. That's the day I want to see!"

Brother Thomas sits down amid a storm of applause.

II

This union in the Liggett and Myers factory is the most successful in town and has consistently pioneered in its long struggle not only against the company, but also against the combined front of the "Big Four" cigarette manufacturing concerns. Recently the members of the union made history by obtaining a clause in their contract which reads as follows:

"In the interests of promoting a more harmonious relationship, the company approves of its employees becoming members of the union; and therefore, it is further desired by the company that those employees not now members of the union shall become members."

To those who knew conditions in the industry before the union developed influence, such a clause is little short of amazing since it represents a complete about-face on the part of the company.

Notice one thing about the wording of the clause however. It does not call for that mecca of union aspirations, the "closed shop." It says merely that, from now on, the company wants its employees to become members of the union.

The conservatism of this clause, compared with other union contracts, reflects very clearly the nature and character of the leaders of the organization.

Unions don't just grow up over night. Local 176 took six years of steady work before it amounted to anything at all. For a union that springs up suddenly, without time being allowed for education in the real meaning and aims of the trade union movement, is sometimes considerably worse than no union at all.

Mr. S. E. Blane, spark-plug and chief strategist of the union, makes straight-from-the-shoulder speeches about forcing people, and this means the company too, to do things you want them to.

"If you force a man to join the union against his will," Mr. Blane says, "he will be forever a nuisance to the organization. Not knowing what the whole thing is about, he will be antagonized by your introductory strong-arm methods and will turn into a trouble-making belly-acher. Educate people, tell them the facts about their work and above all leave them to make up their own minds! That's the only way you can keep a union from being too dependent on its leaders. More than any other type of organization labor unions need good followers."

And the clause quoted above leaves Mr. Blane and his helpers free to persuade—not to force.

Trained in newspaper nonsense about unions and how they function, the average level-headed citizen may wonder that the Liggett and Myers union could get all it has obtained in a peaceable manner.

And the explanation is to be found in Blane's insistence on education. After all, collective bargaining is an art and has to be learned by a process of trial and error on both sides of the table.

That the company has fully decided to turn its back on the past with regard to its labor policy is amply illustrated by statements of company officials who have told union members that, far from losing anything financially through the union, they have actually gained.

Hours of work per week have been reduced and wages have at least doubled for every worker. But still the company cashes in on the union. Increased productivity of the worker, new-grown interest in improving the job and saving the company money, circular letters to other unions all over the United States urging union members (some 8,000,000 of them) to buy Chesterfields because they are made under fair labor conditions by union workers have all contributed to the general welfare of the company as well as the union members. Nothing can replace personal interest in the job as an incentive to good work.

III

The problem child of Durham unions is the Textile Worker's Union of America at the Erwin Cotton Mills. Nobody seems to know what is the matter with it. Undeniably it is weak when it should be strong, for Erwin workers are the lowest paid in Durham, earning little more than the legal minimum, or $13.00 a week. Jobs are insecure and conditions bad.

The Erwin Cotton Mills Company is no fly-by-night marginal affair. Its general manager, Mr. K. P. Lewis, is reputed to be one of the soundest textile men in the South and the company consistently makes money. One is inclined therefore to trust the economic research department of the union when it says that the company could well afford the same minimum as the hosiery industry or $16.00 for a forty hour week. The only hitch is that the union is too perennially weak to ask for it.

Perhaps it is only lack of understanding on the part of the employees on just what the union is. Remember textile workers, like everyone else, read the daily newspapers and learn about unions through the horror stories the press delights in printing.

Cedric Stallings, a hosiery union organizer, when employed by the Golden Belt Manufacturing Company expected to spend 10 years organizing that concern. That he did it in five is a tribute chiefly to his ability as an educator.

Erwin Cotton Mills may take 10 years to organize. Meanwhile, by a process of seepage, more and more people are realizing that the union can be an instrument of better and higher standards of living. And gradually, as the organization traverses its ups and downs, they will realize that one big reason they don't get more out of the union is because they don't put more into it. Not in money. Of course money is important—a union must have a reserve in case it is necessary to conduct a strike—but more important than money, is the sustained interest of the people.

The Erwin Union once had 1400 of the 1500 textile workers signed up. Indecisive leadership and the inability of workers to realize that you cannot pay in a lump sum for better conditions, but must pay by the installment plan, before you can even hope to get anything at all, caused collapse after collapse.

IV

Many other factors contribute to make the going especially hard. Think for a moment what kind of food you can buy for $13.00 a week and raise a family at the same time and you get an idea of starchy diets and cheap meat which lacks what it takes to produce a wide-awake worker. Add to this mental apathy the necessity of living in a mill village and the subtle psychology of being "owned" by the company. Add also a liberal dose of paternalism and a touch of religious fanaticism and the picture begins to get fairly hopeless.

There may be something to be said in favor of paternalism when the company sincerely tries to give its employees good conditions, fair wages and some sense of security. Textile managers have never done any of these things and use the technique solely to keep the permanent discontent in their mills from taking any practical form.

Churches help in this a great deal of course. What a twisted interpretation of the Gospels it is that makes the preacher read them "The Lord will take care of everything. If your wages are low it is because you have sinned!" instead of "The Lord helps those who help themselves!"

So there it is—a heroic union essentially. Anyone who has been in a meeting during one of the periodic, badly timed walk-outs can testify to that. This summer a small diversion was created by the girls in the sewing room. They walked out because, among other things, their foreman refused to allow them to go to the rest room as often as they desired.

Six hundred strikers gathered in the E. K. Powe school house auditorium and sang "Solidarity Forever!" with a will that made the roof-tiles rattle. The management was badly scared and conceded everything the workers asked for in a very few days. But in victory the Erwin workers are always at their weakest. And the organization withered as it had before.

V

By far the maturest union in town is Branch 31 of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers. I say mature because the organization has been conducted on a much wider base than any other union in town. It has developed sideways as well as forward.

Largely owing to the leadership of the far-sighted Cedric Stallings in its earliest days, the union has made of itself something of a social center as well as an agency of fair play between the workers and the Golden Belt Manufacturing Company.

Active committees prepare programs on important public issues of the day and present them at meetings. Parties are sponsored by the local and concrete action is taken in support of people the union believes in. Community projects are fostered in an effort to dramatize the fact that a union is a socially constructive organization as well as an active insurance policy for its members.

Small things—details—are taken in its stride. For instance, this summer a worker, waiting for the change of shifts at the mill, noticed that the children playing opposite him in the public playground had to cross the busy and dangerous Main Street in order to get a drink of water at Mack's Drug Store. He reported it to the union and a committee was sent to the mayor to suggest that the city furnish a drinking fountain on the playground. On the union's further insistence this was done.

Recently the workers donated $10 of their badly needed money to the construction of a new church in East Durham. Hosiery workers are prominent in a movement to bring a low-cost housing project to Durham. And countless other projects could be cited to illustrate their activity and maturity.

VI

There is not space to mention all the other unions in Durham except to say that the organization of the American Tobacco Workers has kept close pace with the Liggett and Myers organization and, if not quite as progressive, is larger and quite as successful.

Craft unions abound. Of course any typographical worker not being paid union wages these days has his own foolishness to blame. Durham printshops keep well ahead of union requirements. If they didn't, they would soon lose their best men to the fully organized Herald-Sun papers.

There are the usual craft unions—plumbers, carpenters, electricians and barbers—to mention a few. These aristocrats of American labor some-

(*Continued on page twenty-two*)

Edward Post

Lazarus At His Second Death

I

"Get up, good friend. I say: arise and walk
and breathe and sweat like other men
as once before you did."

The unwound shrouding strips snaked in a heap
soiling the air with a musty pungent tang.
A crowd of curious neighbors
huddled in the olive shade
behind the Nazarene evangelist
and peered tip-toe around his narrow shoulders
where the bile-green face of Lazarus
turned up unmoved and unobedient
to firm commands of resurrection.
Stern the voice came but soft:
"Arise! I give you life and love again.
My friend! Get up, I say!"
So Lazarus' black eyes stared up at him,
two sudden pocks of dark life
in a cold hard death.
They turned about the gathered group
and each black eye gave up a sudden tear.
A shuddered sigh shook through the wasted frame
snapping the chilly rot of new-lost death.
He rolled his head away from them,
who stood like gaping stones,
and murmured, "Why?
Oh why! have you accomplished this sad thing?"

The Man of Miracles knelt by him on the ground
and kissed his lips, saying,
"You take my gifts reluctantly, dear friend."
The black eyes closed.
"I did not ask for gifts," said Lazarus.

II

It was not long until He came again
having bent His mind to come into the town
where death kept shadow at His heel and hand,
meaning to hoist Him on a hill
in dark storm-ridden glory
high where gallows glow
with an impenetrable destiny.
It was the day before He meant to ride that way:
they met again at Lazarus' board.
His cheeks were bright with proud affection,
this being that farewell
in which a man goes on forever,
leaving in the wake of life
a thing surviving him:
a stout son, a sweet song,
a beggar's smile above a careless coin.
But Lazarus was sullen and his cheeks were gray.

"Come, Lazarus," He sighed at last.
"Now you must teach me what I taught to you
but did not know myself.
Or smile one time, as when you used to jest.
This gray smile is not the smile of Lazarus."

"Too true!" his host cried out and chuckled mirthlessly.
"Too true. I have that riddle done indeed."

"And what's the answer, Lazarus?"

"Was I a pebble
tossed to see how shallow is the ford?
Is this the reason that you stayed
two days upon the spot
where messengers brought word that I was ill to death?
Two days to push me in
and pull me out again
and ask me: where's the bottom, Lazarus?"

"No! ah no!"

"Then even so—and count this love or hate—
I shall not say what I have fathomed.
Death is a man's castle
not to trespass nor to violate.
But death is many mansions:
each man builds his own, perhaps:
and what I found for furniture in mine
might not be comfort to your taste.
You tell them that:
say Death—or better, say
My father's house is one of many mansions. . . .
But it would not be the thing
to tell them you evicted me."

III

Time had passed on a week or so beyond these words
when two men met upon a hill opposite a hill.
One man was sitting by the narrow path
with black eyes, hollow-stark,
fixed on the hill across the narrow plain
where the ruck swirled up about three giant gallows
loomed against gray heaven sick with sudden storm.

The other, shoulder slung with rope,
made heavy paces upward toward the top
upon whose cliff-edged face one alder clung.
Round yellow pearls of sweat swung from his scarlet beard
and stained the flaccid leather purse hung from his hip.
He paused and whispered,
though he meant to speak but found his breath was rare,
"You, Lazarus?"

"Aye—Lazarus. . . . And you, Iscariot?"

"Aye: me."
His eyes raced out and back across the gap
between his hill and His.
"But why are you not there below him
weeping, Lazarus?"

"Weeping? No. And why?
He has but once to die.
I've tears enough for him—but not for me.
And who else weeps for Lazarus?"

Iscariot's gaze in stealthy fascination
sought Golgotha's crime

and hurried back to search those dry black eyes,
remembering they might be mirrors in this hour
to betray reflections much desired . . .
before he set his neck between the noose-blades of that rope
and sliced the scissile nerve.
He cringed up closer to the man, saying,
"I would weep for you
but I am on my way to death:
death in the opposite of his:
alone and brief and in the shadow of forgetfulness."

"Do you mean: for loving him so well
you love yourself so little?"

"Maybe that—or maybe something else."
Iscariot read the sands below his feet.

"So Judas dies for *maybe's!*" "Who does not?"

The nervous hands of Lazarus
scratched up a pebble from the path
and pitched it toward the Nazarene's gaunt pillar.
Grim he laughed at this red Jew beside him:
"Ha! not that way, Judas; learn for yourself.

There's one who does not die
for maybe-this or maybe-that:
but I'll not tell you why.
I am too busy with these snapping knots of atoms
tied in me to hold for one short backward step
to get a running jump to the abyss.
The mind is ravelling out, perhaps:
knowing the manner of decay,
perhaps I feel the fibres slack in me . . .
I will not say."

"Are you too dying, Lazarus?" "Again."

"But how so calmly?" "Judas!
set not traps for me
behind your words of sympathy:
it whiffs away upon my ears
like a drop of water on a fire."

"I only meant to say:
you do not have the look of death:
you are not wasted, Lazarus."

"We scarcely die by wasting: that come after.
Rather, some lit place in us goes dark.
You might say it's the closet of the brain
where the will hovers radiantly—and fails!
It may be I have been
an image of his will this time:
relit with borrowed stuff. And now it fades. . . ."
He stopped and stabbed his eyes at Judas' heart,
cried sharply, naming himself no reason for it:
"Stay, by god! for thirty silver pieces
I will tell you what you'd like to know."

Iscariot's throat clutched at his dragging breath.
Ripping the purse that hung from his belt
he showed it empty, trembling in his hands,
and screamed, "I threw it back at them!
—the last red coin!
I haven't one red—one white drop of it!
It trickled through my fingers—hot—like glue—
like mud!—and blood . . .
and I spilt it on the floor and ran."
He leaned against the bank that backed the road,
sponging his sweat-soaked face upon his sleeve;
heaving with riot passions, gasped,
"You were a dog to goad me with it."

"Goad you? I am poor myself."

"Not that. I had enough to pay you with
—and thought you knew."

"I know one thing about you, Judas:
nothing more:
you carry madness in the belly of your mind.
Go die! before your time to labor comes."

Iscariot wavered on decision
like a grass-blade in the wind; pleading at last,
"Just tell me one thing, Lazarus:
does death retain the recognition of defeat?
does memory clutch its pieces, sweet and gall,
with proof of treachery or love?
or will there be contortions of the coins of thought
twisting them awry
until the blood is wrung from Caesar's heads
and guilt washed out with it?"

"Just tell you *one* thing, Judas?"

"Any one of these, then: tell me one!"

But Lazarus, smirking as the devil in a dream,
plucked choice teasing words
that brushed against the flesh of Judas' heart
like cockleburrs: "Suppose—I say suppose!—
I told you this, that death is a void shell of darkness
where you walk alone,
so hollow even dreams have all spilt out of it;
but smooth and black—
not even a grain of grit beneath your foot."

Iscariot sucked his words up pain and all.
"Is that it, Lazarus?
Alone: alone:
none to question or remember,
none to hate or to forgive . . . immodestly?"

"I said suppose . . .
Suppose again
that death is a plain about a hill,
full in a sun that's never gray
but always light to see and to associate;
and the plain so wide
that all those men from Adam down to Him"
—he threw his finger toward the rocking cross—
"move constantly about, milling their news
and adding history to legend, hate to love,
and memory to hope, by each new death.—Ho,
Judas?"

The alder's bait was prostrate in the dust
where fear and madness toppled him
He looked up, wretched with diseases of confusion;
dirt caked on his lips and marked his downward
tears.
"I hate you, Lazarus!
I hate you like a curdled poison in my blood."

"Then you are not alone," said Lazarus.
"Those who were thin with weeping love last time
I died
are fat with hate now—fit to sell me

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

Lee Wiggins

Crime And Retribution

Feudalism Carries on in North Carolina

I WANT to discuss a number of facts, more or less related, but all relevant to the title. The whole subject requires continual investigation and analysis; we should not be content to look at it once and then forget it. As one who has looked at prison from the inside out, I know that even a comparatively well-operated municipal penal institution may be grotesquely horrible, and road camps are undoubtedly worse than that. There is no reason to confine the matter presented to a narrow context. Anything significant should be noted.

LEE MANNING WIGGINS *holds that no social problem is isolated, but must be considered in the context of the whole social structure. A solution which ignores causes lying in the warp of the social fabric is no solution.*

Prior to 1931 about one-half of the prisoners in North Carolina were held in county chain gangs, to which they were sentenced instead of the state prison at the discretion of the justice, in accordance with state law. Jesse F. Steiner, Professor of Social Technology at the University of North Carolina, and Roy M. Brown, Research Associate in the Institute for Research in Social Science, in their book *The North Carolina Chain Gang*, speaking of the method of sentencing prisoners, said "When a county has once adopted the plan of convict road work, it becomes necessary to maintain a convict road force sufficient in number to justify the overhead charges for equipment and supervision. Under such circumstances the local criminal courts tend to be looked upon as feeders for the chain gang, and there is evidence in some instances that the mill of criminal justice grinds more industriously when the convict road force needs new recruits."

This system operated with a brutality comparable to that of fascism. The counties were in complete charge of the prisoners, used them for the purpose of exploitation to save money in road-building, a saving based on conjecture rather than fact, and put them in camps where they lived like beasts in narrow cages and worked under back-breaking, unsanitary conditions. The brutality of many of their supervisors was generally recognized, since a low type was required to screw the proper work and discipline out of them. The average life of a convict was said to vary from six months to five years.

Tremendous criticism had been leveled at this system since 1908, when Superintendent J. L. Mann of the State Prison in his *Biennial Report*, 1907-08, said "The present chain gang policy of our State . . . cannot be successfully defended, and ought to be at once discontinued. The civilization of our age demands it. I believe it to be in every respect as defective and as full of possibilities for wrongdoing, cruelty and inhumanity as was the old convict-lease system, now long since abolished." Governor T. W. Bickett of North Carolina, said in the early 1920's: "As for the county chain gang system, it is hopeless. The only thing to do is to cut off its head." The University started research into the problem. "I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang" appeared in the moving picture theaters, popularizing the issue. Paul Green wrote "Hymn to the Rising Sun." A few particularly hideous atrocities in this state stirred the public, and the Assembly was forced to modify the system in 1931, under a law which, with a few minor changes, is in effect today.

To describe briefly the situation today, North Carolina no longer assigns the majority of prisoners to county chain gangs. Instead the state operates directly ten prison camps, besides the Caledonia and Cary prison farms and the Central Prison. The average number of prisoners confined to the camps during the year ending June 30, 1938, was 7,513, an average of about 750 per camp. The per capita cost of maintenance and support of prisoners, exclusive of a six and one-half cent administration and overhead expense, was sixty-four cents a day. These prisoners work on farm land raising truck, livestock, and other usable farm products, as well as on the roads. Specifically, the law, Section 29 of Chapter 145 of North Carolina Public Laws, 1931, states: "All able-bodied prisoners committed or assigned to the district prison camps shall be employed in the

maintenance and construction of roads in the public road system of the several counties, or upon the State Highway system, or assigned to such special duty in connection with the prison camps, or the preparation and repair of all road equipment and supplies as the State Highway Commission may determine." There is, however, one notable exception to the law. All counties, cities, and towns which were operating prison farms at the time of passage of the law were permitted to retain a sufficient number of prisoners for their operation.

What are conditions in the prison camps? I found nothing published on this, but talked to a boy who was one of a group which went over to the Hillsboro camp weekly last year to teach convicts. The important fact is that the camps are not institutions for correction and education, the recognized purpose of penal institutions, but are agencies of retribution, where the prisoner learns to hate society rather than to adapt himself to it. The prisoners apparently are not worked unduly hard and are not shackled except en route to the job. They are divided into three classes, of which only one, the C class, wears stripes. The C class is known as the "dungeon" class, as members of this class, who have committed some infraction of the rules, are kept in solitary confinement for two weeks. A commonly used punishment for misbehavior, sanctioned by state law, is tying the prisoner up by his thumbs and fingers, so that he has to stand up and cannot relax, for seventy-two hours. My informant talked to a man who had just been through this punishment; needless to say he was almost prostrate nervously and physically. Medical service of a kind is provided for these men by state law, but education is left up to volunteer groups like the students, and is therefore very haphazard and fragmentary. This is not the place for an analysis of the state prison and prison farms, although such an analysis should be made. Nor could I obtain recent information on the nature of the county camps and jails. This kind of law, quote from Chapter 104 of the North Carolina Public-Local Laws, Regular Session, 1939, is always interesting: "The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

> Section 1. That on and after February tenth, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine, each and every prisoner confined in the county jails of the County of Richmond shall be charged seventy-five cents per day as a fee for board and lodging, payable to the Sheriff of said county."

There are similar laws, with varying amounts, for other counties. With the Sheriff in complete authority, responsible to no one, receiving so much per prisoner for board and lodging, heaven help the prisoners unless the Sheriff is a very merciful man. Most of us who know Sheriffs would doubt the likelihood of that.

We have some very interesting facts concerning provisions for punishment in this state. There are only two institutions for mentally defective Negroes in North Carolina, and most defectives are left to roam at large, preying on the public. These cases, clearly in need of hospitalization, form a large percentage of the prison population; yet imprisonment is obviously a futile procedure in reconditioning such persons. North Carolina is one of the few states where children may still be sentenced to jail and are actually sentenced. Here are some really amazing facts: During the year ending June 30, 1938, there were imprisoned in this state twenty-seven children under fifteen years old, of whom twenty were first offenders, three previously committed one time to prison or reformatory, three twice previously committed, and one previously committed three times. That means, in other words, that we have a number of children thirteen or fourteen years old who have been in prison from one to four times! And that doesn't mean reformatory, it means state prison, prison farm, or prison camp. There are, altogether, 1099 persons under eighteen years of age in our prisons, many of them seasoned veterans. Most states feel that a person under eighteen years of age who commits a crime is more a victim of circumstances than a malicious agent fully responsible for his acts, and that there is still a chance to guide him through training back into useful citizenship. North Carolina seems not to feel that way. Certainly we didn't feel that way when we executed a seventeen-year old boy in the electric chair last fall. We didn't feel that way when in a ten-year period ending in 1935 we flogged a hundred and fifty-nine children, including girls, as punishment for misdemeanors. Perhaps you didn't know these facts? It's your business to know them, and to do something about them!

Another interesting Southern custom is known as peonage. The caption for 1356 in the Consolidated Statutes reads: "Counties and towns may hire out certain prisoners." The possibilities for exploitation here are enormous, and have not been

wholly neglected. Someone should make a study of the extent of such exploitation, as suggested by Steiner and Brown. But the very fact that it is known to exist on a wide scale throughout the South should cause us to apply ourselves to this problem.

When excrescences of the kind I have enumerated above appear on the body politic, it is time to examine the whole organism carefully for signs of weakness or disease. We can safely assume that in society as in nature nothing is uncaused. These abuses are symptoms, not causes. That is why we should not let our emotional reaction against these atrocities, greater than any we have heard of Belgium or Finland, and with the additional value of being true—we should not allow our emotional reaction and eagerness to make reforms to divert us from the broader and more basic task of understanding the history and significance of the problem. We might stamp out flogging without even investigating the fascist type of psychology created by the great boredom of a Southern small town and by a thirst for power. But it is important to investigate this type of mind, because it will, as long as it exists, take effect in one way or another. We might put a stop to child imprisonment without stopping to learn how it is that children come to break the law. We might end prison camp abuses without ever discovering the significance of the correlation between poverty and crime, or the inverse correlation between education and crime. But if we failed to understand and ameliorate the basic conditions that give rise to these symptoms, our efforts would be largely wasted. Even reform has its limitations. Understanding of the social and economic background of our time is necessary to an understanding of its more vicious manifestations. That understanding we can get in college; in fact, the university provides the greatest opportunity for understanding that one ever has. This, even more than direct action, should be the goal of university life.

But understanding only assumes importance in the real world when it is followed by action. Crime grows almost invariably from poverty, unemployment, slum areas, lack of education, mental and physical disease. William T. Root in a *Psychological and Educational Survey of 1916 Prisoners in the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania* said: "If every man had good housing conditions and a steady job, at a living wage, a good opportunity for education, there would not be very much crime. . . . Particularly in the case of the colored people, the crime is on the part of the community. . . . Negroes . . . don't get protection for the same reason that it is always hard to protect the economically weak against the strong." If these social conditions, and not a deliberate and perverse anti-social instinct, are the causes of crime, it seems a simple step to the realization that to end crime and the necessity for prisons, prison farms, and prison camps we must alter the warp of our social structure in a manner adumbrated in the New Deal. This means equal and full education for all, black and white, a complete program of Federal health control, a secure job at a living wage for everyone willing and able to work, decent housing for every family in the nation, old age security. The eleven million unemployed must be put back to work. Millions of youth must receive health protection and educational and employment opportunity; these constitute today the largest segment of our criminal population. Millions of Negroes must be given equal wages, equal education, equal rights, and a chance to recover from the indignities to which they have been submitted, which produce psychological characteristics favorable to crime. Obviously such a program cannot come entirely from the states of this depressed area. Those who want to get at the roots of this problem must therefore press heavily for the Federal government to increase social security, pass the Wagner Health Bill, incomplete but a good start, pass a heavy appropriation for aid to education, pass the American Youth Act, increase relief and Federal works projects, establish a giant housing program all over the nation instead of a bloated jingoistic "defense" project. Above all, we must realize that after the horror and false prosperity of a war we would suffer an economic and social loss unparalleled in history. Crime, disease, poverty, and unemployment follow in the wake of war. Our first job right now should therefore be that of making certain that the catastrophe of 1916 is not repeated. We must say: "Lafayette, we are here—and we are going to stay here and solve the tremendous problem of creating American democracy which our forefathers began."

Phil Ellis

Tobacco Juice Is Brown

PORT WYMER brought his six feet of laziness and good humor to rest in the most substantial-looking of the three chairs in front of the Marysville, Missouri, postoffice. He heaved his right leg up over the left, leaned back until the chair creaked, and sighed his relaxation.

Jim, the postmaster, stood in the doorway and watched Port's elaborate method of seating himself. He rubbed his hand over a crop of dirty gray whiskers and broke the silence.

"How're ye, Port?"

"Purty fair," Port answered. "Pow'ful hot, ain't it?"

Jim wagged his bald pate in assent. He started to comment further on the weather situation when from two blocks down the rough unsurfaced main street came the business-like shrill of a locomotive whistle. Port gazed in that direction and saw several townsmen milling around the depot.

"What's so blame interestin' down there?" he asked.

"Cy Goodale's boy, John, is goin' away to college," Jim replied. "Guess some figgered they'd like to sorta make him feel his responsibility to Marysville by seein' him off, I reckon."

Port squirmed around, and after some effort, produced a plug of tobacco from his pocket. He sawed off a generous chunk with his pocket knife and tucked the cud away in his cavernous mouth.

He worked the chew around to a comfortable position and glanced down toward the depot again. The train was pulling out now and John Goodale's immediate relations were still standing on the platform, waving. Several of the onlookers had lost interest and were slowly moving back toward the afternoon rendezvous in front of the postoffice. Port puckered his lips and scored a direct hit on a cockroach which had wandered out from under a loose stone in the postoffice foundation and was frantically trying to find its way back out of sight again.

In a short time the remaining chairs were full and men were sitting on the front of the building. A rather stout lady came barging up the street and stopped to aim a sarcastic remark at Port.

"Reckon you feel right comfortable sittin' there, drownin' cockroaches and just bein' all around lazy!"

"That was a durn good shot I nailed that critter with," Port declared. "That's sumpin' you don't learn in college, I cal'late."

"I reckon you'd be better off in college anyhow," the stout lady countered. "You ain't showed no ambition since yore maw died. At least, she made you finish high school."

Port puckered up again and drenched an ant not three inches from the buxom one's foot.

"Seems as if you might show at least as much ambition as Johnny Goodale," the lady said, examining her battered boot to see if it had been spattered by the deluge. "At least he's gonna git him a education, even if he is too do-less to make any use of it."

"Sarah Dike," said Port, looking around for another target, "you know dang well, same as I do, that Johnny Goodale's folks packed him off to school to keep him from gittin' involved with that Sanderson girl over to Andersly."

Sarah snorted and looked ready to change the subject. Jim came out on the steps and interrupted the wordfest.

"Here's a letter fer ye, Port," he remarked. "Jest come in."

"Hand 'er to me, Jim," Port requested. "I'm too dang comfortable to move right now."

Jim passed the letter over.

"Don't look like a feller has to have a college education to get a letter, nohow," Port remarked, in Mrs. Pike's general direction.

He tore the envelope open and took out a neatly-typed letter. He read it slowly, following the lines with a nicotine-stained finger. Mrs. Pike moved around and shamelessly peered over his shoulder, her lips moving soundlessly as she read.

"Looks like I done inherited me a farm," Port drawled, holding the letter up so Mrs. Pike could read it more easily.

Mrs. Pike cackled. "Looks like you'd have to do a little business now, Port. Letter says there's

Journalism major PHIL ELLIS' *story is an antidote for the type of stuff that led Phillips Russell to remark that it took him an half-hour to return to normal after reading an issue of* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE.

a mortgage on your place an' you got to settle up some debts."

Port shrugged his shoulders, puckered, and tried for a long distance shooting record.

"Know how tuh take care o' that," he told her. "Jest renew th' mortgage an' let her ride fer a while. Maybe they'll locate an iron mine on it."

"Whereat is this farm o' yourn, Port?" one of the loafers asked.

"Nawthern Minnesota," Port replied. "Right smack in the iron mine center up there." He reflected a moment. "Seems as if I heard they had some lakes, too. Might go swimmin'."

"Ain't figgerin' on goin' up there, be ye?" Mrs. Pike asked.

"Might. Ain't nothin' to do here."

He noticed a fly on Mrs. Pike's shoe and took aim. She moved back out of range, muttering under her breath.

II

Five days later, Port picked up his scuffled brown suitcase and stepped off the train in Elburt, Minnesota. He set the bag down on the station platform and pulled a new plug of tobacco from his pocket. By the time he had inspected the label and cut off an adequate chew, the train had gone.

He looked down Elburt's main street and noticed it looked considerably longer than that of Marysville. The only differences noticeable to him were that it was about twenty degrees cooler than it had been in Marysville, and that there were more trees and everything looked greener. He picked up his bag and sauntered down the street toward the busy part of town.

His long stride brought him up behind a couple of wizened little old ladies who were conversing in a language unknown to Port. He looked quizically at them and took aim at a spot just off the sidewalk and a little ahead of the one nearest the street. It spattered. The woman jumped nervously, turned and looked at Port, and moved to one side. Port walked on ahead of them without a word.

He pulled the envelope from his pocket as he walked, and looked at the return address on it. He strode along the sidewalk until he found the place. A sign on the door informed him that the offices of Jasper Morgan, attorney, were within. He went in and followed a narrow hall until he came to a second door with the same sign. He opened the door and entered, to face a dried-up specimen of humanity which he surmised to be the lawyer.

Port took a look at Jasper Morgan's little brown pretense of a mustache which would have looked immature on a man of half the attorney's age, and smothered a desire to laugh.

Morgan was short and thin. Port had a vision of them walking down the street together and again swallowed a snicker. The lawyer seemed to realize that he was being unfavorably sized up and his squinty eyes took on a hard look.

"What can I do for you?" he clipped.

"I'm Port Wymer, frum Marysville, Missoury," Port informed him. "'Pears like my uncle Tod sorta shuffled off and left me his farm."

"Oh yes!" Morgan was all business now. "Wymer. Yes, I remember. Your uncle did leave you a tract of land. Has a pretty good lake frontage, too."

"Heard there wuz a mortgage," Port suggested.

Morgan shuffled some papers on his desk. He coughed.

"Why yes, there is a mortgage."

"How much?" Port asked.

Morgan named a figure high enough to make Port squirm uneasily.

"That'd be dang near all the land is worth, wouldn't it?" he queried.

"Probably more," Morgan admitted. "Your uncle had held it for some time, so that there is quite a sum of interest due."

"Who holds the mortgage?" asked Port.

"I do," Morgan admitted. "However, I'd be glad to just take possession of the land. The mortgage is due in a few days. If you attempt to pay it off, you'll be losing money. If you allow me to foreclose, you'll still have a bit of land left."

"How does that come?" Port wanted to know.

"Some kind of a tangle concerning the survey of the land. It seems that there is a triangular piece of land, bordered by the main tract, the road, and the lake, which isn't covered by the mortgage. If you decided to live up here, it would make a nice little spot for a cabin and a boathouse."

"I figure I'd rather renew the mortgage," Port decided. "Might be able to make something of it."

Morgan leaned back in his chair and touched his finger-tips together.

"Sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid I can't do that. I've let it go so long now that it's a liability rather than the asset it used to be. I think, unless you are able to pay the entire mortgage, that I'll have to foreclose."

"I might mebby get a loan somewhere," Port suggested.

"I'm afraid not," the lawyer warned. "Your uncle tried to do that. The place just isn't worth what you'd have to borrow."

Port shifted and took a shot at the lawyer's brass cuspidor. He missed. Morgan turned a little pale.

"I'd sorta like to see the place afore I do anything," he replied.

"I'll take you out in my car," Morgan offered. "I believe a little fresh air would do me good."

They were soon speeding out toward the lake in the lawyer's automobile. Port leaned back and looked the country over with an interested eye. It was different from anything he had ever seen. There were trees all around him, and every time the car climbed a hill he could see lakes in all directions.

Morgan applied the brake and turned off on a narrow side road. After a few hundred feet, they came out on a smooth surface which stretched down toward the lake. It was grassy and here and there were trees.

"Your uncle owned all of this cleared spot here, from that grove of trees on the lake shore over there to about where we're standing here," Morgan said, waving to indicate the scope of the tract.

Port nodded silently and nailed some kind of insect uncomfortably close to Morgan's foot. The lawyer jumped and looked crossly at him.

"Whereat is that little hunk o' land what ain't mortgaged?" Port asked.

"Over by those trees I indicated," Morgan replied, pointing again.

Port noticed that it was swampy land and not as attractive as Morgan would have him believe. The territory Morgan wanted was good enough. Port wondered vaguely why the lawyer was so anxious to get possession of the land.

They wandered around the premises for a while, Port apparently enjoying himself. Morgan began to feel bored and hinted strongly that they return to town. Port finally took the hint and they drove back to Elburt.

III

Port found a hotel and rented a room. He went up, changed his clothes, and came back down to wander about the town for the remainder of the afternoon. He was in strange surroundings and he intended to make the most of it.

He found a cafe where beer was served and spat out his chew. After three glasses of beer, he decided he needed a haircut and found a barber shop.

There were two men ahead of him. He sat down and picked up the local newspaper. He scanned the headlines and saw nothing that looked particularly outstanding. He held up the paper, closed his eyes, and jabbed with a bony forefinger. Then he read that article.

He read a story about the coming social function in a club which seemed to be owned by one of the mining companies, a story on city council activities, one concerning the purchase of a truck to be used for garbage disposal, which the paper stated was getting to be quite a problem. The story also mentioned that the city was planning to buy a new garbage dumping spot. He moved on through the paper, reading of numerous local happenings until his turn came.

The barber was disposed to talk, and since Port was, by nature, loquacious, the two became friends. By the time the barber had worked around to his left ear, Port had correspondingly worked the subject around until the barber was telling him of Jasper Morgan's plans to build a tourist camp out on the late Tod Wymer's property if he could get possession of it.

Port smiled.

The barber started looking for his newspaper as Port left the shop. He searched vainly for a time, mumbling under his breath. Some of the remarks were aimed at Port, but that worthy would not have understood them anyway.

Port hunted a telephone and looked in the directory until he found a certain address. Then he called that number and talked for a few minutes. He hung up and went out on the street again, hurrying along with his ungainly stride until he came to an office building. He went in and in half an hour came out grinning. He sauntered down the street in the direction of Morgan's office.

Port paused in front of Morgan's door, gnawing at his plug. He returned the remainder of the brown slab to his pocket and went in.

"Nice day, ain't it?" he greeted the lawyer.

"Could be worse," Morgan admitted. "Deerty?"

"I reckon I have," Port said, lazily.

Morgan reassured himself that his fountain pen was in readiness.

cided what you're going to do about your prop-

"What is your decision?" he asked, a bit impatiently.

"Reckon I'll have to let you take what you got the mortgage on," Port replied.

"What about the extra little piece?" Morgan inquired.

"Figured you might want to buy it," Port drawled.

"Well, I might, just to get the matter settled up for you," Morgan agreed. "What do you think it's worth to you?"

"Waal," Port chewed thoughtfully for a moment. "Seems as if that land—I cal-late there must be an acre of it—should be wuth about twenty-five hundred dollars to me."

Morgan sat up and regarded Port with an outraged stare.

"I thought you wanted to talk business," he clipped out.

"Don't you like the business I talk?" Port inquired. "I figured you'd be more interested in big figures than in little ones."

Morgan's face pinked.

"Your price is preposterous," he sputtered. "Of course I won't pay it!"

"Figger I'm givin' you a bargain," Port warned. "Price goes up after today. Can't tell what it'll be, time you want to buy."

"I'll take a chance on wanting to buy," Morgan decided. "Let's get this other deal settled and you can keep your high-priced acre."

IV

Port sat in the hotel lobby and read the paper. He grinned as he took in the front page headline:

MORGAN TO BUILD
LAKE TOURIST PARK

He chewed and smiled as he read of how the lawyer had taken possession of the late Tod Wymer's property and was rushing on to finish building the several cabins and bath-houses, hoping to have the new park ready for the summer trade.

Days passed. Port watched trucks moving out toward the site of the new park. He went out several times and watched the carpenters work. Morgan was indeed rushing, and it looked as if he'd succeed. Port noticed an advertisement for the place in an eastern paper.

"Do you still want twenty-five hundred dollars for your acre?" Morgan had asked of him one day.

"Reckon the value of the land is increasin'," Port had replied. "What with all the buildin' boom goin' on out there, I reckon it'd orter be wuth three thousand by now."

Morgan had laughed.

Finally, the Elbert News announced the completion of work on the park, but there was another item which was more interesting to Port, and to Morgan too. Port was sitting on a bench in front of a filling station reading the item.

"Plans are under way for the purchase of a small tract of land from Port Wymer, of Marysville, Missouri, to be used as the new city dump. The land is located next to the new park erected by Jasper Morgan."

Port heard an angry cough and looked up to find the attorney standing over him.

"Did you see that item in this morning's paper?"

"About you finishin' up yer tourist park?" Port asked. "Yeah, I saw it. Bet that's a load off yer mind."

"What did you mean, then?" he asked.

Morgan seized the paper and pointed to the paragraph Port had just read. "That's what I mean!" he growled.

There was a rumble as the garbage truck passed by. It hit a bump and jarred something off, an object bounding to a stop at Morgan's feet. It was a frayed pink tooth brush. It suddenly turned brown under the lawyer's gaze.

"Looks like somebody musta mebby got 'em a new tooth brush," Port remarked.

He gazed after the truck.

"Some o' that stuff would smell right pleasant after th' sun hit fer an hour or two," he soliloquized.

"Have you completed the deal yet?"

"No."

"How much do you want for the land?"

Port thought a moment. "I reckon that land is situated about right to be plumb valuable. Yessir, I figger it's wuth about thirty-five hundred."

Morgan hesitated.

Port nailed the toothbrush again.

"Let's go up to my office," Morgan suggested.

V

The cockroach peeped out from under the foundation stone of the Marysville post office, saw his old enemy, Port, and beat a hasty retreat.

"Yessir," Port was saying to Mrs. Pike. "I jest set tight fer a couple o' weeks and sold that acre o' swampy land fer thirty-five hundred dollars."

A horse standing at the nearby hitch-rail snorted nervously as one of his front hooves turned brown.

"Yessir," Port went on, "I been kinda thinkin' o' goin' to college on that money. A ignorant feller like me might get the pants skinned off him in a business deal without a little book larnin' tuh sorta give him confidence in hisself."

Professorial Portraits III

Frederick Henry Koch

ANYONE has the ability to write one good play, if he writes about what he knows."

Behind twinkling glasses the moist eyes of Frederick H. Koch carry electric shocks of inspiration to weary school teachers, shoe salesmen, vacationing plumbers, glory-itching students, etc., who have come to drink at the well of the great, so 'tis said; his pepper and salt hair seems to rise and fall with the emotional rhythm of his words. His hands he holds at his side but his voice takes the place of the most sweeping of gestures. The school teachers sigh, the plumbers look at their gnarled hands; both realized that had such a great man touched their lives earlier, their flowering would not have been delayed.

This opiate of the masses is none other than the babe who swaddled in Covington, Kentucky. Having reached the age of understanding he amassed a respectable number of degrees, including an M.A. from Harvard, and several Litt.D.'s. As a visiting professor he went to many various universities, coming to Chapel Hill as a Kenan professor of Dramatic Literature. Everywhere he went folk-players and playmakers sprang up like toadstools. At the University of North Dakota "The Dakota Playmakers" and the "Bankside Theatre" smiled under his fingers, both exhibiting a loamy earth smell. At the University of North Carolina, however, arose the epitome of his work; here he has originated rural community drama by co-operative authorship and founded native folk-play making as well as "The Carolina Playmakers," famous for hawking and spitting all over the United States.

If you ask him about himself he will not mention his degrees or his work as an author; he will tell you that his mission in life has been to bring out the drama in the lives of ordinary people. He will tell you about all the authors and incipient authors who owe their start to him. He will tell you about undernourished and repressed persons with rheumatism who found nothing beautiful in life until he showed them the drama.

Let us go into a class on a testimonial day. Prof Koch stands in front of the breathless class. His pipe he holds in abeyance as he waits for the spirit to descend. There is an air of hush swirling through the room. Finally, peering into the depths of the auditorium he perceives there a 'fellow traveler.' She, perhaps, is a stenographer. With a far away look in her eyes, she speaks to the class.

"Before I happened to take this course under Prof I was probably like a lot of other people. I used to bite my finger-nails; I was self-conscious. Everything I did seemed stale to me and I was unhappy. And then I took this course." She lifts her head; she soars. "I don't bite my finger-nails anymore; I look people in the eye and walk with a firm step. Now I see how the simplest things, how the most ordinary occupations, have the makings of drama. I owe it all to Prof Koch." She is transported back to her seat as the class eyes grow moist. A gangling six-footer takes her place. He nervously seduces the theatre-seat in front of him as he speaks:

"Ah teach English in a cunt'ry school. The little boys wuz very bad 'til I took play-making under Prof and learnt how to show 'um how interestin' life could be. Some days now we set aroun' and make folk plays, and then we act 'em out. One little fellow who used not to wash hisself and who I knew wuz gonna turn out a criminal 'cause he used to throw spit balls at me all the time—well, he washes hisself now so he can be in the folk plays. And now he comes smilin' to school every day. Ah owe it all to Prof Koch."

Prof then stands up again and asks a student to read the first draft of his play. The student, trembling with expectancy, stands before the class and reads. "The name of my play is 'Zeke's New Drawers.' Cast of characters, Lemmel, who picks his toes as the curtain opens; Zeke, who has worn out his old drawers; Grandma Hep, who spits throughout the whole act . . ."

As a creative author, according to the files of

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

Lawrence Hooper

Commercial Missionary

CA Marketing Senior Works the Bible Belt

THE ACCEPTED definition of a missionary is one who spreads the word of God. The commercial missionary goes him one better by not only propagating the word of God but also collecting for it. His calling carries him from farm house to farm house in an attempt to convince the occupants, regardless of sect, of the benefits of having Bibles, testaments, and dictionaries in their homes. The books, incidentally, can be ordered from him, deliverable at the end of the summer.

I first became interested in this practical phase of religion last spring when a sales manager for one of the numerous Biblical publishing houses picked me up on the way to Greensboro. He managed to drive the car, show me the books, and fill me with pep talk simultaneously. By the time we arrived I had signed a contract, ordered my sample case, and was ready to take the road with the world's best seller.

LAWRENCE HOOPER, *senior in Marketing, put class-room theory to the test this summer by selling books from door to door in the isolated mountain settlements of West Virginia. He recounts here the varied experiences he incurred.*

The first requirement was that I go to Nashville for a short course in salesmanship soon after school closed in June. There I was welcomed with open arms, and together with eight hundred other college boys from all over the South, I began the intensive training. The short, thorough course on how to sell Bibles and other religious and educational books was no snap. For a whole week, working twelve hours a day, we had to memorize a sales talk for each of eleven books plus the answers to any and all objections a customer might offer.

As I had arrived somewhat late, there were only a few territories available, and these were located deep in the West Virginia hills. A flip of a coin sealed my fate, and I picked Smithsboro as headquarters. When my partner and I arrived by thumb we found a cold reception awaiting us in the tough little oil and gas town. "You fellers couldn't sell a Bible in these parts if you was to give 'em away," they told us. Still under the inspiration of the training course, we glanced hurriedly over *How to Answer Objections* and parted company, each of us striking off on foot up different dirt roads. I started off with exactly eighty-five cents in my pocket, not knowing a soul within three hundred miles except my partner and the name of my first sales prospect two miles ahead.

The first week was spent in putting instruction into practical operation, during the course of which I sold a few books. Coming into Smithsboro late Saturday night I was surprised to find my partner gone and a new fellow named Izzy soaking in the bathtub memorizing sales talks. It turned out that after working two days and selling nothing, my old partner had become discouraged and headed home.

II

To put it mildly we worked like hell for the next nine weeks. I traveled by myself as far from the main highway as possible, averaging from five to eight miles daily over rough mountain roads. Most of the people were glad to stop and talk to me as few salesmen ever bother to get that far back in the hills. The different types of people I met and the conversations we've carried on varied considerably. I've had most interesting talks with religious fanatics, a horse trader who cursed this horseless age, a ninety-nine year old Civil War veteran, and a thirteen-year-old bride.

Each evening as it began to get dark I'd begin to look for a place to spend the night. Farms were the mainstay, but before the summer was out I had put up at a home for the aged, a construction camp, barns, and even hotels. My living expenses for the summer were approximately forty dollars. If a customer didn't invite me to spend the night, I would begin to hint around. Small deductions from the books they bought furnished an added incentive.

Keeping the same clothes clean and presentable for six days was a tough job. One item in our favor was that our prospects were none too presentable themselves. A can of Mum and a tooth-

brush were all the toilet articles carried. Shaving utensils were borrowed from the farmer. And one of the few luxuries the weekends afforded was a good soaking in a bath tub for an hour of so.

Each week was spent in looking forward to the weekends when I came out of the hills to get my mail and see Brother Izzy. At the sight of each other we would drop our sample cases and rush forward, shouting greetings. Artificial smiles and sales talks were discarded while we discussed our sales and experiences for the next few hours.

One of the chief points our training course had stressed as being conducive to the sale of Bibles was church attendance, so each Sunday found us in the front pew of one of the local churches. Brother Izzy taught Sunday School with me as star pupil, the questions and answers having been previously arranged. When the preacher was absent one weekend Izzy was invited to deliver the sermon. He rose to the occasion and gave what, had the congregation been able to comprehend it, would have been considered the most radical sermon ever heard in Smithsboro. By the end of the summer we had built up quite a pious reputation which we cashed in on by selling a goodly number of Bibles, including a large one to the church.

The number of obscure religious cults still abounding in the hills is astounding. Judge Rutherford and his no-hell doctrine have gained many hopeful converts. Some of the other sects with large followings that I ran across include the Church of the Brethren (Dunkards), the Church of Christ, the United Brethren, and the Holiness Church. The Dunkards and the Church of Christ have their own unique way of expressing man's humility. At their Love Feasts, the members of the congregation take turns at washing each others feet, then, seated on the floor, they partake of bread and wine.

I spent one night at the home of a Holiness preacher who was conducting a revival meeting that evening. Ever so often during the course of the proceedings, the converts jumped up and confessed their sins to the shrieks and wails of the congregation. Twice they attempted to get me up but I decided that it would be much better for all persons concerned if I waited a few years until I accumulated a maximum number of sins and then made a clean breast of the whole business.

We would capitalize on these popular revivals by following a day or so behind them and getting orders while the people were still stirred up. Our only trouble was that when we came to deliver, another revival was needed to stir them up to pay for their books.

III

Living conditions in the section of West Virginia in which I worked are pretty terrible, but the people seem to be able to pull through somehow. The influence of the W.P.A. is everywhere. Each farmhouse and shanty boasts a privy constructed by them, sometimes so much in contrast to the home that it made one wonder why the people didn't move into them instead of remaining in their crude hovels.

Educational facilities are only a little better. In one large county that I worked there is only one high school and that so overcrowded that it is condemned. Some of the students came from as far as thirty miles away, leaving home before dawn and returning after dark. A majority of them dropped out of school before graduation. I sold quite a number of books to people who couldn't read, much less sign their names to the contract, but said they liked to have them on the parlor table.

There are oil derricks on almost every hill but very few are operating at present. So most of the people farm. The rate of pay for a married farm laborer is a dollar for a ten hour day. Free gas from wells drilled in the front yard saves them from paying for heat in winter, but how they manage to make ends meet and still buy books is beyond me. Their food consists mainly of beans and biscuits but that combination can taste mighty good after trudging over the hills all day.

Their musical tastes are very much on the corny side. Many's the time I've had to sit and listen to a gramaphone grind out "Red River Valley," or the like. Once a farmer entertained me with a lengthy fiddle concert. Returning to deliver the book he had ordered I was "treated" to an encore.

Early marriages, especially for the girls, is an accepted custom. If a girl isn't married by the time she is seventeen she is practically considered an old maid. One exception was a beautiful wild flower living at an isolated oil pumping station where I spent the night. An hour after retiring I heard her father come softly down the hall, lock my door, and stealthily retreat. It was open in the morning.

My ability to honestly admire children has been lost for the time being. Nearly every house contained children and my first objective was to flatter their parents. If the child was in school I'd always

ask the grade he was in and then exclaim at his smartness for his age. If it was a baby it would either look just like his mother or dad or be downright cute. With the in-betweens one had to play with them or chase them out of the room before getting down to business. Even when they tore pages out of my sample book, I'd manage to laugh somehow and tell the parents that it didn't matter when I felt like crowning the brat over the head with my sample case.

Dogs trouble many salesmen but strangely enough I have no fear of them any more. One day as I was entering a farmyard two dogs came roaring out at me. I protected one side of me with my case as per company instructions but the other side suffered somewhat. The farmer was so distressed that he ordered a large Family Bible. Ever since I've looked forward to getting bit again in the hope of getting an unexpected order.

No one really knows what disappointment, downheartedness, and failure really mean until he enters this business. Any fellow who can remain optimistic after trudging all day over hot dusty roads, talking to unsympathetic farmers, not selling a single book, and still believe in the law of averages has a nook all for himself in anybody's hall of fame. I put forth no claim to such a distinction since I had two such days and each time I was tempted to check for home.

IV

If we thought getting orders was hard, delivering and collecting for them eludes description. After a week of it both of us were nervous wrecks. Izzy blew up in front of a stubborn old preacher. Another time he and I almost came to blows over an insignificant matter, and as a climax we both were threatened with eviction by our landlady for causing her to have a nervous breakdown.

We made our deliveries in an old Model A Ford which a grateful customer lent to us. The horrible roads we had to traverse would rip out the brake rods so often that we gave up keeping them repaired and shifted to a stop. The narrow escapes we had the times we got stuck defy calculation. The car averaged a gallon of second hand oil for every ten gallons of gas.

The lies people gave for not accepting their orders were astounding. No work, death, sickness, and forgetfulness were the standbys. To combat these excuses we had to do something drastic. We finally hit upon the plan of having the "general manager" in the form of Izzy on my orders and myself on his follow along and encourage them to "pay or else serious difficulties would result therefrom." Our enthusiasm over this method was somewhat cooled when one irate old fellow chased us out with a double-barrelled shotgun. Brother Izzy raised havoc with his orders by posing as a young preacher. Although paying out practically nothing for expenses he suffered severely on cancellations.

By September I was so anxious to get out of West Virginia and back to the relatively easy college life that I didn't even bother to try to collect some bad checks I had accumulated.

Anyone with the unmitigated gall essential to the life of a commercial missionary and the ability to work every weekday from dawn to dusk can assure himself a fair profit, a lot of valuable experience, and a chance to acquire a deep insight into human nature.

Inconstancy

You are like the black, mist combing shadows
of this world;
Too vague to wear, as certain smiles are worn,
too quiet to descry
The quality that builds my love of you
from dreams;
Elusive as the fickle shadowed space
grown high,
With sun speed while the day wans on;
As strong
And like those wavering tree-casts
On the lawn
Which mark a day in black
And then are gone.

—Stephen Waff.

Prayer

Let life be to me,
Dear God,
The golden sob of a violin
Playing to the heart of silence—
A wing of moonlight
Gleaming on the mirror of pale dreams,
A thing so beautiful and rhythmical
That I may follow gracefully the dance of hours,
And in the perfumed mist of morning
Quit the great ballroom of time
For lasting restfulness.

—Caroline Crum.

Bettie Harwood

Well, And So What?

I'D THOUGHT I was in love so many times before that this time I just didn't bother. I said to myself this'll be like all the others, you'll think you're madly in love for a while, then the power of suggestion will work in him, too, then the whole thing'll wear off and where'll you be. Either somebody gets hurt or its awfully embarrassing.

This particular entanglement got started at home during the holidays. He—his name was Black, short for Blackstone, I think—was visiting his roommate at Thanksgiving. Bill, the roommate, used to walk me to school when we were in the first grade, and things like that—in fact, that's another story. Anyway, since we all three went to Bailey U we naturally got together.

We asked BETTIE HARWARD *to try a short story treating love lyrically from the woman's point of view, and she did, making a very creditable job of it. She protests that the story has no foundation in actual experience.*

Black was one of those guys you see around the campus, not impressive, just the ordinary run-of-the-mill college boy. But—there's something about a vacation, or maybe there aren't as many boys at home as there are at Bailey.

We went out to the club house Thanksgiving afternoon where the usual bunch was swarming around the fire. I was being very bored and tried to organize a golf game, but everybody was waiting for a ping-pong table and besides they said it was too cold. So I decided to knock a few holes by myself. I was walking over to the locker room when Black caught up with me.

"Listen, Lydia," he said, "Let's you don't play golf and go to ride with me. I've been here twenty-four hours and all I know about the place is that there's a road between Bill's house and the club."

I thought to myself, young man, around these parts we don't pitch in the broad open daylight. But I figured he'd find that out.

So presently I was sparkling and scintillating about the same old places I'd been looking at for the last eighteen years. You always do that for a stranger. Black wanted to see the brick kilns; so we took the short road, even if it was bumpy. We must have been riding for quite a while because just as we were coming over a ridge we saw the beginning of the sunset. Black stopped the car.

"Let's get out and watch it go down." He looked down at me and his expression didn't change. I breathed a sigh of relief but I was wondering.

There was an abandoned house on the side of the road. We wordlessly walked over to it and climbed the steps. The front porch had long since caved in so we stood on the top step and just looked at the sun. I could hardly help glancing up to Black, after all, I'd never really seen him. He was amazing—there was nothing of youth in his face, nothing of age. But a timelessness that only morons and prophets are gifted with. There was beauty there, the beauty of sand statues and the beauty of chisled marble. I don't know whether you get what I mean or not. It's a little startling to stumble upon a person who has seemed so much like other people and have him suddenly develop into a pulsating personality standing beside you. But maybe I was just in love again.

I shivered quite unintentionally. Black put his arm around me.

"D'you see that sunset," he said, "We're so used to it that it's trite. But it's still beautiful. And it's a good starting point to talk from. Sometimes it's a successful setting, like tonight, and other times the sun goes behind clouds and we never know it has gone down till it gets dark."

He paused a minute—and I realized that I wasn't there.

"I guess men are like that. Successful men are pretty trite in this day and the rest of them stay behind some clouds. I shall be a very successful man, Lydia."

Well, I thought, and so what. He was beginning to look like an ordinary person, again.

"And," he went on, "I shall marry you. What do you think of that."

"I think you're very arrogant," I replied. "And I also think that I am very cold. So don't you think we'd better be going back?"

He took my hand and we ran down the steps back to the car. "I'm sorry I told you that so soon," he said as he was shutting my door, "but it's just as well that you should know."

During the rest of the holiday we were together most of the time. Black returned to normal and made no more startling statements. He occasion-

ally mentioned the things we would do when we got back to school and I thought How nice, but made no commitments.

Bill and Black and I went back to Bailey together in Bill's car. We didn't get back till late Sunday night. When we pulled in front of my dorm Black said, "What time can I see you tomorrow afternoon?" I told him. Afternoon dates might be common, but they're flattering.

When we got out of the car Bill pulled me over to one side while Black was unlocking the trunk. "Listen here, Lydia, I've got no claims on you, but I'm telling you this because I've known you all my life. Black's a good fellow and he's my room mate, but don't get tangled up with him."

"Don't you worry, Billy," I retaliated, "I just think he'll be nice to play around with."

"Just so you keep it on a playing basis," Bill muttered.

I remembered the afternoon of the sunset and laughed to myself. If it was a line it was a good one, but Black had sounded—well, one couldn't sound serious about a thing like that. Still it promised to be fun.

The afternoon date slid gently into an evening date and presently it was 10:30. I don't know what we did, or where we went, but it was beginning to reach the wonderful stage. Black kissed me good night, but when he drew away he wasn't looking at me and I knew I wasn't there again.

I saw him everyday during the two weeks before Christmas holidays. Sometime during those afternoons and nights he began injecting "when we're married." I played up. When you get deep into the wonderful, you begin to feel that way, too.

We had a lot of fun, we both liked the same things more or less—beer and Beethoven, Eliot and Grant Wood—not all together, of course, but you get the idea. We didn't like all the same things—you've got to have some points of disagreement so that one or the other can give in, in order to have a satisfactory relationship. But even so, he was faintly beginning to wear. I'd find myself thinking damn it, Lydia, you're being a fool. Seeing this guy all the time and lowering your grades. What's the point, what are you getting out of it? But then he'd be talking to the universe, looking at mankind, and I'd be gone from his mind, and I couldn't stand it. It was too much of a challenge. The wonderful was gone, but I was still fond of Black. Nevertheless, I was glad when the holidays came.

At home I was pretty miserable. I regretted having even thought I was tired of Black. The local talent heard the sequel to Thanksgiving vacation from Bill and they kidded me unmercifully, but I just let them titter. Just frankly I didn't want to commit myself.

Not one letter did Black write, no Christmas present, not even a card. I wasn't mad, you don't get mad about things like that anymore; I was puzzled more than I was hurt. Then the day before we were to go back to Bailey I got a little package from him and a letter. Bill was there and he opened the package while I opened the letter. I'll never know why I didn't faint. It was his mother's ring which I was to have because it had gone to the oldest son's wife for four generations. I began to get scared. Bill was kind enough not to say I told you so.

He did say gruffly, "Let that be a lesson to you, young lady, don't put too big a hook on your line, you might catch something."

But Bill was no help after the holidays. I liked Black but I wasn't afflicted with undue palpitations when he was with me. He was with me too damned much.

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Candies

You surmise, of course, that I was still playing. Black wasn't, but I was sure that he only thought he was serious.

Black didn't even study for semester exams and most of what I did was in the reading room when he was sitting opposite me. We had an exam together on the last day. It was a warm day for February, I remember, because I had on only a light jacket. We were running down the steps, being silly because exams were over, when suddenly Black looked up and yelled, "Father!"

My spirits fell. They took up pickaxes and be-

gan digging in at the bottom. I didn't mind meeting his father, but of course he knew we were supposed to be engaged. I'd never even thought the word before.

Black's father was much better looking than Black. I was crazy about him instantly and felt warmer toward Black when his father said, "Yes, he's got all his mother's good points and all his father's good points, but his bad points are his own."

We walked toward the post office, good fellows already, small talking. Black's father slipped his arm through mine and said very quietly, "We're very happy that you're the lucky girl, Lydia." He beamed at Black. "And when are you getting married?"

This had gone on long enough. I was going to stop it then and there. Something inside was saying, you've carried it pretty far, haven't you? And then I looked at Black. I realized that his father was looking at me. The you was plural!

Well, Lydia, you may have to leave Bailey and some people are going to dislike you an awful lot, but it had to be done. Dear Black, his timeless face staring at the sun, dear egotistical Black, so fond of himself, so easily hurt.

"Why, tomorrow, maybe," it was me, my words, my voice.

Maybe you do marry people to get rid of them, maybe you fall in love with them then, maybe—but tomorrow's the day and I hope I wake up with pneumonia.

The Union's Inspiration

(*Continued from page five*)

times voice startling viewpoints on the newly organized industrial unions in the four major factories—Liggett and Myers, American Tobacco, Erwin Mills and Golden Belt.

Said one of them: "Here is what I think about the organization of industrial workers. We craft workers—I'm a plumber myself—have worked long and hard to get our wages up to where they are today. (About $1.25 an hour.) And now along comes the C.I.O. and organizes the industrial workers. What does that mean? Why it means that as soon as his wages are forced up, prices will go up and we will have to start our fight all over again because our purchasing power will be cut. Organization of industrial workers means a cut in wages for us."

This selfish and unsound line of thinking, is, needless to say, not held by the majority of craftsmen in Durham, though the feeling is undoubtedly there among a small minority.

I have purposely not identified any of the unions described above with either the C.I.O. or the A.F.L. because I feel that the labor movement stands or falls, not so much by its national or international office, as by the local men who make up the local organizations. In Durham of course there are both C.I.O. and A.F.L. unions. The tobacco workers are all A.F.L. and, naturally, the crafts belong to Green's outfit; while the textile and hosiery workers are C.I.O.

The real tragedy of the national split in labor is I believe most plainly to be seen in the needless antagonisms foisted on local unions. American and Liggett and Myers workers are industrially organized and have therefore no points of difference with similarly organized textile workers. And indeed, there is a firm foundation for city-wide unity to be found in the fact that relatives of tobacco workers reap benefits under C.I.O. contracts in Golden Belt or Erwin.

Durham unions get around the problem largely by ignoring it. A.F.L. leaders try to keep C.I.O. haters off their meeting floors—have even from time to time forbidden the floor to certain rather apoplectic gentlemen from the A.F.L. staff—but the opportunity to make of Durham a real labor town is largely unexplored.

Forbes, the national business magazine, evaluating various cities in the South according to their business activity, singled Durham out as one of the three best places in which to sell merchandise. I believe that there is a direct connection between this statement and the fact that, in Durham, wages are, on the average, higher than in any other North Carolina town. And they are higher because of union activities.

This, concretely, is what John L. Lewis meant when he said that unions could contribute to the social welfare of the region. They can and have in Durham—and whenever the West Durham organization gets strong enough to negotiate a satisfactory contract with K. P. Lewis there will be a few thousand more dollars a week to be spent in Durham for food, clothing and shelter, instead of leaving the South for the pocket of some Northern share-holder.

For that's how the union can be constructive and socially important in the development of the community and the South.

Adrian Spies

I Got Dreams, Ben

THE PISTON sputter of locomotives was a throb in the yawn of early Saturday at the train station. Somewhere out on the tracks there were a few lanterns wobbling around the blackness of the Chicago express. Ben heard the calls of mechanics and greasers raised above the hissing. Their voices were almost burned out in the eight o'clock fog-shade like their lanterns. The smell of stale smoke made him cough, and Ben wished to Hell he had stayed in bed instead of coming down to help Orin see Martha off to Chicago. Two years ago the three of them had sat in this same station and Ben had talked big about writing a story of its sooty transient lives. But of course he never had. Now he wanted his eyes to miss the dingy scene. So he lit a cigarette and looked away.

In the lunchroom the man behind the counter was making a cup of coffee for himself. He was greasy dark in a lumpy way that was heavy in the whiteness of the shop. He was all alone, and grinning as he licked the coffee taste from a spoon and scratched the black jungle mass under his white fountain cap.

When the man picked up the Morning Sentinel Ben wondered if he was reading that front page story he had written last night. Ben liked to droop his ego by picking out some one indifferently reading something of his that had been written for impersonal thousands. It made everything matter of fact in a three penny way. But even in the apathy of morning fog Ben knew that the story, the one about the walk-out at Magnolia, had been good stuff. Charlie, the night editor, had read the lead twice and looked up at Ben with his superior grin. He said since when are strikes such news you got to write them like a college crusader? But Magnolia Furniture never advertised anyway, and ten thousand strikers looked big in a headline, and he had run the story on the bottom of page one. That night editor had a pimple on his big nose that Ben was going to squeeze some day. But not now, when he was only two years out of college and lucky to have a job. And learning how to keep his mouth shut.

ADRIAN SPIES, *English major and Daily Tar Heel columnist, is rounding out his third year of membership on the* MAGAZINE *staff. At present, his chief ambition is to become a drama critic for one of the big metropoliton dailies.*

He looked at the old station clock to see that Orin and Martha were late already. It was funny to realize that they would be on schedule for the first time in their lives when Martha went with the eight-twenty-three to Chicago. Maybe the train's punctuality would be a cure for Martha. A lesson, perhaps, in the piston power of regularity. But Ben knew that she wouldn't even know about the time. Martha would be looking out of her window—with the dull blond of her hair waving crazy enthusiasm all over the glass—and maybe seeing a junk yard in the delicate wonder of her eyes. Memorizing something fantastic to whisper about later to Orin. Something like the sparkle of the new sun on the shear of a wrecked tin lizzie. Orin would listen, later, and kiss her quickly in quiet passionlessness. Then they would close their torn curtains and gently guide each other to the bed. In the soothings of too-pale skin they would both forget about the unpretty tin lizzie reality. But their sheets would be very clean. Almost virgin clean.

Ben went into the lunchroom to wait for them. Knowing that they had forgotten breakfast, and hoping that Orin would remember Martha's bags, he told the man to get a couple portions of eggs ready. The other was still reading Ben's story. A tough finger still red from hot dish water was moving slowly down the middle—where Ben had managed to camouflage a little and write like he wanted to. "The history of Magnolia Furniture has been replete with labor disorder, and the case has become the usual muddle which is often the result of refusing to grant labor more than a company union. There are indications that the Magnolia workers are dissatisfied with James Granoff, their representative, who has been unsuccessful in the past in arbitrations with company directors."

The man was finished now. He belched effortlessly and with a gutteral pleasure. "You say you want some eggs?" Ben knew that the man was lonely and trying to start a conversation. But he was still sleepy.

"Yeah. Eggs. A couple of orders."

"How you like them?"

"Well I like them scrambled. So make them that way. And I'd like them right away."

"You must need them bad. You ain't by any chance been across the street at Pauline's for the night? That new Polack from Deluth will do it to you."

"No. I've got some friends. The eggs are for them. Honest."

"Say, you're kinda lucky. Being able to get what you like and having some friends. You must belong. . . . Don't mind my crack about Pauline. I figure anyone comes in here is regular, or else he'd be looking polite over at the Sir Francis. Only you'd be surprised about Pauline. She's the best friend I got. And I don't mean me and the British navy either."

Ben liked this man and his simple offer of friendship. And nothing is incongruous in a station in the morning. "Say, I know what you mean —about friends. I feel that way about mine. They're loyal as can be . . . these people I'm waiting for."

But this seemed to trouble the other. His smile slithered into a greasy frown. "Well Pauline ain't so hundred percent loyal. Her business ain't run on love. She changes off between me and a grafting son of a bitch named Jim Granoff. Only I try and forget about it."

All of a sudden Ben was pulling himself out of the lazy friendly talk. Only all of it was inside. He told the other to get the eggs and pretended to read the Sentinel. But now he wasn't haunted by the mist magic of the station, and he even forgot to feel sorry for Orin and Martha. For Magnolia was only a few blocks away. It must have been the same James Granoff who was the big bully head of that company union. Ben had always distrusted his loud bulk and suspected him of being a company stooge. He knew that if he found out it would be a wonderful story. Not just something flashy with a by-line. He had that before. But a story that would let him help those poor slobs down at the factory. It was that noble thing a campus crusader dreams about over his weekly copy desk, and the service that Ben needed so badly for the worn shine on the back seat of his ideals. Only he didn't know, and would have to come back for some more scrambled eggs. So he sat quiet and cooled his coffee with more cigarette smoke. And, as the boys say, it was all in a day.

Then, through the window haze, Ben saw Orin and Martha. They were walking slowly. Close together in that almost chaste intimacy that spun a silver nothingness forever around them. A redcap came up to take the bags without even asking. People always did that to Orin. Though he would smile in his bewilderment and strain till his face was even whiter.

And they saw him in the lunchroom and waved. This poor Orin and his woman Martha. As they waved a few years ago on the college campus, when the three of them took Art Appreciation together and talked of world reform in comfortable chairs. Even then the two of them had been like a pair of puppies that were gentle in error and tumbling down with wonder in forever young eyes. They held hands in the quivering summer and married to warm each other's dreams in the winter. And Ben had gotten tight at their wedding and marched off with his typewriter to get a job.

You still have to work for a living, Orin. . . . Yes, Ben, I know. Oh I want to create. I don't know what, maybe painting, maybe music, or poetry. Something fine for the oppressed people of the world. I will, Ben. Somehow I will. . . . I hope so, Orin. But don't sit and dream all day. It gives a guy bats in the belfry at the age when he needs ants in his pants. . . . You're crude, Ben, but have a drink. To us. To beauty. . . . Thank you, Martha my dear. I'll drink to you, and beauty, because it's you. And you're always welcome to my paycheck. You'll need it. . . . So long Ben.

Thus they drank fine wines until their money was gone. Then they came—hand in hand and forgetting their baggage checks—to Ben's city. Orin had followed Ben around and looked for work. People stumbled over his slow walk and shoved him into harmless corners, where he peeped out to love the strength of their shoves. At nights the two of the msat in his room to read poems in little books that no one ever heard of. Ben would writhe low in a chair watching the two dull gold doll heads together in a lugubrious and futile dance. A few days ago Martha had heard of a teaching job outside of Chicago. Ben had bought her ticket and gotten Orin drunk two nights in a row.

But now all of them were sober as they sat down next to Ben at the counter. He mumbled he was glad they hadn't starved on the way over. Orin only smiled a puny and worn beauty and held Martha's hand. She took up the salt-cellar

to sprinkle her husband's eggs carefully. Then he fought a sob and did the same for her. Ben swore again to himself and wished that the man would kiss her once with all the slobber of desire. But Orin only nuzzled her shoulder and said he wasn't hungry.

That gross tin voice was booming through the station and they were hurrying Martha down to the coaches. She stood looking back at them as the train began to groan away. Her hands and nose were plaintive on the glass. Orin only whimpered in his eyes as the Chicago train left. And it was exactly eight-twenty-three.

II

Next day, Ben had some free hours in the morning. He wanted to return to the station for another talk with the man who thought Jim Granoff was a grafting son of a bitch. Orin walked into the room with his timid good morning smile as Ben was biting his lip and hating himself for the inocuous second day strike story he had written. The night editor had called him little boy blue and smirked. Now Orin was reading the article and saying that Ben had sold out the decent opinions of his college days. "You were going to be a great crusader and I believed you. Now you're a liar like the rest of them. I'm not making any money, but I'm still honest."

You didn't get angry with people like Orin. You only got lonely once in a while. Ben got dressed and took him out to breakfast.

Afterwards, Orin said he wanted to take a drive out to the suburbs. He was so much like a good little boy asking for pennies that Ben said he needed some air anyway and drove his old roadster out to the lovely half-country of residential parks. Orin spoke with that piquant smile. "My mother told me a long time ago of an afternoon when she and her brother took a walk someplace out here. They came to a street. It must have been wonderful from the way she talked. There were old trees on either side and they made a long green tunnel. I got sort of kicked around in department stores yesterday looking for a job. I thought I'd like to find that street today. Make a left, Ben. I feel like it's to the left." So they rode slowly through neat white streets sprawlingly softened by old trees. Orin would laugh in excitement for a moment and lift his face to the smell of dying leaves. But none of the streets were Orin's kid picture.

Finally, they parked on a quiet road called Edgecrest Avenue. It was almost as safe as a college campus. Orin sat on the runningboard to chew grass. The smell of it was very decent, and Ben was soothed by its pungence as he lay still and thought of Mr. James Granoff. A gardener came by, carrying a spade before him on a bicycle. Ben wished that the man would tumble, so that his friend could run to help him. But the gardener only sang to himself and rode over a little hill.

They left the little streets and drove back to the city. Ben played his radio loud so he wouldn't hear the other speak of the street they hadn't found. "My mother never forgot. Neither did her brother. We're funny people I guess. Only we never hurt a soul." Ben coughed away his hoarseness and beat his foot savagely to the jazz as the little car sped into the congestion of homely streets.

He left Orin off near the city hall, where he was going to wander around, frightened beneath that kind smile, and inquire about the Federal Writers' Project. "It's a great thing, Ben. The state gives an artist freedom to create. Like in the old days in England." Orin bumped into a boy carrying groceries and didn't even hear the curses yelped after him. A lonely middle aged

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women in the crowd saw him and wished she had the nerve to pull him to her breasts and take him back to her room and knit socks for him. Like a man carrying flowers to the queen in a golden basket on his head, Orin walked up the long grey stairway to the kindness of the W.P.A. Up the steps to a room filled with men sitting humble and clumsily trying to rub the lack-lustre out of their eyes.

I've got dreams, Ben . . . maybe a book on factory workers, in poetry . . . it was a song I heard once when I was a kid; la la de da; oh so very sweet. . . . Martha, I don't want my wife to work. . . . Ben, our kids will love beauty. . .— Name: Orin Taylor. Last Employment: None. Occupation: Uh-Uh-Writer.

III

Ben was sitting in the station lunchroom trying to eat his third sandwich. But now he knew that the man's name was Louie.

It had been easy for him to guide Louie's unsophistications to talk of Pauline's. Now the man's fleshy drabness was moving in agitation as he spoke of last night, when he had met Granoff there. "I was just visiting, you know what I mean. But in he came with a few of them mugs that he uses to keep the workers down at Magnolia inside that lousy company union they got. You'd think he was Hitler. He's drunk and flashing a lot of dough in Pauline's face. Pauline makes a grab for it and he laughs at me and calls me a stinking Greek. Well he can have her, Buddy. I don't need a woman so bad I got to get money for her that way."

Ben rolled a penny along the counter and asked Louie what he meant.

"There was a couple of my buddies along. So you know I ain't just talking like one of them soap-box guys. One of them was only fired from Magnolia last week. He hates Granoff too. Buddy just listen to this. Sometimes I think them soap-box guys ain't so nuts after all." Then he told the story. And it was what Ben had been waiting for. Granoff, drunk and staggering with punyness suddenly big, had boasted how he had sold out his workers to company officials. How his thugs provided by the front office had bullied the men to obedience while he sat inside and was "good Mr. Granoff" and took a bribe to end the strike. And how he had been doing this for years. "You should have seen the face on Mike, the guy that got fired. Yeah, Granoff can have Pauline. No money's worth a look in the face like he got. . . . Have some more coffee, Buddy.

Ben said no thank you, and asked where he could find this guy Mike. That maybe he could help him out.

"3980 Mountain Street. Lower left. He's a red head. I hope it's legal what you got for him. Mike's pretty straight. Well so long, Buddy. And stay away from them blonds—ha ha ha."

Mike was sitting on his tenament steps when Ben walked up. He was a big man looking uncomfortable in the daytime sitting among the women and children of men off at work. Ben talked quickly, telling him the truth and explaining how Mike's story would help the fellows at the factory. He stood up finally and walked inside. Then the red headed man came out buttoning up his leather working coat and saying he was ready. On the way over to Ben's room the man talked, in the brooding directness of honest bitterness, of his own misfortune. Mike said that Granoff had caught him one lunchtime trying to organize a better union. An hour later they had paid him off in big fists still smeared with machine grease warned him to never come back.

He sat on Ben's cot and at the typewriter Ben wrote down his words as the man wearily and sadly pushed them out. As if each was a pain in a confused perception of a great shame.—So then Granoff called a meeting, that was last year still, and said we better go back to work quiet fellows. Two Polacks was beat up one night when they tried to hold a meeting and talk up the C.I.O. . . . We trusted Granoff and struck when he said so. . . . We never had nothing and couldn't open our mouths. . . . Some of the men are scared, but most of them are fooled by them turkey baskets we get at Christmas. Maybe seeing it in the paper will open their eyes.—There was no sense in correcting Mike's grammar.

For the courageous moment, in the clicking irresistibility of his typewriter, in the wondrous strength of two men exposing a lie together, Ben felt the Israfel music of great destiny. The power of people combining caused hot gulfs of proud wildness that erupted in incoherent shouts over the paper. It was Ben speaking now. Ben way up in the exalted valhalla of decent service known best by college crusaders.

The man was finished. They both sat sucking on their cigarettes and almost embarrassed by the power of that small sheaf of thin yellow papers. "This is sensational," said Ben. "It's the McCoy," said Mike the red headed worker.

They stayed to take a drink together. Then, as if suddenly the room was all coldness, Ben be-

gan to feel a fear for what he had done. There was no use kidding himself. Magnolia was almost the largest employer in the city. The directors didn't mind regular strike stories but this would get them wild, and they had power and influences that reached even the front office of the Sentinel. Mike was still excited and patting Ben's back and muttering to himself. But Ben wanted to fall on the cot and hide his weakness deep under the covers. For they would print this story —and a more complete one by himself of course —if he brought it in. They would probably even grumble a sort of praise. But then there would be a few phone calls from advertisers, and maybe the city editor would curse and shake his head. And Ben would be fired "with satisfactory recommendations."

He couldn't take the risk. Then he'd be a dreamer liberal without a job like poor Orin. The thoughts were like little monkeys grinning at the inward curses that groaned through the tooold viscera of a college crusader.

He turned to Mike in explanation and couldn't meet the surprise in his eyes. "So just take it up yourself and say it was all your own idea and you wrote it. They'll print it all right. Maybe they'll even give you ten cents an inch."

Ben wondered how he knew that the man was thinking about those greasy fists back at the factory. "Sure. Sure I'll bring it up . . . you're o.k. kid. It ain't near as good as it'd be with you writing the whole story up big. But maybe it'll help a little. I don't mind trying." And Mike the red-headed worker was kind enough to take Ben's hand into the tired bigness of his own. Then he left.

And Ben fell down humble on the cot and rubbed his cheek along the sheet. Afterwards he sat tense and listened to a record that Martha had given him. He kicked the typewriter over. Then Ben combed his hair and ambled out to cover his beat and say so what to the boys. He said so what all day.

IV

It was a week later now, at night, as the train station waited for the Chicago run to come home. Orin leaned on the lunchroom counter to tell Ben of his Writer's Project work. He still talked in quiet corner hushes. "It's a guide book. The history of the parks and monuments in this State. Oh I know it's not great art. But there are a few dollars a month now, and my name in print—along with twenty others. And I still have my ideals. Remember Ben? Somehow I'll break through and write something great. I feel it crying for air within me. Only an artist has to take his time." There was the same credulous faith in his eyes. Only now he carried a cardboard portfolio filled with nonsense. Ben sighed for both of them and winked at Louie. But Louie had read the Sentinel, and knew he had been pumped. He hadn't even said hello Buddy when Ben came in. So they all sat quietly in the sadness of an evening coughing of tired smoke and listened to the train grind in exactly on schedule. And now it was the old night.

The walk back to the coaches was a long one. They knew that Martha hadn't a job—"so they said I wasn't really prepared to teach, but they liked me and had me out to dinner. They have some old china that you would love, Orin dear. . . ."—and they did not feel like running. She came down the steps in bird-like excitement, running to Orin with a laugh. Orin quickly kissed a stray wave in her hair. The red-cap with Martha's bags almost knocked them over. Orin called him sir.

They got Martha some coffee at Louie's and listened to her. "I saw a man sitting at a station. He was laughing. Right there in a dirty little town station he was laughing. He was a worker. I wish you could have seen him." Orin sounded almost bitter as he said that Ben wouldn't know about workers, that he had let the greatest story of the year slip by him at Magnolia. "Some man, Mike something, handed it in. But it's done some good, Martha. They're getting a real union now. Maybe they will be able to laugh too." And Martha was very glad in the quiet crystal passion of her eyes.

Later, after he had sat still and loved them and visited his dreamy lost yesterday, Ben stood up and tried to laugh. He said he had a poem.

"I'd love to stay but a man must work
Cause they don't pay off on a college jerk."

They were all laughing as Ben paid the bill. He winked to Louie on his way out. And Louie, who suddenly understood and was a kind man, was filled with a sadness for all of them as he solemnly winked back.

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Of the Making of Books There Is no End

—The Campus Looks at Current Literature—

ON THE DECLINE

THE STATE OF MUSIC. Virgil Thomson. New York: William Morrow & Co., 1939. 254 pp. $2.50.

A witty and invigorating iconoclast has here presented us with a witty and exciting book. Mr. Thomson is a musician, and although he addresses a lay audience, he does not write down to it, so the musical cult will also get a great deal from the book. But, it will annoy them very much. Nor does he stop by treading on the toes of the musical: he writes about painters, poets, lawyers, society, motion pictures, anything bearing on the subject, and howls should be heard from those quarters also. For all his laying about on a subject with which he is intimately acquainted, he maintains an informally impersonal tone; indeed, he only once stoops to personal invective, when he attacks Harvard and the Boulanger circle at Paris for failing to appreciate his opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts* (for which Gertrude Stein wrote the words). But this is the only blemish in his attack. He moves along with a punch in every sentence, and his vicaciousness should carry the reader away, even if his statements don't. In form, the book is a series of essays, with digressions, often wonderfully informative, around his theme.

He opens lightly, almost flippantly, by describing the various consumer groups that surround the musician. Turning to the painters, he describes their idiosyncrasies, and decides that he likes the breed that herd together at Paris (where he lives most of the time). Still continuing on the neighbors, he finds that the poets are prehistoric survivals who have no excuse for existing, because everything they used to sing is now better sung by others: be they psychoanalysts or newspaper men as the case may be.

Returning to the musicians, Thomson first describes the executants, or musicians who don't compose. They are first and last craftsmen, with professional solidarity and powerful trade unions (the composer, who has to be an executant first, holds himself politely apart from the workmen). The island of music (as Thomson calls it) consists of four concentric circles. The outer is the limit of Minimum Musicality. Next is the region of Special Musical Skills: the executant. Third, the conductor, and last, the composer, though one doesn't have to be a conductor to compose.

The organizing of musical performances is now in the hands of Big Business, and so largely is publishing. However, since composing is a profession, like literature or science, composers still have their professional integrity, which means that they are the final judges in any matter concerning technique, that they run their own educational machinery, and that they have professional solidarity. Composers who belong to a poor profession can earn a living in any number of ways. Roughly, they are these: non-musical jobs, unearned money, other men's music, or income from his compositions. These are only the headings of a detailed outline which Thomson develops into the most important essay in the book: on the economic determinism of musical style. His thesis is that the composer's music reflects in subject matter and style the source of income the composer is living on when he wrote it. The non-musical job produces non-traditional music; the inherited income, music that reflects the preoccupations of the investing class; commissions, a rigid sort of international conformism. Teaching produces complexity; execution, brilliance; criticism, an eye to effect; the Appreciation racket, sterility. Living on one's income is the preferable situation, but it means writing a certain amount of theatrical music. This essay also contains his most bitter attack, on the Appreciation racket, an attack that is completely justified, however much it may pain the faithful.

He then discusses form, and devotes an important digression to the movies. The movies cannot exist without both music and words, but the two don't go well together, and the salvation of the movies is to find a way to make them tolerate the other. After pausing to remind us that intoned speech is the basis of opera, and will be the basis for any revival of opera, he skips gaily through the other forms, which he calls "continuity devices."

Discussing the decadence of music, he states that the arts run a cycle, from a collaborative stage, when their technics are still developing, to a solitary one when no further technical expansion is possible. Poetry and painting has reached this stage, from which the only deliverance is to again become collaborative, but music has yet to approach it.

I have only tried to summarize some of the most important of Thomson's many ideas; to appreciate the full scope of his treatment, one must read the book. It is a valuable book, even if one cannot always approve of all that Mr. Thomson says, for it does much to clear the atmosphere of rosy illusions. It is an excellent book with which to orient one's own views, from which to develop one's own opinions.

—CHARLES FARRELL

MAKING OF A DEMOCRAT

TAR HEEL EDITOR. By Josephus Daniels. 544 pp. Published by the University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C. $3.50.

Tar Heel Editor is the story of the making of a North Carolina Democrat, Methodist, Journalist, Individualist, and Prohibitionist. Josephus Daniels was each of these; and each of these was one shining facet in the whole rough-cut diamond of a self-made man.

Here is an Horatio Alger, Jr. story of a poor boy who became famous, for as a youngster Daniels picked cotton for 25 cents a day and later worked in a drugstore at Wilson, where his widowed mother was postmistress. At 16 he was editing an amateur newspaper, at 18 he was editor of the Wilson *Advance* and at 23 he was editing the *State Chronicle* in Raleigh and already beginning to wield power in the councils of the Democratic party.

This autobiography reads almost like a Carolina folk play —it is so close to the earth, its hero is clothed mentally and physically in homespun, it rings genuinely true, its dramatic moments are real and touching.

Small wonder that the book has already proved popular. It is Americana to the core. It has the mellow tang of a North Carolina mountain apple, the freshness of a seabreeze over Roanoke Island, the hominess of a down-east barbecue.

One of its chief appeals, perhaps, is the fact that here an average American achieves a far-greater-than-average success.

In Josephus Daniels are those simple virtues of hard work, perseverance, simple honesty, and loyalty to those things he holds most dear—his mother, his wife, the Democratic party, equality of opportunity, the rights of Man against those of trusts and corporations, the sacred duty of the press to uphold truth, justice, the Democratic party and prohibition.

Filling in the background of this warm self-portrait are interesting North Carolina historical sketches—reconstruction troubles, the struggle for white supremacy, the growth of the Farmers Alliance, the year-to-year state elections, the rising importance of tobacco, the fight against the railroad lobby and the tobacco trusts, the statewide educational campaign of McIver and Alderman, the establishment of State College in Raleigh, Woman's College in Greensboro and Duke University in Durham.

These various historical facts are woven together by a steady stream of anecdotes about the men who made that history, most of whom Editor Daniels came to know intimately in Raleigh as they came to the State Legislature or to the Governor's Mansion. Charles B. Aycock, Senators Ransom and Vance, Dr. Eugene Grissom, Colonel L. L. Polk, Washington Duke and Dick Reynolds, General Julian S. Carr and many others provide material for editorials in the Daniels paper and give body and strength to the accounts of movements and elections in the state.

At the end of this first volume Josephus Daniels is ready to go to Washington at the age of 31 to take a job in the Department of the Interior. Forthcoming volumes will trace his continued rise to the Secretaryship of the Navy, the editorship of the Raleigh *News and Observer*, ambassador to Mexico.

The faults of the book, like those of the man, grow out of the virtues—steadfast loyalty occasionally appears as stubborn partisanship; widespread interests make for diffusion and writing that sprawls around the subject instead of tying close to it. Strict Methodist training narrows his artistic and esthetic instincts. And yet even here the genuineness of the man shines clearly through and the naive honesty and enthusiasm of the editor warms a critical reader into acceptance and praise.

—Walter Spearman.

SUPER-SATURATED

Faces We See. Mildred Gwin Barnwell. Gastonia, N. C.: Southern Combed Yarn Spinner's Association. 1939. 112 pp. $3.00.

Out of the same Gastonia whose streets a few years ago ran red with the strife between organized employers on the one hand and organizing employees on the other, has come a truly remarkable book: remarkable not for its literary excellence, although it is well written; nor for its unswerving adherenc to facts, because many of its facts seem a trifle biased, but because it represents a clever prostitution of publishing devices to suit the ends of an organized industry. *Faces We See* by Mildred Gwin Barnwell, is seemingly concerned with proving that all is well between mill owner and employee. To see just how successfully this is done is the burden of this review.

Prominently displayed on the inside of the book's dust-cover is the statement, "The real story of life in a southern cotton mill village has now been told." With this as the basic assumption, suppose that we examine certain of the facts presented as representative of cotton mill village life.

Faces We See is based upon life in the villages where the Southern Combed Yarn Spinner's Association has mills located.

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"a rich store of American folklore" —Daily Oklahoman

this is it!

TAR HEEL EDITOR

by

Josephus Daniels

Former Secretary of the Navy, U. S. Ambassador to Mexico

—

2nd printing
564 pages

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"An almost incalculably rich and subtle portrait of the late 19th Century South. . . . a book as genuine as a thumbprint. . . . an extraordinary and valuable record; above all, a readable one. With no pretension to literary talent, it contains almost as fine U. S. writing as Twain, Lardner, The Congressional Record. With no 'science' at all, it is a document comparable to the two Middletowns."—Time

"Simple, straightforward, informal, amazingly detailed narrative. . . . as Southern as a cotton patch." —*John Temple Graves II* in Birmingham Age-Herald.

The University of North Carolina Press

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Fifty-seven of these mills, located in three states, are listed on page 111 as member mills of the Association. This represents only 11 per cent of the total textile mills in the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee, according to the United States Census of Manufacturing, 1929. To say that such a small percentage is representative of the whole, especially when there has been no random sample drawn from all the mills, seems on the face a trifle absurd, yet that is exactly what this book attempts to do. It is a "new type of book," continues the advertising on the dust-cover, "in that it makes a heretofore inarticulate industry speak . . . in that it convinces the reader of the great socializing force of the southern cotton mills . . . in that it depicts accurately the present lives of those strong-minded folk who came down out of the Southern Highlands to work in cotton mills and who are rightly proud of their present day accomplishments."

Here and there in the book one finds lengthy references to the level of living in mill villages. Mrs. Barnwell even goes so far as to show that the 27,000 employees of the Southern Combed Yarn Spinner's Association mills receive annual salaries totaling fifteen and one-half million dollars. This looks very imposing indeed until one performs the simple division of finding out how much each employee would receive if the total payroll were divided equally. The munificent total is $574.07 a year. Now unless all of the studies of minimum budgets for a normal family are incorrect, this sum does not make it possible for a worker to live on such a high level that it is worth boasting about in a beautifully-prepared book.

Suppose we turn now to the matter of housing. Here we have photograph after photograph of delightful little cottages nestling among the boughs of protecting china-berry trees, but never a picture of an unpainted dwelling, with a bathroom 75 feet from the rear door. Or perhaps all the houses inhabited by workers in the mill villages upon which this survey is based are so fortunate as to live in homes with tile baths of the type shown in one photograph. Fortunate indeed is their lot in the event that such a Utopian situation actually exists.

A home such as is being purchased by certain mill employees is shown in one of the photographs. Underneath is the statement that the purchaser paid $95 down and $2.73 a week for ten years. "The total amount involved in the purchase price was $995, which includes the taxes, insurance, and interest during amortization period." However, when we multiply the $2.73 by the 520 weeks in a ten-year period and add in a $95 down payment, we secure a grand total cost of $1514.60. Under normal circumstances, one would be tempted to believe that a difference of $519.60 could scarcely be ascribed to a printer's error. In any other than a formal publication of a prominent manufacturing association, one might even be tempted to say that the mistake was too serious to be credited to carelessness. But after reading about the remarkable mill family, that is able to raise ten children on a $19-a-week salary, one is almost willing to believe that the employees of the textile mills are actually such financial geniuses of the first water that the difference of a few hundred dollars would be a mere bagatelle in their annual budget.

It would scarcely be seemly to conclude a review of *Faces We See* without a reference to the charts, on page 106, which show how the Association expenditure-dollar is spent. One group of four mills show expenditures of 44 cents for cotton, 30 cents for labor, 6 cents for power, 5 cents for taxes (including social security), 3.5 cents for supplies and repairs, 3 cents for depreciation, 6.5 for miscellaneous, and 2 cents for dividends. Such figures would indicate that profits were not a strong point in this mill association. However, when one considers a second chart, based upon "actual expenditures 1938 of a group of 22 mills" one finds that no dividends at all were shown by this group. Such a condition would indicate that philanthropy has reached a new height at the hand of the owners of these 22 mills, for it is not customary to operate a business without some expectation of financial return. Or perhaps 1938 was an exceptional year.

"Seeing is believing," you know—"and the camera doesn't lie," is Mrs. Barnwell's introduction to the truly remarkable series of photographs which illustrate the book. Perhaps the most surprising feature of the photographic documentation of life in a mill village is the fact that the pictures were taken by Bill Baker, a staff photographer of the North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development, a tie-up which hints at interesting connections between the State Department and a private industry. We cannot help wondering if a staff photographer would be loaned as graciously to a labor organization desirous of picturing the lives its members are leading.

What makes the photographs all the more interesting is the fact that Mrs. Barnwell claims, "None of the photographs in this book were posed." If this be actually so, then Mr. Baker is to be congratulated upon his remarkable ability as a candid cameraman. Some of his "shots," however, are such as to make us wonder if the statement is not a slight exaggeration. Consider, for instance, the photograph of the Boy Scout troop shown in the book. Here we have a group of boys in full uniform, photographed in a position which the writer happens to know is not a position shown in any manual of drills issued to the Boy Scouts. Or consider the child with the jam-smeared face, the girls standing up in class to sew, the people in a library who just happen to group themselves around one side of the table thereby leaving the opposite side free for a picture, or the cheerleaders shouting at the school touchdown while the team members sit quietly behind them on the bench. Such candid photography represents an acme of skill seldom reached by either amateur or professional photographers.

Faces We See would scarcely merit the dignity of a review were it not for the fact that it seems to be a wolf of propaganda masquerading in the sheep's clothing of verity. For those who stop and consider the matter, the book is obviously a pleasant bit of one-sided reading, not to be taken too seriously. For those, however, who live outside the state, or for that matter, within it, and do not know the other side, there

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is the real danger that *Faces We See* will be accepted at face value. This, as may be gathered from the above remarks, is not a situation which the reviewer could accept with calmness. By all means, read *Faces We See*, but before doing so, lay in am ample supply of that substance which is advertised under the trade name of, "When it rains, it pours."

—Gordon W. Lovejoy.

NO EASY LIFE

Mothers of the South. Portraiture of the White Tenant Farm Woman. Margaret Jarman Haygood. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 216 pp. $2.00.

It is quite an interesting experience to read a sociological scientific account of something which one has always noticed and looked on with interest but never come across an actual study in black and white. In her book, *Mothers of the South*, Mrs. Haygood has put down information gained in visiting and talking with about 117 white tenant farm women. Her interest in the study of these women, seems to have started from her research on their high fertility rate which is a question about which most of us often wonder as we ride through some of our southern states and observe the numbers of children practically in rags playing around the door step of small shacks. Why do women under such living conditions have so many children? I don't believe Mrs. Haygood succeeded in answering this question fully, but she certainly learned many interesting things about their lives, hopes, ambitions and worries. Her study was concentrated in a certain area of the Piedmont section of North Carolina. For comparison she made a random study of the white farm women in the deep south, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, to ascertain how well the more intensive study is supported by findings in the "Deep South." This seems to be the weakest point in the book. A study such as that would not reveal enough of the true facts to make the comparisons of much value.

In her study of these women Mrs. Haygood discovered that their time was taken up with the jobs of being a mother, housekeeper and field laborer. Their main difficulty and the thing they worry about more than anything else is providing food, clothing, shelter and medical attention for their children, and seeing that these children observe conventional moral codes, especially in matters of sex. They live in dilapidated farm houses under crowded conditions with the bare necessities in furniture. They have more children than they can afford to raise properly. Always hoping that there will be no more babies, they seem to love each new arrival who promptly becomes the pet of the household. They help their husband with the crops and some of them prefer working in the field to keeping house. During planting and harvesting season the whole family participate.

In interpreting the facts Mrs. Haygood says, "We have shown that this segment of the South's human resources, which will be represented in succeeding generations by a much larger segment, has inadequate diet, housing, medical treatment, education, social life and recreation. The solution to the problem of how tenant farmers may achieve incomes large enough to eliminate these disadvantages is a major task for the regional economist; our findings can only emphasize the urgency of attacking it."

The book is one of the most interestingly written non-fiction books I have ever read. The material seems to be authentic within the limits of the Case Method of making a social study. We know of the quantity of such people; it is even better to know of the quality. The use of the newly developed case method of making a social study is one of the most interesting features of the book.

—TeCoah Harner.

NEW MAG

Furioso. Edited by James J. Angleton and E. Reed Whittemore, Jr. New Haven, Conn. Vol. I, No. 2. Four issues $1.

Here is a new "little" magazine of verse, *Furioso*, to be published once every two or three months. This issue has familiar names, like Ezra Pound, John Peale Bishop, Horace Gregory, E. E. Cummings, and William Carlos Williams, and about fifteen that are less familiar. In general, this issue has better names than poems, though there is nice stuff by Bishop, Gregory, and Marya Zaturenska. The best item in the magazine, I think, is not verse, but a review by Andrews Wanning of Cleanth Brooks' *Modern Poetry and the Tradition*, and about as good a review as that good book has received to date. For prose, there is also a letter from Dr. Williams, who seems to have got the profane letter-to-the-editor habit from Ezra Pound. This time there is more talk about poetry and less profanity, and with his improved morals Dr. Williams makes uncommonly good sense. But Pound insists upon being Pound; which is unfortunate at times, even when funny, because indicating he has not gone far beyond earlier work. For example, "Parisian Winter (1923)":

The rain droppeth
The slop sloppeth
The cold stoppeth
my circulation
The stove wheezeth
My nose not breetheth
Og JHEEZeth!!
Flu and damnation.

Everybody else is on good behavior.

—Joe Horrell.

Spell

Caught in the web of summer
In an enchanted town,
In the prodigal beauty of crepe myrtle and mimosa
Endlessly blooming,
Without will I lie.
Always the blossoms at sill and path,
Always the bright, the somnolent emerald
Of trees weighted with fruit and leaves.
In the blurred maze of summer I wander,
Surrendered, lost, forgotten,
Memory and desire effaced by a dark magic—

Save for a brief, blinding nostalgia
For a sharp, clear dawn.

—Mary Louise Pettis.

Lazarus at His Second Death

(*Continued from page eight*)

for a sum of silver coins;
because I am not Lazarus, they say.
Because I sank beyond the rim
where ends the compass of their knowing nerves,
to be yanked up again
and set back in the magic circle of their ignorance,
they swear I am not Lazarus
who could not tell what I can tell.
And have you found how brittle love is?
If you strike it with a bias thought,
it shatters like a crystal bubble.
That first night when I was alive once more
Rebecca came
not fearing as the others had to greet my ghost,
for passion welcomes even ghosts—a while.
But I was not a ghost.
I was not what she came to see,
to comfort with her tears; her vows;
her tales of love between us in the Spring,
three days congealed while I was sealed from testing truth.
Come back in flesh with hands and lips as warm as hers,
already I was strange to that delicious hero
death had molded out of memory
for static sentiment.
No ghost denies itself!
No ghost of Tom but they will say,
'This is Tom's ghost!'
Rebecca said, 'You are not Lazarus!
—not Lazarus.' "

He swung his eyes against Iscariot's silly stare;
said sharply, slicing off his words
so that they felt to Judas
like the broadside blows of a sword upon his rump:
"You have not learned economy.
With thirty pieces—thrown away, you swear—
you could have bought a secret
no man else will ever have the chance to buy:
you would have bought the testament of Lazarus.
If I had sold you thirty words,
you could have been the master of this whole wide world.
Multiply its people by the days you'd live,
to find how many slaves you'd have. . . .
There's nothing left for you: go up with your rope
and choke your brain before you be the mother
of the idiot bastard dream that's sucking there. . . ."
He rubbed his palm across his dampened brow.
"It must have been . . .
six hours since they nailed me to that skeleton of death . . .
and time. . . ." Iscariot peering rat-wise upward
saw the black eyes close
and knew that he was free to go.

PROFESSORIAL PORTRAIT

(*Continued from page sixteen*)

the University library, Prof Koch wrote "Raleigh, the Shepherd of the Ocean," which was published in 1920. As a piece of creative writing it is definitely on the dull side. As a pageant it has an adequacy of spirits of Youth, the Orinico, and other such devices which recite poetry, do dances, and probably help change the scenery. The pageant abounds with lines, speeches, and songs taken from sixteenth century books. Unfortunately, aside from quaintness, the speech of a person of one century will be uninteresting to a person of the next unless the speaker be somewhat like Shakespeare. The lines original with Prof are, for the most part, labored, conventional, and dead.

Now what is the movement started by a man who doesn't create and yet has helped other men to create. Essentially he wishes the hopeful author to write about the people and things that he knows best. Since most of his students are natives of North Carolina the Playmaker stage has been flooded with barefoot hill-billies. This *idea* is, of course, quite sound; the difficulty lies in the hill-billies. Many students have forgotten that 'the play's the thing' and have substituted twenty pages of conventional rustic antics and dialogue.

When we pass from Prof Koch the playmaker, the author, to the Prof Koch of Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," we enter into a field in which he is unsurpassed. Perhaps it is that when he discards the crust of playmaker, of pageant-author, and enters into the misty and pleasant sentimentality of Dickens, he finds a personality which is more nearly his own.

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Carolina Magazine

HERE'S ROY CONACHER (No. 9), HIGH-SCORING FORWARD OF THE BOSTON BRUINS, WORLD CHAMPIONS of '39...

IN THIS ACTION SHOT he's come in like a bullet from an express rifle...he takes a pass. But the opposition's defense stops him—this time.

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5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR

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Retreat from Liberalism

There is a large group of self-labeled realists among the students and faculty here on the campus who disapprove of present manifestations of the University's oft-debated tradition of liberalism on certain practical grounds.

This particular school of reasoning, as voiced persistently in the student daily throughout the past two quarters, maintains that a liberal outlook is a laudable quality so long as it is kept in a more or less theoretical stage. But once it becomes practice instead of theory, they argue that it is apt to bring about material consequences which more than outweigh the good that it does.

Specifically, they point out that the University was severely crippled financially by the last legislature because influential forces in the state, including many University alumni, heartily dislike President Graham because of his toleration, and because of his advanced sociological and political views, especially in regard to labor and the negro. Furthermore the recent spot-lighting of the American Student Union by the Dies committee, coupled with the fact that the nominal leadership of the Union now rests on this campus, has generated another tremendous wave of antagonism out in the state.

Accordingly, these critics advocate a sharp check on the more belligerent aspects of the University's liberal activities. That is, continue to foster a tolerant, liberal outlook in the campus mind, and at the same time carefully squelch any student or administrative move that might serve to alienate the University's supporters in the state.

There is much to be said for their point of view. But unfortunately, there is no such thing as passive liberalism. The University will not remain liberal if it tailors academic and extra-curricular student freedom to suit the citizens of North Carolina.

The controversy is nothing new. Ever since the University re-opened its doors after the Civil War, it has fought for the right to assert freedom of the campus and class room, often at the risk of being voted out of existence. President Harry Woodburn Chase was almost ousted for opposing a bill to bar the teaching of evolution in North Carolina schools, and for many years the University was severely attacked because of Professor Horace Williams' supposedly atheistic beliefs.

Under increasing odds, President Frank Porter Graham is carrying on the fight to maintain that tradition. Let us hope that the University of North Carolina will continue to advance, instead of retreat from liberalism.

Building and Direction: Southward *Bob Koch*

Raymond Staples

The Town Remains

Seven Angels Look Homeward

IT WAS an ideal April day. After weeks of rain (paths like red glue and roads like oceans, puddles on Franklin Street so wide and deep that the students put up 'No Fishing' signs, mildew on one's shoes and every door in the house sticking) the sun had suddenly come out to stay. All at once the ground had dried up and flowers fairly exploded into bloom; hedges of white bridal wreath along the stone walls, purple flag lilies in the gardens, violets in the roadside ditches, dogwood and redbud in the woods, and everywhere the little new green foliage, so pale and so fragile that it was more like flowers than leaves."

This passage from Elizabeth Janet Gray's JANE HOPE came to mind as I walked silently beside a student during the recent blizzard.

"So this is the sunny South," he said. "Well, this is the first time I've ever been south of the Mason-Dixon Line, and God help me it's going to be the last."

Along Franklin street the snow was wide and deep. Cars crept up a narrow lane and parked hesitantly with their noses pushed into drifts two or three feet deep.

"Chapel Hill," the boy said in answer to a remark I had made, "well, I suppose people do get to like it in time."

People do get to like it. Eight novels show that the seven men and women who have written them found something in our town to remember; to dream about, and finally to write about.

Edwin W. Fuller's SEA-GIFT came from the press in 1873; in 1881 John W. Moore's THE HEIRS OF ST. KILDA followed it. Both men had been students at the University of North Carolina; both had seen the Civil War close the classroom doors and still the antagonism between freshmen and sophomores. At the same time Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer was working to open the University again. For a few years just prior to the war she had been with her husband in Alabama, but Chapel Hill was always her home, and her letters drew a portrait of the town in antebellum days.

Elizabeth Janet Gray's JANE HOPE is a fictional biography taking much of its factual basis from Mrs. Spencer's letters. It was published in 1933.

Before the War Between the States Chapel Hill was a small town with wide streets, houses backed by slave quarters, surrounded by forests and streams, holding at its centre a grove of trees in which South Building, Old East and West, Gerrard, Person, the old Library, the Well, and an old Chapel with wide porticos made up the University. The bell in South Building dormitory rang across the campus in the mornings waking townspeople and students alike.

RAYMOND STAPLES *is one of the most ardent proponents of the Chapel-Hill-as-the-fairest-spot-on-this-green-earth doctrine we know. He here gives us a picture of the town as it appeared to seven novelists.*

The patterned life of the students and townspeople was a daguerreotype of contemporary life in our town. There were few young ladies, those who lived here being the daughters or relations of the faculty or professional townspeople. They did not walk unattended across the campus, they preserved their delicate femininity by retiring to formal parlours or cool verandas to hold levees, which were attended only by formal request and for a specified period, say from 8:30 to 9:30. On occasion these young women rode horseback with the squire-like gentry of the student body. The wealthier students maintained houses of their own in town; had their horses and slaves, and entertained their friends at lavish dinners.

The student body was small. Each new face was its own beacon, and no freshman escaped the plaguing of the sophomores. Friends and enemies made the first weeks of the term were kept through the four year period, and occasionally quarrels having their roots in the hazing days of a freshman culminated in duels.

The professors suffered if they were unpopular. Entire classes would dress in fantastic garments to display their contempt for a teacher: long pants on short boys, short pants on tall boys,

ample clothes on spindly youths, and tight, button-bursting outfits on fat ones. For such conduct a class would submit itself to the cure-all discipline of expulsion.

Social life, other than that centred around the few village belles, was administered by the two rival literary societies: the Di and the Phi. Young men were admitted to these organizations according to the location of their homes in either the eastern or western part of the state. Evenings were spent by the members of these societies in fierce debates. The great social event of the year was Commencement. Young women came from all parts of the State for the occasion, and the aim of each socially active student was the office of Senior Marshal.

Raleigh had the nearest theatre. To attend it a student had to have a fast horse and good physical endurance, and if he was found out he was automatically expelled.

The Chapel Hill weather was the same in 1850 that it is now. Rains made the houses and buildings floating islands in great seas of mud; sleet veneered the wilderness growth, and blizzards brought sudden snows. As Elizabeth Janet Gray writes:

"I've never been snowed in before in all my life," said Jane Hope reflectively, "until I came South."

"The sunny South!" said Pierce. "Yah, yah."

"The next day the sun came out and the whole world became a dazzling, gleaming fairyland. The wind went skipping along over the drifts and whirled up the powdery snow in iridescent clouds. All colours were more intense: the blue of the sky, the sharp black of twigs with their white edging, the scarlet of a cardinal, the glossy green of the magnolia, the dull green of the cedars."

II

None of the novels tell of our town just after the Civil War. There are many years of silence; the town has grown, the streets are more numerous, the slave quarters have disappeared or become garages or rooms for poor students, small frame houses have sprung up where old lawns were and interlocked the town and campus, there are new buildings, and twelve miles away the country cross-roads has become a squalid mill town heavy with tobacco scent.

In Look Homeward Angel Thomas Wolfe writes of the Chapel Hill which lay between the old era and the new.

"Eugene's first year at the university was filled for him with loneliness, pain, and failure. Within three weeks of his matriculation, he had been made the dupe of a half-dozen classic jokes, his ignorance of all campus tradition had been exploited, his gullibility was a by-word. He was the greenest of all green freshmen, past and present: he listened attentively to a sermon in chapel by a sophomore with false whiskers; he had prepared studiously for an examination on the contents of the college catalogue; and he had been guilty of the the inexcusable blunder of making a speech of acceptance on his election, with fifty others, to the literary society."

The University was larger than in the days of Jane Hope and the young men of Sea-Gift and The Heirs of St. Kilda, but life was much the same. There were cliques, cruel hazing pranks, and unpopular professors. There were a few automobiles to replace the carriages, and because the difficulty of travel had been lessened there were more young ladies. Thomas Wolfe does not write of Chapel Hill courtships, blizzards, or snipe-hunts, but he writes of himself in a period similar to that of ante-bellum Chapel Hill. Just before the beginning of the World War he pictures himself:

"He was alone. He was desperately lonely.

"But the university was a charming, an unforgettable place. It was situated in the little village of Pulpit Hill, in the central midland of the big State. Students came and departed by motor from the dreary tobacco town of Exeter, twelve miles away: the countryside was raw, powerful, and ugly, a rolling land of field, wood, and hollow; but the university itself was buried in a pastoral wilderness, on a long tabling butte, which rose steeply above the country. One burst suddenly, at the hill-top, on the end of the straggling village street, flanked by faculty houses, and winding a mile in to the town centre and the university. The central campus sloped back and up over

CHAPEL HILLIANA

1873 Sea-Gift *by Edwin W. Fuller*
1881 The Heirs of St. Kilda *by John W. Moore*
1929 Look Homeward Angel *by Thomas Wolfe*
1931 The Man Without a God *by Wilbur Daniel Steele*
1933 Jane Hope *by Elizabeth Janet Gray*
1935 Cabin in the Pines *by Gertrude Pahlow*
1936 Village Chronicle *by James McConnaughey*
1939 The Web and the Rock *by Thomas Wolfe*

a broad area of rich turf, groved with magnificent ancient trees. A quadrangle of post-Revolutionary buildings of weathered brick bounded the upper end; other newer buildings, in the modern bad manner (the Pedagogic New-Greeky), were scattered around beyond the central design: beyond, there was a thickly forested wilderness. There was still a good flavor of the wilderness about the place—one felt its remoteness, its isolated charm. It seemed to Eugene like a provincial outpost of great Rome: the wilderness crept up to it like a beast.

"Its great poverty, its century-long struggle in the forest, had given the university a sweetness and beauty it was later to forfeit. It had the fine authority of provincialism—the provincialism of an older South. Nothing mattered but the State: the State was a mighty empire, a rich kingdom—there was, beyond, a remote and a semi-barbaric world."

That was Chapel Hill as it was before the World War. Its traditions clinging like the receding wilderness; its poverty, and its arrest in Time, looking neither backward nor forward but at something it could not discern, something indescribable, something like a sluggish pulse gaining strength—Progress.

It was still remote; the puddles on Franklin street were still wide and deep, but as Wolfe says in his later work The Web and the Rock:

"... There weren't any big towns. They didn't have a city in the state.

"They were, in point of fact, the student body of an old, impoverished, backwoods college. And they had the finest life. It was the finest place with all its old provincialism, the bare austerity of its white-washed dormitory rooms, its unfurnished spareness, its old brick and its campus well, its world remotion in the Piedmont uplands of an ancient state. It beat any other place 'all hollow.' It beat Harvard, it beat Princeton, it beat Yale. It was a better life than Cambridge or than Oxford had to offer. It was a spare life, a hard life, and impoverished kind of life, in many ways a narrow and provincial kind of life, but it was a wonderfully true and good life, too."

With Look Homeward Angel and The Web and the Rock the novels about Chapel Hill cease to be historical. They become shadows, the shadows of the men who walk across the campus now. Only last night I sat at dinner with the wife of the professor who called Wolfe "Brother Webber," today I passed the philosopher's house, and close by are the footsteps of the "Preacher," the old Rhode's scholar, the Dean, and the classmates.

Here was the beginning: Time was beginning to turn, to discern, to describe, to feel the blood of the days beyond the World War, to see fate beyond the aftermath.

III

Then came the War, and in the silent years Chapel Hill grew again. It grew: the buildings changed, the streets were paved, the Well became a fountain, and the Depression came so close that people were glad there was old peace, old poverty, and old ideas somewhere. The next two novels, The Man Without a God by Wilbur Daniel Steele and Cabin in the Pines by Gertrude Pahlow, tell of a town that is quiet, old, and restful; which smiles at the students who rush away full of fire, who turn from this place and then come back, to what Gertrude Pahlow describes:

"Chapel Hill looked just as he remembered it. For all the long paved roads that joined it to the rest of the world, it seemed a world in itself—a village set in a forest, sheltered under lofty trees that had been there before it began. The houses sat back from the gravel sidewalks, withdrawn yet hospitable; the fine old university, through which the youth of the state flowed in a steady stream, preserved for all its activity a certain dignified aloofness in the midst of its wide lawns. Great oaks cast down a delicate tracery of shadow—fine-drawn branches, quivering young leaves—on the earth below. Only the shops and the few blocks of paved sidewalk in front of them gave any appearance of bustle, and that a spacious one; several people going in one direction met several people going in the other, and for a moment they made a crowd; then they separated, each went his own way, and all was quiet again.

"Yet for all its peacefulness, the place teemed with activity. The whole population was busy, and a large proportion of it enjoyed its busyness; only life moved so serenely that there was no turmoil about either the occupations or the satisfactions."

The writer sees beyond the new Chapel Hill the old; beyond the paved streets the muddy oceans; behind the ivy the aged brick; the mellowness:

"The beauty of the place was distinctly tinged with shabbiness; and this lent it a powerful appeal

(*Continued on page thirty-one*)

George Stirnweiss

Three Years Behind The Tar Heel Line

The Making of a Quarterback as Told to Ed Megson

THE FIRST time I ever walked out on a football field and asked the coach if I could play I was knocked for a fifty-yard loss. He just looked me over and said, "I'm sorry, George, but you're too small to play this game." That was during my first year at Fordham Prep and it hurt me quite a bit but I lived through it and went back to tag football on the sandlot two blocks east of Fordham Road. I guess I just thought that maybe I was too small.

During the next year I put on a few extra pounds and when football season rolled around again I went back to the practice field. The coach gave me a break this time and let me run sprints with some of the regular backs. Of course, it surprised me as much as anybody else when I found out that I was a faster runner than any of the other boys. I used to think they were some of the fastest men in school when I saw them run. But it surprised the coach too and he put me in at regular quarterback.

For the benefit of the grandstand quarterbacks, ace Tar Heel ground-gainer "General" George Stirnweiss here recounts the highlights of his career as varsity back during three of Carolina's best football seasons.

My first year of quarterbacking in 1934 always seems a nightmare to me though I got a big kick out of it. I remember the first game I called signals when we played All Hallow's and I still think of the big fellows they had on their team. I was always hit by two at once and when that game was over I was just about ready to turn in my suit. Of course, my bruises and cuts were fixed up and when Monday came I was ready to go again. Maybe I should say that that game was the toughest I ever played before coming to college and we were beaten 7-0.

All Hallow's always had a honey of a team and they always gave us the best competition in the league. Looking back on the games that I quarterbacked against All Hallow's, they all seem rough, but I guess the game that held the most thrills for me was when we played them in 1935. We were both in tip-top shape as far as men and morale were concerned and for nearly four quarters neither one of us moved over a goal line. Then I kicked a field goal in the last three minutes of play that won the game. When I say "I kicked the field goal" I'm taking a lot of credit because every man on the team really kicked that field goal.

It was in the early part of 1936 that I first heard about Carolina and for a while I didn't think much of the idea of going to school away from home. I liked my family too much and I knew I'd get homesick if I went away and so for a long time I didn't consider it seriously. All this time I was getting pictures of the Carolina campus and pretty soon I kept seeing Davie Poplar, Kenan Stadium and Graham Memorial all over the house. I remember I liked Kenan Stadium when I first saw the picture and I still think it's the most beautiful stadium I've ever seen.

Finally after getting pep talks from my friends, I thought maybe I'd go to Chapel Hill. And so in February 1936 I dropped out of Fordham Prep and went to work in Wall Street until September when I left for Chapel Hill with my folks.

I first hit Carolina not knowing anyone and I was pretty lonesome. I wanted to pack my bags and go back home. That was the first time I had been away from home in my life for more than a week at a time. But after a while I met some boys and on afternoons I used to walk down to Emerson Field and kick some punts while the freshmen practiced. It was about this time that I came to know George Radman and I'd like to say now that George was the best back I ever worked with aside from being a grand fellow. He never said anything when we were losing and if he took the ball he always put out with everything he had.

My first varsity game was in 1937 when we opened against South Carolina in Kenan Stadium. It might have been the heat that day but I still think I was hit harder by tacklers than I have ever been hit in my life. When I remember it now, my teeth rattle. It seemed that the whole line used to hit me at once. The game ended in a 13-13 tie.

Whenever I look back at my college football

games, there are several teams and men that stand out in my mind as exceptional in certain ways.

The Fordham team that I played against in 1937 was the toughest and smartest squad I've met up with. They seemed to know what plays were coming at them and they knew what plays to run against us. Wojciechowicz, who is the best lineman I've ever seen, played a great game. The statue-of-liberty play was worked against us for a touchdown and made us look like monkeys but it was still a good game.

The Tulane game of 1938 was the most heart-breaking to lose. We were ahead until the closing minutes when they scored. Watson tried for a pass over the Tulane goal line and missed almost as the game ended. Bronco Brunner was hot and no one could stop him. When I think of that game I always think of Brunner and I know that he was the toughest and hardest running back I've ever played against.

I believe the game in which I clicked best was when we played N. Y. U. in 1939. I felt fine partly because my folks were there, partly because it was such a good football day, and partly, I suppose, because all the boys were going good and my passes seemed to hit the right spot at the right time. Anyway, that's the game that gave me the most kick in college.

The Duke game last fall left me more physically whipped than any other game I ever played. I was completely worn out when the final whistle blew and throughout the game I kept getting hit before I could recover from the last crack. Duke was in the groove that day and I knew it during and after the game.

When I went to San Francisco last December for the East-West game I saw, and had the good luck to play with, one of the greatest group of players ever to come from east of the Mississippi. In one backfield we had all quarterbacks: Sitko from Notre Dame, Boell from N. Y. U., McAfee from Duke, and myself from Carolina. Of course, that was the greatest potential team I ever played with. There were players from the South, Southeast, East, and from the Big Ten section of the country. The squad couldn't function smoothly, though, because each man was in the dark as to just what the other man playing beside him could do. It was not as wide-open a game as that played in college.

Maybe I'm wrong but when I think of the men I played with at San Francisco and some of the men I've been up against during the three years I've played at Carolina there isn't any difference except that some were recognized and some weren't.

On my All-Opponent team would be:

Wojciechowicz, c.	Fordham	1937
Swidon, l. g.	N. Y. U.	1938
Ribar, r. g.	Duke	1939
Barbarsky, l. t.	Fordham	1937
McCullum, r. t.	Tulane	1939
Gustafson, r. e.	Penn.	1939
Bailey, l. e.	Duke	1938
McAfee, q.	Duke	1939
Brunner, h.	Tulane	1938
Andrews, f.	Tulane	1937
Boell, h.	N. Y. U.	1939

I've got a kid brother who's 16 years old. He's just five years younger than I am and now he wants to get in sports. There isn't much that I can tell him, I guess. If he likes to play football or anything else he might as well play it. I'm going into pro baseball this summer and if I make good I'll stick to it, that is unless I get good offers from any pro football clubs next fall. My folks don't want me to play pro football because they're afraid I'll get hurt, but my mother told me the same thing about sandlot tag ball when I was a kid.

Allen J. Green

The Pocket Knife

OLD MAN Buck Lathrop died quietly in his sleep early one morning in October. When his wife failed to hear him arising at six o'clock as was his custom, she investigated and found his long, corpulent frame stretched beneath the sheets, an arm bent across his face as if to protect his face from the rising sun. He had been general manager of Plant Number Two of the Gladstone mills for forty-five years.

The news spread quickly along the steep, warped streets of the little hill town but it was late in the afternoon of the same day before it reached Cain Brophy. Coming in from his job as night watchman at the plant that morning, he had gone straight to bed and slept later than usual.

His wife told him as he sat warming his hands before the smoky, guttering fire in the front room. Characteristically he made no comment or gave any sign that he had heard, but continued to stare morosely into the fire, a slight, bent shadow of a man, nearly sixty-five years old with the smooth pink cheeks of a baby that gave the lie to his neatly combed white hair and grey eyes that peered shyly and non-committantly at the world around him through the blurred lens of his glasses.

Although Editor Allen J. Green *frequently fingers the pulse of* Magazine *fiction for social consciousness, he insists that this, his first short story since his editorship, is not to be considered as one of his patients.*

Cain had known Buck Lathrop intimately since he left his farm in the early nineties to come to Centreville to work under Buck in the long frame building on the bank of the river where the huge four story plant now bulked against the sky. Their friendship had persisted through the years that followed; even when Buck built the brick mansion out on Riverside drive and moved there with his family. Every Christmas there had been a turkey on the Brophy table in witness of that.

Some minutes later Cain took down his hat and coat from the peg where his service revolver hung in its worn holster, and shuffled out to do the evening chores.

After supper that night he went into his room, seeing to it that the door was bolted behind him. From a shelf in the closet he took a battered cigar box and seated himself at a table littered with what it pleased him to call his junk.

The box yielded a small parcel wrapped in brown paper which he undid carefully, revealing a slim pearl-handled pocket knife. Its large blade had been snapped off near the base.

Of recent years it had become Cain's hobby to deal in pocket knives on a somewhat modest scale. On his nightly rounds through the plant he often stopped to chat with those operators he knew. During the conversation he readily managed to swap the knife in his pocket for another, usually worse, for he refused to take money to boot. The knives he thus acquired would be cleaned and their broken parts repaired. Whetted to a razor edge, they would be traded off again at the first opportunity.

Slowly and painstakingly he set about removing the broken blade. The knife had belonged to Buck Lathrop; he had snapped it in a hickory limb while hunting with Cain, and Cain had offered to repair it for him.

When the new blade was in, he cleaned and sharpened it thoroughly, scrutinizing the knife closely for traces of rust. Afterwards he rewrapped it in the brown paper, and dressed himself meticulously in the old black suit he usually reserved for Sundays. He left the house with the knife in his pocket.

Cain's deliberate tread faltered on the gravel walk leading up to the brick house; he had only been in it once before, at the death of Buck's third son, George. His hand fumbled with the paper-covered parcel.

Three or four of the overseers stood talking softly together in the gloom of the hall, but no members of the family were present. One of the men nodded slightly towards the room on the right in answer to Cain's bewildered stare.

The modern streamlined casket stood on a stand banked with flowers in one corner of the room, its metal glowing dully in the lamp light. All the undertaker's deft grooming had failed to subdue Buck Lathrop; though his eyes were closed the shaggy moustache and the belligerent flare of his lips still gave the impression of domineering energy. Cain looked down through the glass plate

for a long time, his hat twisted in his hands.

Mrs. Lathrop was in the hall talking quietly with Cap Frazer, the plant superintendent, when he came out. He took the knife from his pocket to give to her, waiting patiently until she should notice him. Before she did however, he suddenly turned and left.

II

Cain Brophy was in the crowd of men that milled uneasily before the church, awaiting the arrival of the hearse. Buck Lathrop had been a popular man with his hands, every available car in Centreville waited in the line that stretched all the way down the hill to the square.

The brasses of the village band sobbed out a hymn in ragged tempo as the sleek new hearse pulled into the curb. Back in the crowd, Zeb White, the frowzy village undertaker, helplessly watched the mortician from the neighboring city efficiently engineer the casket into the church.

Cain pushed forward with the rest and gained standing room in the back of the auditorium before the body, flanked by Buck's five sons, halted before the pulpit. The air was faint and reeked with the heavy perfume of the flowers. A pew near the front of the church had been reserved for the plant officials. With them sat a lean greyhound of a man dressed in a fashionably cut business suit. He was identified by many as the new general manager.

The service was short since the body was to be interred some two hundred miles away. Cain had arranged to have his eldest son drive him there in his dilapidated automobile. There was an interminable wait while the mortician loaded the many floral designs into the hearse.

Once the funeral procession, escorted by two motorcycle policemen, left the muddy streets of the town for the paved highway it began to speed up imperceptibly until it rolled along steadily at sixty miles an hour. The second-hand car was not equal to the pace; after an hour's time the engine blew a gasket and they were forced to drive into a filling station.

For the greater part of the afternoon Cain sat in front of the filling station watching the cars whiz by on the highway while his son and a mechanic labored over the automobile. The sun was setting when they reached the cemetery. The funeral procession had since dispersed.

Leaving his son in the car, Cain wandered about the cemetery until he found the newly-filled grave, the raw yellow clay covered by the flowers. He spread his handkerchief beneath a tree and sat down, contemplating the grave. The sun disappeared below the horizon.

He was aroused by long, irate blasts from the car's horn. Scrambling to his feet, he pulled the pocket knife, still in its wrappings, from his coat and began kicking a hole in the grave with his foot. He stooped to drop the knife in and hesitated. Another blast of the horn resounded through the dusk. Carefully filling the hole, he slipped the knife back into his pocket and trotted awkwardly from the cemetery.

III

Several mornings after the funeral Cain found Jim Pethic, the day watchman, crouched over the smelly blaze of the oil stove in the half-darkness of the gate-keeper's shack after making his last trip through the plant. He was an half-hour earlier than usual.

"Guess you haven't heard what happened." Pethic spoke eagerly while Cain freed himself of the leather encased time clock he carried. "Cap Frazer and his wife left town last night."

The time clock clattered to the floor. Pethic hurried on. "I knowed from the first him and that new general manager, Carson, wouldn't get along together. But I never thought Carson would go so far as to fire him. Him and his efficiency! Why, a finer friend than Cap, I wouldn't want."

Cain's hand shook violently in retrieving the clock. He threw it on the table and gazed out across the plant yard at the rising sun, his mouth twitching visibly.

Cap Frazer had been his only remaining friend among the plant officials. He had worked there almost as long as Cain. A ready wit, Cap had been a favorite of Buck Lathrop's and of the men; he was the commander of the American Legion post by virtue of a captaincy overseas, as well as president of the local ball club and an active sport fan. Only the new general manager knew that Buck Lathrop's fondness for Cap had extended to covering his frequent embezzlements from the company funds.

In the days that followed Cap's departure, Cain's trade in knives dwindled away rapidly. There was a different atmosphere in the plant under the new general manager's regime. Even on the night shift, the operators stuck to their machines sullenly, replying in monosyllables to

Cain's attempts at conversation. Finally he gave up altogether. He always carried two pocket knives; one which he never brought out in public was still wrapped in its tattered brown paper.

On his rounds through the plant he seldom stopped to talk anymore, save to a few of the older hands. The men were worried; no one knew what changes Carson was planning. There was talk of a coming efficiency expert, of "streamlining" the plant set-up, of an imminent general lay-off. And behind washroom doors some whispered darkly of organizing a union.

The face of the village was changing also. Highway graders tore through the canna beds in Cain's front yard, straightening the street in preparation for paving it.

IV

Late in the spring typewritten notices appeared by the water fountains announcing the hiring of an efficiency expert to reorganize the plant. Mechanical counters were installed on all machines and the expert and his crew of helpers prowled from department to department taking prodigious notes.

Jim Pethic explained the proposed system to Cain before the gatekeeper's shack while they waited for the shift to change. One hand fidgeted agitatedly with his watch chain as he spoke.

"This expert bird is using them counters to figger out just how much work a hand oughta do in one shift. Production unit he calls it. He calculates the number of units you oughta be able to do in a week. Instead of getting paid by the hour, you get paid by production. And if you don't make production, you're hell outa luck." He spat disgustedly.

"Carson don't know it, but there's already a CIO organizer in town. The hands are really flocking to him. He says this efficiency business is nothing in God's world but the stretch-out. And if Carson tries to run it in on us, powey! he calls the hands outa the plant."

Cain said nothing. Time and time again Buck Lathrop had cursed unions with bitter hatred in his hearing. Carson would not take it lying down.

Still apparently listening to Pethic, he drew the gun from the holster under his arm pit and weighed it in his hand. Breaking the action, he spilled the cartridges into his hand and peered down the muzzle, spinning the cylinder repeatedly. The unpitted bore shone in a series of shining whorls. Cain's eye gleamed. He reloaded it and aimed at an imaginary target several times before returning it to the holster.

Pethic had not been wrong. The CIO organizer, playing on the hands' fear and resentment of the new manager and his system, was gaining a tremendous following. Weekly meetings were held in an abandoned dance hall on the outskirts of the town.

One night Cain mildly surprised his neighbors by turning up at a meeting. He sat unmoved while the men around him hissed as the organizer described the wrongs done to them by the management and cheered uproariously when he told them how they were going to right them. Before it was over he left.

A month later, Carson announced that beginning immediately, the plant would be put on the production basis. The next day the CIO man laid a list of demands on his desk, including among other things an increased minimum wage and recognition of the union as bargaining agent for the workers.

When Cain heard of it, he took out his gun and cleaned it carefully. There might be trouble, but there would never be a union in Buck Lathrop's mill. At least the new manager would fight.

But Carson called for a series of conferences with the union officers to go over the demands. The long summer weeks dragged on without a decision. And the hands found that they were actually making more under the new system than they had in longer hours under Buck Lathrop. Finally an agreement was reached. The only point Carson acceded to was recognition of the union. But the workers were satisfied.

Cain changed visibly after the settlement of the labor dispute. His shoulders acquired a more definite droop and his eyes no longer shone behind his glasses. He began neglecting his appearance. Since the new highway, a few yards in front of his house, had opened he seldom went out save to go to work.

The old company store with its unlimited credit to the mill hands failed to survive the summer, and a modern cash-and-carry grocery store took its place. The Saturday trip to the store to buy supplies for the next week had been Cain's chief pleasure. Formerly he had lounged comfortably by the counter surrounded by the pungent odors of a general store, and gossiped with his neighbors while he waited for his order to be filled. Now he had to push a wire basket of rubber wheels between stacks of canned goods. He gave it up after a few attempts.

V

For the first time in years Cain failed to purchase a hunting license. His shotgun rusted above the fireplace. In the afternoon the steady drone of traffic along the highway disturbed his sleep and he became increasingly irritable.

On the first Monday in November there was a notice for him to report to the general manager's office at his convenience sometime that day.

He did not go to bed, but shaved and dressed, putting on his black suit which had hung long unworn in the closet. Exactly at ten o'clock he presented himself at Carson's office. It was the first time the general manager had ever spoken to him.

Carson was extremely polite to Cain. After ushering him in and offering him a cigar which Cain refused, he seated himself behind his desk and began.

"Mr. Brophy, the records show that you've been with the company longer than any hand in the plant. It's an enviable record. But you're getting to be an old man, Brophy, nearly sixty-seven. You're too old to be working all night. It's time you quit and let your sons support you for a while. So beginning next week—"

Cain did not hear the rest. His hand had sought his pocket and was clenched tightly around the knife in the brown paper wrapping there. He offered no objections to Carson. When he had finished, he nodded his head politely and shuffled slowly out.

In making his rounds that night, Cain noticed a light burning in the plant office. Instead of entering the office, he went around to the window and looked in, concealed by the shrubbery. His back toward him, Carson sat poring over his accounts, not ten feet away.

Cain's hand dropped to his holster and began easing his pistol out. His hand was steady. One movement of his finger would blot out the man who fired Cap Frazer, the man who established a union in Buck Lathrop's plant. Light from the window gleamed along the pistol's barrel.

The gun wavered. His arm drooped slowly. With a jerk, Cain jammed the pistol back into the holster. He plodded away, his head bent.

After Pethic relieved him, Cain turned towards the square instead of taking the road home. Light from the rising sun reflected in the glistening surface of the highway dazzled his eyes.

In front of the post office, the carrier boy was wrestling vainly with the knots on his bundle of papers, dropped by the early morning bus. Cain watched him struggle manfully, one hand in the pocket of his coat. Without comment he handed him a slender, pearl-handled knife. A wad of brown paper fell in the gutter.

"Gee, thanks Mr. Brophy." The boy bent over the bundle, the blade slicing easily through the cord. He straightened up.

"Hey Mr. Brophy, you forgot your knife."

Already twenty yards away, Cain shook his head. As the boy stared after him, the knife open in his hand, Cain shuffled around the corner, taking the street that led to the river.

Detour

Madame has travelled far and near,
Madame's read all that *really* matters.
But roads like books may lead nowhere—
And that which broadens sometimes scatters.

—Richard Nickson.

Professorial Portraits IV

Loren Carey MacKinney

FORTY-EIGHT years ago in a small mid-western town Loren Carey MacKinney was born as son to a Baptist preacher. Had he lived during the middle ages it is possible that he might have been a monk, enlightened and slightly bucolic; he might even have been a John of Salisbury. Had he lived during the Reformation he would have been a humanist, never a reformer like Luther or his devoted followers. In twentieth century America, however, he was born the son of a Baptist preacher and that leaves little scope for romantic development.

As a child he was not precocious in the obnoxious sense; he was quick in wit and always quick in response but he did not pore over books or look askance at childish games. Children are not given to revolution or rebellion; they do, however, show characteristics in early life which linger on in adulthood. Loren Carey was very soon known to his teachers in both Sunday school and grammar school as a squirmer and a constant talker. Many were the days in his grammar school career when he had to remain 'after school' for his conversational versatility. Preachers' sons are notoriously bad; Loren contributed his youthful share to this tradition at the precocious age of ten by striking his school teacher full-face with a 'spitball.' Prompt family correction soon physically impressed him with the notion that 'spit-balling' is a skilled craft for which adroitness is entirely necessary.

During his high school education he began reading in large amounts. His father's library was stocked with books appropriate for a beginning. From there he went on; he read much that his father considered a waste of time; his father, however, was one of those almost extinct creatures known as a slightly tolerant Baptist. In daily activities his world was all right; it was no narrower than most worlds of the present, he presumed. In his thoughts, however, he rejected a world which discussed trivialities with a mid-western drawl, that talked of progress and unknowingly cultivated ugliness; he rejected unconsciously a religion in which intelligence was a liability, beauty a work of the devil, ethics a barren, flesh-picked skeleton from whose grimacing skull hung sniggling anathemas against drinking, smoking, dancing, etc.; a religion in which divine worship was inevitably associated with barn-like churches and cheap music. Nevertheless, these reactions were still entirely subconscious.

Communists have faith in the Party; some intellectuals have faith in the liberated masses whom they imagine to be very much as themselves; ever-faithful man pins his faith on some star. Loren MacKinney had not been at college long before he discovered that Baptism as a faith was not only esthetically repugnant but also intellectually; there was no overt avowal of this even to himself, however. He, just like any other Protestant of the more vociferous variety, knew that any faith that had its form in beauty had its substance in the devil. He could enjoy vicariously through study of the past, nevertheless, the beauty and faith of people whose convictions he could not share.

He majored in history at Lawrence College in Wisconsin, graduating with an A.B. in 1913. During his senior year at that institution he became liberated from his past. So much so, in fact, that though he felt no inner urge, he felt morally obligated to help his friends to 'paint the town red' on several occasions. Present attitudes may grow up; past ones are never completely forgotten. Loren might react against his past training; he could not completely obliterate the Baptist finger of conscience.

Being graduated from Lawrence College, he went to the University of Wisconsin where in 1916 he received an M.A. He managed to get stationed in France during the war although he was engaged in no actual fighting. The World War was a veri-

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

Dick Goldsmith

Dea Ex Machina

AND," Jim interrupted, "you found her; this different, impossible being with the thousand-ship face. But you let her go. So maybe the boys who said beautiful but—had something on the ball."

"No," I said, "the intellect was massive. Interested and interesting. Knew about things like the Greeks and Romans, up on Plato and the rest of the big boys; in fact, she definitely had a seventeen jewel movement."

"Well," said Lee, "where's the catch?"

"The catch," I hesitated a little over this, "is something that I'm not prepared to discuss right now." That was the one thing I shouldn't have said, but that was what I was thinking, so it came out willy-nilly.

"That kind of a remark," Lee said, "just doesn't go nowadays. We came up here to do a job, and if we can't do it you might as well spill the whys and wherefores."

"Just because," this was going to be weak, but it would have to do, "you two apes appointed yourselves a delegation of two from the City of Brotherly Love to marry me off is no reason that I have to pretend that we're tucked cosily together in the confessional box of some chummy cathedral."

"Aw come off it," Jim said, "and tell us some more of that which can be told. You know—the little things that go to make a woman a fit mate for a mastermind like you."

That was a poser. In a way he really had me. It is all, somehow, in the little things. Anyway that is the way I have always thought about it. Maybe it is the way a woman laughs or smiles, or the way she wrinkles up her nose. Of course, that last only goes, if you know that she knows better. In Pam's case, it was the right laugh at the right time, and, if I was out of the way, the soft answer with the harpoon stuck on the end of it. Also she wouldn't have known Bix Beiderbecke from a Fromage de Brie. There really wasn't a sentence that would cover it all.

"Maybe it is her way of life," I answered lamely.

Casual readers of "Dea ex Machina" might be inclined to believe that Esquirish DICK GOLDSMITH *is suffering from a severe case of insomnia. A glance at Bullfinch will assure them that a swan was Zeus's favorite disguise when courting.*

"We resent evasions," Lee said, and I could see he was coming to the point. "You know, you've been writing us about this paragon for nigh onto three weeks, and there was no small hint in your letters that if we came up, we might all hustle to Connecticut for a jolly little wedding. After all, we came to this Gomorrah to do you in, and we still get a big kick from the misfortunes of our best friends."

"And," Jim added, "think of our end of the matter. If this coup would come off we would have a well administered household where we could rest our weary bones, and have a succulent bit of homecooking, instead of having to deposit ourselves in your crummy rooms and waste our substance in some of this town's less select hostels. Furthermore . . ."

"Hold on a minute," I said, "I know that anything I do in despite of your personal comfort is reprehensible, but I'll be damned if I'm going to sleep on thorns to give you a bed of roses."

"Well said, but . . ." Lee collected himself. "We don't gallivant around just to get you married. It would seem from past experience that you would have some faint notions of our definitely subterranean methods of doing business. We didn't want to let something, which is all you say this Pam is get away without we got a crack at it first. So even if you've pulled up stakes, we'd still like to get a look at this lovely bit of femininity."

"You can start out with the picture, it's over there on the piano."

It was really something to look at. She had all the attributes, and then some. The Mona Lisa might smile at you by courtesy of Leonardo, but Pam seemed to talk out of the picture. The photographer had done her up royal, but then he had had an easy job.

"Her features," Jim stopped a minute and thought, "are classical. There isn't another word for it."

"It's good enough," Lee said, "that I'd still like to get to meet it. If you're still talking?"

"I don't know," I said, and I really didn't. The rift had come clean and quick, and I hadn't heard anything since. Nothing had been said about the parting of the ways; I had just taken it for granted. And there had been nothing else to do. I hadn't seen her for a week, and I had no idea what the score was. Knowing Pam, there was a fair chance that we were still friends, but I didn't want a return engagement.

"It makes me no neverminds," I said. "I'll take you around, but I'm not too keen about it. She's dynamite, but if you insist . . ."

"Back where I come from, they call me Nobel." Jim was always a confident lad.

II

Pam's elevator boy had forgotten my name, and I toyed with the idea of sending him a copy of Dale Carnegie's masterpiece, but he got us upstairs, and I was just a little scared when I rang the bell. Pam answered, and I got the boys unhatted, uncoated and introduced in what I thought was a masterful fashion, but they told me later it reeked of the one armed paper-hanger. We sat down, and Pam turned on me and enquired sweetly if I was sure that I had left it at her place. I tried to take control of the proceedings, but Pam beat me to it.

"Exactly why," she asked, and I thought for God's sake let me down easy, "did you have to pull a Sherlock Holmes on me."

"By which I gather," and it took me a minute to gather it, "YOU mean that a week was enough time for Moriarty to have done his work well."

"Precisely."

"And," I continued, "you would like some accounting for my unscheduled return."

"The gentleman gets a big, fat cigar."

"It's their fault," I indicated the boys. "They and their desire to see, what according to me, is good and fair in womankind. And now if you'll let me have drink and a good magazine, I'll to leave you to their tender mercies." I thought I had taken the right tack, but it didn't go so good.

"All right, masterful," Pam said, "I'm not so sure about the drinks, but you'll find Child Life over on the table."

"Your round," I said, "but don't get tough, you might scare the boys, they're timid."

"Warn them," she said, "while I forage around for a little prussic acid."

Pam left the room to get the drinks. Jim and Lee sat quietly on the couch with that on-a-peak-in-Darien look in their eyes. It was all rather depressing.

"Fool," Lee whispered, and came and sat on the arm of my chair. "I want to know. Are there wheels within wheels? Does the eye rove?"

"After a fashion," I said. "But to change the subject, you might take a look around this room. There's some pretty good stuff in here. Most of the bric-a-brac is straight from old Attica. Pam wormed that little figurine of Athena over there out of some archaeologist friend of hers. I don't know which came first; the room or the archaeologist, but it really doesn't matter."

"Now just a second . . ."

"Over in that bookcase," I went on, "is one of the best private collections of Greek mythology you'll want to find."

"Look here," Lee said, "I don't want a rubber-neck tour of this room; I want some dope on this woman. I'm interested."

"I'm not exactly uninterested either," Jim said.

"Anything I could tell you," I said, "wouldn't make any difference. You'd both want to see for yourselves. So if you want it, the field is yours. I've got no statements for the press."

"First there's an enigma," Jim lamented, "and then you have to go and be enigmatic about it. Personally I don't think you were able to make the grade, and that about covers it."

"I am not to be drawn out," I said, "and anyway, can it; she's coming."

"Tell baby what you were talking about here." Pam tried to look demure.

"Baby will die and never know," I said.

While she was fixing the drinks, I sat watching her and feeling sorry for myself. As they say, God broke the mold when he made her, but then I guess one was enough for him too. Dietrich would have lost out to her on legs, and she could have given any of the first ladies of the screen cards and spades on general configuration.

"Darling," I said, "hit me easy." She gave me my drink and went and sat between the boys. They didn't need much of a hint, and the fur flew thick and fast. It was a good show to watch. Jim and Lee were both old hands, and with the proper material they could really go to town. There had been other women, and I guess I had lost rather more often than I had won. But as far as this game went, nothing suited me better than the grandstand. Between the two of them Lee had the edge—he could kid-glove them to

death—but nobody can go very far when the cards are stacked on him.

Pam looked over at me ever so often and I tried to look interested and aloof at the same time. When the boys started to unravel their pasts I drew my chair over and offered lurid details.

"They are all," Jim said, "that we ever talk about."

Pam was amused, and they seemed to have hit it off. She was still keeping her attention evenly divided and I wondered which one it was going to be. I thought of stopping it, but of course I couldn't; to what they were going to end up behind, the eight-ball would look like heaven. And they had just enough time to spoil a beautiful friendship.

At seven o'clock I suggested dinner, but they were having too good a time to do anything quite as prosaic as that. I tried again at half-past, but it wasn't until eight that, pretty well pied, we got under way. At eight-thirty we were all in Sardi's having something to give us an appetite, and after that dinner was just one large blur. We didn't eat much, but it didn't matter. I wouldn't have walked across the street for a handout of nectar and ambrosia. As far as I was concerned the little man who wasn't there had a brother. We had stayed even in drinks, but their reactions seemed much better than mine. I suspected sabotage, but it made no difference how I got where I was; all that mattered was that I was there.

"Folks," I said, "I don't want to be left under any stray tables so you'd better carry on alone. This little piggie's going home."

They demurred politely for ten seconds, and I was almost convinced that it was with some reluctance that I was being allowed to leave, but it was pretty feeble.

"Take care of Pam," I said, and got out.

III

"Now that breakfast's over," I said, "you can talk up."

"We're in conference," Lee said.

"Hold on," I said, "that's my line."

"You know all," Jim said. "Why bother us?"

"I just want to refresh my memory."

"Well, we've decided to go monastic," Lee said. "Is that good enough for you?"

"Just a little detail," I said, "is all I want."

"Well," Jim said, "when you left us, we went on-on and on and on."

"And," Lee moaned, "there was no stopping it."

"I hope," I said, "that you boys didn't have any arguments.

"There was nothing," Lee said, "to argue about. We ended up dancing at some joint, and both of us tried to make her, but it was no go."

"You know," Jim said, "it looked like one of those things, so each time I danced with her I said I'd take her home."

"My approach," Lee said, "was along the same lines, but it didn't jell for either of us. She wanted us both."

"And after that was decided," I said.

"After that," Jim said, "she started to give us a lecture on the genealogy of the pagan gods, with special emphasis on Zeus. And from what I could gather she and the Big Boy were just like that." Jim crossed his fingers.

"You didn't pay any attention to her?"

"Not too much," Lee said.

"And then," I said, "you both took her home."

"That," Jim said, "is the general idea."

"And then . . . ?"

"And then it happened." Lee shuddered and put his face in his hands.

"It was right in the middle of the floor," Jim went on.

"A big one," I asked.

"It was the God-damn biggest Swan I've ever seen," he said.

"Did it have that look in its eye," I asked.

"Yes," Lee said, "it had that look in its eye."

I

Simple Simon Enters the Café
You find the night when the stomach is dead—
enter Harry's—order beers and sip foam,
where the foam is thickest, the beer not bad,
and the crowd thickens, and the drunks fume—
you drink the beer and curse a short song.
Constructive night tonight, the mind mumbles,
chase the hawk-hearted politician—sing
a string of votes you own, and dumbly
lean back baffled—he never says anything.
Why of course the night—all nights I say—
sometimes have tremedous meanings, and a
beer yields a cosmic concept—when to pray
to thunder—and you drink and frown
on life—constructive night—a ham
fried over flipped on rye, well-browned—
the mouth mumbling, 'who gives a damn?'

Irregular Sonnet

Simo

II

He Regards the Fair Boys
Seeing the group clustered in a back booth,
frowned faces guarding egos—you wonder
if this is the future of art and truth—
you wonder—the scream—No, by God, the Son
strike me dead first! And your curses loose
the frozen blood—uneasy fingers find
the heavy glass—such glasses only abuse
the eyes—the hands, no. From deep behind
your fury creeps pity, it pressing the mouth
to a stony smile, and so—then ears try
for music from the kitchen, a myth
of swamp nights, Negro calling evening sky—
but you hear, *Alors madame dormait seule!*
Those effeminate voices like thin reeds
waved by wind—their 'Christ! I *do* have a soul!'
and you regard their hair, expecting to find weeds.

for Cafe Society

Roof

III

Simple Simon and the Stranger
A Stranger enters the place, the body
of all of us, our voices—'cigarette, buddy?'—
he enters, staggers from table to table,
staggering now while his feet are able.
(There had never been a tired face on the foe—
had been only a mighty truth to wrest
in a fabled land where honor grew—
at worst an epic death in the mystic West.)
This Stranger who totters about the room,
and speaks of the better day—a rumble
of anguish at prospect of no porter—
let him fall asleep among sleepy chatter.
In this room lies a civilization,
its groggy being forgets the years:
in this room lies a snoring Stranger—
the comfortable boys pour beer on his fears.

IV

The Arrival of his Friend
At last. I waited your coming soon,
half-expected and half-hoped. In here
you are the only mind aware the same
clock has brothers—of stiller nights where
clocks become the wave-beat, the heart-beat,
the beat of our living—you so aware.
I had begun to pick at conscience with a bottle
to be multiplied—am happy you wore
yesterday's sunlight as you called from the door.
I had begun asking devils to my tongue—
had proved this existence not so dear—
had let smoke become natural air to lungs.
Now I know tomorrow is our affair,
your mouth speaking for our hearts again:
we shall study the best books on architecture—
build the best air castles in Spain.

Sanford Stein

Confessions Of An Ex-Tar Heel Columnist

Private Life of a Campus Snoopster

NOT LONG AGO the *Daily Tar Heel* stuck its neck out again when Rush Hamrick started a column called "It's A Pity." If one wanted to be very delicate about the matter, one could call it an anecdote collection or on a slightly more vulgar level a gossip column. But to the average student it will be the place to catch up on the campus "dirt," and no matter what high ideals Mr. Hamrick may have about his column, it will receive most of its fame because it gives its readers a vicarious who-sleeps-with-whom satisfaction, or as Mr. Hoenig of the Orange Printshop so aptly put it in his own pertinent, if somewhat unsophisticated, manner the chance to be "through the keyhole, over the transom and under the bed."

Since his departure from the wilds of Woodmere, L. I., four years ago, SANFORD STEIN, *precocious English Major, has divided his talents impartially between three publications and the Carolina Playmakers. He plans to teach next year.*

As most people know, I wrote a dirt column myself and perhaps I sound rather bitter about the experience. To be frank, I am. But I think I can look at it all now with a fair amount of objectivity.

Personalities have always fascinated me. I'm not especially interested in world movements, sociological forces or those great economic evils that burden the minds of those noble exponents of all that's liberal and American, the members of the ASU. This, of course, marks me immediately as a very shallow person, but much to the surprise of Sam Green and that group who think they're being quite insulting by accusing me of lack of depth, I've never claimed to be anything else. If I had more than a pretty good brain and a superficial cleverness to offer this crazy world we live in, I'd be writing Adrian Spies' column or contributing stories about the seduction of mill girls to the CAROLINA MAG, stories which describe the workings of sex as fully as anything in the censured *Buccaneer* but which happen to be written as if the writer were in a hypnotic trance and are thus called Art. Personally, I prefer to pour the contents of what so many virtuous souls call my dirty mind into Mr. Stauber's publication where at least the stuff gets read.

As I said before, I'm interested in people. I like to be "in the know"; I've an insatiable curiosity about what romances are currently going on the rocks, who is being considered for president of the senior class next year, what coeds sneaked in their dorm two hours late, and how much Miss So-and-So's absence from school this quarter is due to influenza and how much to the Woman's council. All very trivial, naturally, but in my own befuddled way, I thought the campus might enjoy knowing about such things and I felt fairly qualified to relate them. As it turned out, "Small Fry" may have been the least-admired column in the *Tar Heel* but it was probably the most widely read. This is not conceit, because any gossip column, no matter how badly written, will never want for readers.

But it wasn't long before I found that trying to ape Walter Winchell had its definite drawbacks. People began regarding me as a bit of a monstrosity and making a great to-do about being careful not to say anything too personal in presence lest I print it, which was pure vanity on their parts, since nine chances out of ten what they had to reveal would have made decidedly uninteresting copy. Complaints began pouring into the *Tar Heel* office and a number of the letters were quite frank in their opinion of anyone who would stoop so low as to drag the names of supposedly respectable people into the journalistic mire. Mr. Fred Weaver summoned me twice into his august presence in South Building to wag the finger at me about a few of the things I wrote and I was even up once before the Student Council who wanted me to verify some of my items, which, fortunately, I could.

Several boys, about whom I made cracks or reported in unfavorable situations, threatened me with everything from murder to castration, but with the exception of one ex-athlete now working for the administration, who as usual was too drunk to inflict any actual damage, none of them ever tried anything and usually a week or so later were

quite friendly. And last spring, after I reported the KA-Kappa Sig beer parties, I became notorious. I got so that when I walked down the street I could hear people pointing me out to their friend with a stage-whispered "That's him. That's the one." I like publicity, I enjoy seeing my name in print, and I'm flattered to death if my picture runs in the Buc. But the reaction that column caused last spring was more than I had bargained for, and if it hadn't been for my friends rallying around me, I doubt if I could have stuck it out.

I don't deny that much of the criticism I received was fully justified. Some of the items I printed should never have seen the light of day and people like the former journalism student, about whom I published a rumor that she was going to have a baby, had a legitimate grievance. I learned also that although an item may be true, you have to use a little discretion and judgment in deciding whether or not to print it, particularly if it's going to get someone into trouble. Double-entendre, too, has to be handled with kid gloves.

But my chief weakness, I fear, is an incorrigible weakness for the sarcastic witticism. I'm one of those people who love the wisecrack or the acid Parkeresque thrust for its own sake, and if I ever see a chance to make one, I rarely am able to restrain myself. Many of the rather nasty remarks I made about people had absolutely nothing personal in them but were just used because they sounded amusing. Of course, the people involved could not be expected to know about the queer quirks in my character and the fact that I always felt pretty rotten upon discovering that someone had been genuinely hurt because of something I had written about them may have been commendable but, unfortunately, was a case of locking the barn after the horse had been stolen.

In short, I understand where I was at fault and I have nothing against those people who sincerely disliked a column like "Small Fry" and never read it. What I detested was the rank hypocrisy of so many of my hecklers, who would lap up the column like a cat drinking cream, thoroughly digest its contents with a special enzyme for the juicy items, then complain how terrible it all was. Coeds were the worst in this respect. Most of them love to see their names in print, if it's not too uncomplimentary, but they feel obligated to pretend they disapprove by acting very cold or angry toward the columnist who gave them the free publicity. If, however, there's an item about one of the girl friends or a rival sorority, they just eat it up and compliment you to the skies. There were several exceptions to this generality, of course, and I made it a policy to be nice to people who acted that way toward me. As for those mid-Victorian hangovers who protested about the names of innocent girls being besmirched by having their peccadillos made known, I can only utter a disgusted "nuts." The average coed today can tell jokes filthy enough to make a Lower Quadrangle boy blush—a feat more difficult than balancing the national budget—and her knowledge of the facts of life is quite thorough, as many a Carolina gentleman will tell you. But I shall always be grateful to the coeds. Their doings and misdoings supplied the best material any gossip columnist could ask for.

But the people I have the biggest grievance against are those who accused me of having a sex-ridden mind and writing in the column about nothing except the baser side of copulation. I don't deny I think sex, if handled in a subtle and sophisticated manner, is the most amusing subject in the world, but out of the 10 or 12 individual items I averaged in each column, usually only two or three of them dealt specifically with sex in its Arboretum aspects. But, of course, my pure-minded friends remembered nothing else and if "Small Fry" had dispensed entirely with spice, they would have quit reading it.

My column came to an end because of a paragraph which everyone up in the *Tar Heel* office thought was the most harmless and least controversial thing I had ever written. It dealt with the Chapel Hill High School and before I had time to catch my breath, I almost had my practice teaching suspended, which would have resulted in my being unable to get a teacher's degree. It seemed that the parents of one of the high school girls mentioned felt that their daughter's reputation had been irreparably ruined and they went to the administration, the education department and the local high school board with their tale of woe. The irony of the whole affair was that up to that time, few people knew who the girl was, since her last name wasn't even mentioned—and cared even less—but after mama and papa had finished their revenge campaign, all of Chapel Hill had learned her identity.

I could have had my column back this quarter if I wanted it. Martin Harmon has been a swell editor to me and has gone to bat for his problem child several times both with the students and

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

Hannah Straight

I Live In A Playhouse

THE MOST substantial thing about my house is the dream—my dream of freedom and books and friends.

In each of its three dimensions my house is an arm's length longer than I am from my head to my heels, and I am not a tall woman. So, in bed I can stretch full length and still have room to spare. At work I can move with comfort in the floor space between the bed along one wall, and the chest of drawers, oil cook stove and curtained cupboard along the opposite wall. On the floor I can stand erect without bumping my head. In fact, along its middle the roof lifts itself into a peak so high that I must stand on the bed when I clean the old lantern swinging in the center of the ridge pole. The room seems even spacious, for on each wall mirrors above the windows lift them to the roof-plate; and dull green curtains join the interior to the green world outside.

HANNAH STRAIGHT, *who prefers to remain in public writing under the anonymity of a pseudonym, reveals here with deep personal simplicity her Socratic recognition of eternal values discoverable in the hubbub of campus life.*

Here I have freedom, more freedom than could be bought in the handsome homes that offer "rooms for rent" to college students of our village. And here I have books, for the University Library is in sight. And here I have friends. None of the neighbors are interested in who comes or who goes into my house, for I am too old now to awaken suspicion or fear in the breasts of possessive wives and insecure sweethearts. I am a "safe thing" for the men, and a safer thing for the women. So I may have my friends in peace. The loss of youth has its compensations.

Why I live in a play-house has to do with the old plantation in Alabama. It failed: or, to put it more correctly, the price of cotton went down to a figure that drove farmers off the land. In production the plantation never fails us, not once since the day great-great-grandfather bought it from the Indians when he marched with Andrew Jackson's soldiers to Florida, where they taught the Spaniards and the Red men that it was unwholesome to harass the English colonists living further to the north.

The Creek Indians moved west from their Chattahoochee Valley, and great-great-grandfather with his brothers bought the tributary Cowikee Creek with its basin in the land of the Alabama's. Friends of this grandfather bought the nearby Uchee Creek Valley. Other friends settled further north along the Coosa, Talapoosa, and Custenala Rivers, and in the villages of Notasulga, Tallacy, and Tuskegee.

In their fervor of "progress" the white men exploited the forests and mined the soil, which was so fertile the settlers thought they could never exhaust it. However, in spite of their ignorance and short sightedness, the lazy Cowikee Creek still brings water for the thirsty land and "totes" silt rich and black to repair the worn out places. So the plantation bottoms even until now are able to bring forth their quota of crops, provided there be people to tend the land. But today these people have gone. Nature has taken care of the hills also. Here second growth pines develop into timber while they whisper contentedly to the skies. Quail and rabbits and beaver have come back to their native places. Perhaps the "panter" and the bear will return also, for the jungle is now preparing for them their natural habitation.

Back in 1929 we were farming the land, when world speculators somehow brought ruin upon cotton farmers. My Negro tenants and I were driven by mortgage foreclosures from the homes of our ancestors.

In former times when our farms had fallen into arrears I had taught school and pulled our bank account into balance, but now now. A crash on Wall Street (whatever that may have meant) had put the fear of the Lord into everybody. Those lucky enough to be on a job froze to it, and there were few, if any, new jobs.

I called the Negroes together and tried to explain the situation. Poor things! They knew well enough that the "price o' cotton was down"; but to them their "white folks" were invincible. I, the last of my mother's family, stood for the last time on the colonnade of my ancestral home with its Doric columns tottering on their foundations —mute witnesses to the breakdown of American

agriculture. As I looked into the dark upturned faces, a sickening sense of helplessness came over me.

"Showly, Miss Hannah, you ain't gwin' drive us offen this plantation, where us and our granddaddies been livin' long 'fore freedom was declared." Black Uncle Pete was their spokesman.

"I don't know," I assured him. "As for me I don't know who is going to advance you or me or any other cotton farmer any more."

And so I left them, poor bewildered beings, and I went out into a meaningless world.

Millionaire munition makers came and repaired my old home for a hunting lodge, and turned the plantation into a hunting preserve. It is not required by our United States Government that income-tax be paid on property bringing no income, and a hunting preserve in Alabama is innocent of money income to the owner.

The Negroes went to town to live on Government relief.

But a miracle happened to me! I was granted a scholarship in a great Southern University surrounded by a beautiful village.

Once in the long ago, when I was struggling with cotton and poverty and Negroes, a friend suddenly put the dream question, "If you had a million dollars what would you do?"

"Pay my debts," I answered, promptly, "and then I'd go to the capital city of Washington, rent me a grand home, hire a retinue of servants and . . ."

"For heaven's sake!" she exclaimed. "You've more house and servants here than ever you can use."

"O, but at the capital," I explained, "I'd use my home and servants and banquets and money to get acquainted with people. What I wish is to talk and talk with the 'big folks.'"

I love the plantation; but my lonely years there had brought a hunger for somebody to talk to, somebody who knew why Da Vinci is more beautiful than Raphael, why Bach satisfies more than Mozart, what is the significance of differential and integral Calculus in the fire arts of the West, and what is the significance of plus and minus in the fine arts of the East; how the stars control crop yields and how man controls money,—and many, many more questions foreign to my woolly headed Negro tenants and my few scattered white neighbors.

Little did I dream that my lack of money, not "a million dollars" would make my dream come true. It has really come to pass that I just "talk and talk with the 'big folks,'" and love them and know them as my friends.

That first year of graduate work I lived in a lovely home; but I was too busy with prescribed college courses to "talk" with anybody.

Then the scholarship expired; but no job appeared. We were in the midst of a business depression, and the South was declared by President Roosevelt to be America's "Economic Problem Number One."

Anyway, at the end of my scholarship year I found that the jobs went to the younger graduates, fresh from college. Looking about me, I summed up my needs.

Cheaper rent was imperative, and I must have the privilege of preparing my own inexpensive meals. Above all, I wanted a quiet place with plenty of privacy. A longing for the freedom of the old plantation came over me. O, it is cheap to wish! On the farm there is a homely saying, "Wish in one hand and spit in the other and see which gets full the quickest."

So with my heart full of wishes and my head full of nothing more valuable than spittle I went forth to find myself a place to live.

There was a child who had often called to me on my way to school. He named me his "college friend." What a friend in time of need he proved to be! I offered to rent his playhouse in his mama's back yard. The deal was closed and I moved in, not that I had anything to move other than my trunk and myself. The trunk went under the wood shed and I went into the playhouse. Thus, a little boy in the first school grade became my landlord. His Mama was amused and asked if I would stay long enough to pay for moving my trunk. My landlord is now a man with long trousers and a voice all changed to the depths of authority; and I am still living in his playhouse.

Thus, my wish for a home came true. For fewer dollars than there are fingers on one hand I pay my rent, for a month, and this includes: kerosine fuel, electric lights, water from a nearby spigot, and the use of the bath room in the "big house." The more glorious things I had bought were the quietude and privacy of the back yard. And marvel of marvels! I might till a tiny garden at my door.

On the plantation we had no such luxuries as I have now. We had no electric lights and no bath room and no hydrant. We "toted" water from a spring down under the hill.

Soon the garden around my playhouse was abloom with flowers, and, in time, it was rich with a variety of kitchen vegetables.

Each hour when the college clock strikes I rejoice anew that the great library is still there waiting for me, and the college professors are there, each in his narrow cell, teaching the wonderful things I hunger to know. For a small fee, I may listen on classes. Thousands of bales of cotton could not have bought such privileges down on the plantation.

To earn money I keep children for parents called away from home. Thus I came to know intimately more lovely people than is permitted to most citizens of our village. And thus I have come to have the care of little children loaned me in place of my own who never were more than spirit babies of my dreams. For weeks at a time I have kept the children of our most famous author, and in this home I have had happy times with one of the most interesting and lovable families in America.

I enjoy the luxurious houses of the village, but always I have my own home, my playhouse, to which I may return at any hour of the day or night. And always I return to it with an unlifted feeling of freedom. I wonder if city dwellers know the meaning of freedom on the great stretches of a cotton plantation. In my playhouse I have some of this freedom, for here I am merely in a little nitch of infinity. One step and I am in the garden all mysterious with flowers surrounded by the sky with its limitless reach above me. At night I like to stand just outside my doorway and listen to remote voices on the street. I can move in or out of my nook as I like, for there is no one else in my playhouse to be disturbed.

Here I am close to the elements, and somehow this nearness makes me realize distinctly the pulsation of the universe. My garden is one with the sunshine and the rain and the dawn and sunset and day and night, and I am one with all of them. Inside my house the tiny stove drives off the cold of winter, and the room is a cozy place. After the responsibility of some grand home with its furnace and uncertain "furnace man" it is a relief to return to my house where in the mornings I merely turn over in bed, reach to the other side of the room, and light the fire. Independence from servants is independence indeed! And I do not need them, for I have gained what I wish without them.

The southern sun is ardent, too ardent in summer time; but a great polonius tree spreads his arms above me, and his immense leaves sift the heat gently down upon my roof. Sometimes I eat my lunch on a rustic table in the shade out in the yard. From a nearby pecan tree squirrels scold at me, and from a cherry tree jay birds shout their warning. The veriole and red bird and mocking bird sing to me. They never scold.

The rain often soothes me to sleep. When I realize that I, in my tiny house, am removed from the elements by a wall thinner than the length of my nose I feel as though I were merely clothed in a barrel, as it were, and swaying, moving, going somewhere with cosmic forces unhindered by artifices of man.

There is wonder, sublimity in a thunderstorm when one is with it, a part of it. There is coziness in a snow that enfolds one like a rabbit protected by some shelter of underbrush or leaves.

This is my home. Here interesting lovable people come and sit upon my couch-bed, or on a rustic seat in the garden and "talk and talk." They are truly the "big folks"—big in brains and kindness and love. Sometimes we sip hot chocolate served on the narrow table hinged to the wall beside my couch.

I like to think of the people who have sat here. There is the homesick boy from the Netherlands, an editor now, and recently decorated by the Hungarian government for his social survey. To me he is still the homesick, heartsick boy who came to tell of his hopeless love affair. Recently he came all the way from Holland to find the girl, and to continue his conversation with me. The girl was gone; but I and my playhouse were here. "And the war that is threatening to tear your Holland to bits?" I asked him. He would not talk of that. He had come back only to see his friends in America. And then he returned to the Netherlands.

And there is the Philosopher who comes and talks about the meaning of time and space until I feel that this body has already freed my soul for its flight into infinity which is filled with the ever present Now.

And there are the three beloved ones: One has come from India, and one from Turkey, and one from China; and each is embued with the philosophy of her country.

And there are the troubled college boys puzzled over the strange, inscrutable nature of God.

And there come college girls, charming, earnest, and wise. Each in pursuit of her destiny comes to

ask my opinion about the nature of men, and what womanly qualities they like—my opinion! Mine! When I never caught a man in the net of my Life! Existence is full of irony—laughable or tragic depending upon the way you take it.

Sometimes there comes the disillusioned man who has married the wrong woman but has gotten the right children.

And there is the playwright with love for his own peculiar people and their Southern lore. When we talk together I am a girl again, speaking the language of the plantation. Once more the old manor house sits on Chunnenuggee Ridge, where the sandy bluff overlooks the wooded hill, beaded at its base with springs of fresh water, while beyond are the cotton fields with their innumerable rows of cotton stretching out to the horizon, where the mist turns the ragged pine line blue, and where trees, like phantoms, join the earth to the sky. As my playwright reads his poems, my thoughts are back in the land of the Alabams.

And there are other friends who come, these glorious friends of mine! We talk over their problems, and my playhouse, unfettered by convention, induces freedom of thought.

And so the years pass by. I am still too young to feel that my work is over. When first I came to realize that the Powers That Be would recommend only young graduates for a job, then bitterness and sadness engulfed me. I faced the question squarely, and knew that either the bitterness would remain or that I would happily accept my enforced leisure. A tough stubbornness rose up in my being. Fate had made me unhappy too long, and I rebelled against her wills. There had been too much sickness and poverty and death down on the plantation. Now there was not a kinsman left to suffer or rejoice over anything that comes to me. External motives and standards for me were gone forever.

Such freedom I could not have endured in earlier life, for with this freedom came its profound loneliness. I faced my dark hour—and vowed that, in spite of myself and all things else, I would be happy the rest of my existence. In my garden I shook my fist in the face of the moon and told her, I meant never again to be cheated out of one moment of happiness, never! (Until now I am keeping that vow.)

But neither the mere "telling the moon" nor the strongest resolution could fill the long aimless hours. The "let down" from hard work to leisure was worse than acute pain. Sometimes I was temporarily busy with children in their homes, and at other times I dug in my garden till my hands were full of corns and my clothes were drenched with sweat.

My housekeeping duties were few, and the expense of my living was little. I attended interesting classes; but I felt disgust for myself who had learned so much from books and professors, and yet could put none of this knowledge to use. Always within me is the realization that my grandparents were pioneers. They cleared the forests and found their own work in their own way and rejoiced in the doing, and with never a person to hand them a "job." "Why can I not make my own job too?" was the question forever with me. Why? Can it be that I have been regimented in schools until the initiative and pioneer spirit of the individual is gone? But I drifted aimlessly towards the end of my existence on this sphere.

And then one day, at the home of my author friend, the strange inspiration came. I took up my pen and wrote and wrote. I had nothing worth writing about; but the activity filled my worthless days. It was a game of solitaire. First, I wrote in prose, then turned the words into one metre then another. I turned the stuff into rhymes. Sometimes I tried old Hebrew forms, then the solemn Greek with its poise and grandeur—not that I knew these languages; but that I tried to catch the spirit of ancient writers and hold it with my English. And then I wrote the fierce restless dynamic spirit of the West. Soon my days were short, consumed with interest in my newly discovered game.

I have never been so thrilled by an external event as when my first story appeared in our college magazine. And then the daily papers accepted articles. One day there came "an acceptance" from an internationally known magazine. And there was a request for more stories!

The wonderful part is, I have not time for the aches and pains of old age, nor time for grief and regrets. I refuse to have my life only a mass of memories. I mean to *live,* live fully and actively to the end of my allotted days.

One piece of wisdom I have learned. In these chaotic times, in any and all times, if one will only relax, turn loose the tense grip of attainment, and find a faith in the "encircling good," he will be rocked with the rhythm of the universe, granted his daily bread, and in his own playhouse he will be thrilled with his "dreams come true."

Adrian Spies

Mr. Roy, Gentleman

ROY leaned on the grocery store counter and tried to look like one of the business men in an Esquire ad. An order-blank showed through the rip in his imitation leather portfolio, and he covered the hole casually with his arm. And then Roy sniffed with bored disgust. Showing old Mr. Raff that his place stank, and that he wasn't doing Roy any favors by giving him an order for a few cases of beer.

The healthy grey head of the proprietor was jerking around behind the counter. Mr. Raff was bending over the herring jars and Roy wondered how he could keep his busy nose over the stuff. But then old man Raff smelled of herring himself. Roy hated the indifference in the voice as the man continued working with his jars. "Come back Monday, maybe, Roy. Where were you yesterday? I needed some beer and gave it to that guy who sells for Lugars. You got to be on your toes boy. You can't be a retired gentleman at twenty-seven and expect to make a living. So come back Monday and maybe I'll save a little order for you."

Playing again on the familiar theme of frustration, ADRIAN SPIES *uses a typical American drug store as the backdrop for a short story dramatizing the defeat of a segment of one of our many contemporary "lost generations."*

Roy adjusted his hat in the shiny butter cases. His words were ravelled among cigarette puffs, as if everything was gracefully lazy like the smoke. "Say, that's all right, Raff. Yesterday I was so rushed I couldn't get around. But I'll tell you something. You may not see me around soon. I'm thinking of going out to California. They tell me I'm built for an executive. Let the dopes peddle beer all their lives. . . . Yeah, but I sure was rushed yesterday."

Old Man Raff smiled over to Roy and hunched his shoulders tiredly in understanding. Then he took up a broom to sweep the floor again. Some of the dirt rolled over Roy's shoes. Roy wiped it off without speaking and strode outside like an indignant gentleman.

But, outside, Roy had to step back again. For the hurry of people passing by always jostled him and made him seem foolish. He leaned against the window to watch business men walking anxiously; calculating profit and loss columns in the abstract brusqueness of their eyes. And he worried about his job. For Roy knew that he was the worse salesman that Penslers Beer had. That they only kept him because his father used to be a director. This was his tenth job in three years. Like all of them, he walked frightened through his tasks and excused himself with a contempt for his fellow-workers. Only he hated the humble little visits that had to be made to irritable customers. And it wasn't like Roy to beg some loud slob for an order or try and make friends with tradesmen who didn't know the difference between a Homburg and a Fedora.

He cursed his weakness for running off like he had done last Monday. The early sun had almost danced with languid invitations through his furnished room. Sitting on his bed that morning, Roy was nauseated at the thought of wheedling orders and knocking at back doors. So he had gone down to the Buick dealer's and pretended he was looking for a roadster. All day he had driven the rich comfort of new blue through the city and honked his horn at the girlies. It was a wonderful day even if it lost him old man Raff's account. And anyway, Roy remembered, it was like a fish out of water for a gentleman to peddle beer. So, thinking about California and a mahogany desk and that blue roadster, Roy merged into the push of people and strolled up the street.

Up in front he could see the grandness of 992. Like always, the apartment house rose effortlessly over the skyline. The thickness of its red bricks seemed to catch the noon-time noises and smother them before the cool rooms inside could be annoyed. A small circular driveway trimly separated the building from the common street. It enclosed a neat lawn where governesses with accents played games with pale children. And it was all a precious segment of respectability with a tradition of fashion in the city. So famous indeed, that everyone referred to it simply as 992.

When the doorman tipped his cap as Roy walked up he felt important. He was glad that he was carrying that portfolio. Even though it only contained lousey beer blanks. Roy knew that no one would call a man of twenty-seven sir

unless he carried a portfolio with pudgy assurance. He took a cigarette and drooped his eyelids in dignified gratitude when the doorman lit it up for him.

The electric arrow over the elevator door showed that Watson was up on the eleventh floor. The genteel blue light seemed to purr like a Neon advertising the opulence of 992's foyer. It pleased him to wait for Watson in one of those lop-sided French sofas that were only for show. Trying to cross his legs in that precise way that British movie actors do, Roy forgot all about Penslers Beer and dreamed out to the front lawn.

Years ago, he and Bernice and Eddie Holland used to play games there. When they all went to country day school together in Roy's father's big car. They always made believe they were triplets, and that used to make Roy's mother hold her hips and laugh. Sometimes on summer nights everyone would be standing out in front murmuring comfortable conversations, and the three of them would tease ice cream money from all the men. When it was winter they built snow castles around the imported English hedges. Afterwards they giggled in the Millers' apartment and spilled hot chocolate all over the green cushions. He had been very happy growing up in 992. Taking Sunday rides with his parents and waiting to be a millionnaire and planning to marry Bernice. But it was so long ago. Even before Roy began reminding himself that he was a gentleman.

The blue arrow announced that the elevator was coming down. It was passing the fifth floor now. Roy wondered if Watson ever got that stray dog feeling on floor five. Watson had been their butler for fifteen years. When Roy's parents finally were divorced he had stayed on in the building as elevator man. It was years ago now. He stayed as Roy's mother wrote vague letters from California about marriages that never developed and men who were certain to get him a good job. As his father sent apologetic post-cards from the race tracks in Florida. As Eddie Miller became an accountant with a confident laugh and a bank book. And as Bernice grew to such a beauty that everyone said she would marry a fortune.

Watson had stayed along with the garish yesterday of 992. But Roy felt that the man was still his. Even as his father's checks stopped coming, and he lived in a second-rate flat two blocks away, Roy came each day to claim the ghost-livery of his youth.

The elevator door was opening now. Watson came up with respectful pleasure. His shoulders bent forward servilely. "Sure glad to see you, Mr. Roy. How's the business man today?"

He liked being called Mr. Roy. It was an echo from that apartment on the fifth floor.

Watson pulled a crease out of Roy's coat. "Mr. Roy, why does a gentleman like you want to waste his time out there? Say, when you going to settle down and marry that girl and take me to work for you again? I mean with me personally frying them eggs and onions the way you like, Mr. Roy?"

Roy almost believed that he only needed to make such a decision. He would one morning wake up with a real job. Then he would be engaged to Bernice. It was easy to forget all about countless roadsters taken on a day's trial, and humiliating hunts after sluts in back streets, when Watson talked. And now when Roy made a smoking-jacket splendor out of his ten-buck furnished room Watson obediently smacked his lips at imagined sin.

"I want your wife to clean up my room again. Who knows when I'll be called away? And—uh—Watson, if she finds any silk panties around tell her my—my aunt from Chicago is in town. Eh?" He leered over to the man and allowed Watson to lend him five dollars. Then Roy felt better. Going outside, he welcomed the young spring air.

The sun was unkind to the Chesterfield coat he had bought at a downtown auction sale. But Roy closed it the stylish two buttons worth. It was almost as warm as those days when he and Bernice wore bathing suits on the roof of 992. He smiled in remembrance of that afternoon they played tag. When all of a sudden he had caught her and they tumbled all over Mrs. Hemp's rubber mat. Everything had been close and soft for a moment as Roy's body moved in ecstatic trembles. Then a head had moved, and they looked into each other's eyes. And it was the last time they ever went up on the roof. Roy watched a red convertible ride by and moved his thin head in wistful boy-wonder as he slouched into Mrs. Wieb's drug store.

It was "the drug store," meeting place for the residents of 992 and a few specially admitted "outsiders." With special lunch suggestions glued to the mirrors and a chromium glare that lost itself in the shadow intimacy of leather booths.

With a generous hiya to Manny behind the fountain, Roy went back to the usual booth. The

gang liked it best because this booth was nearest the door. They could see everyone as Manny bounced his kinky head and served all their specials from memory. And the bagatelle machine was right next to them. Every Monday there was excitement when a new game was brought in. And everyone always turned to Roy. He studied each machine and was champ.

Mrs. Hemp and Bella Wicker were sitting there waving to him. Like always, there was a chocolate soda for the fat lady and a half-empty cup of coffee for her friend Bella. Both studied a racing form. And they were two women almost old, usually alone, and clutching each other in the noisy greetings of Mrs. Wieb's cut rate pharmacy. In the sheen of chromium they were dull and flabby yesterdays.

Mrs. Hemp looked up and tried to wink. There was whipped cream on her cheek. "Remember your promise, Roy. Here are some nickels. Go make me a fortune on the machine." Then she sighed over another heartburn and went back to the racing form. "There's Singing Sam in the fourth at Bowie. What do you think of him, Bella dearie?"

He was leaning on the case of the bagatelle game now. It showed pretty girls in red bathing suits riding down a slide that lit up when the balls rolled over them. He liked to study the games before he played.

"Who wants a horse with such a name?" asked Bella. "I never like my men to sing. If I want a voice I can pay thirty cents at a burlesque. Find me a name with romance." Bella was thin in an over-used neurotic way. But her jowls sagged hungrily loose in hints of old appetites. Yellow skin sopped up the smoke from countless cigarettes, and held it in an almost crazy lust for warm life. The partial grey of her hair had been dyed out in a lumpy black. And around it was one of those colored bandanas worn by sporty young girls. Her voice had long ago left the polite trills of society. Now it was hoarse from caustic use. In the old days Roy's mother used to laugh that restless treble of hers when Bella made jokes at the bridge table.

Roy was testing the spring of the lever now and feeling at home. "How do you know that Max doesn't sing songs to those furs of his, Bella?" He put a nickel in the slot and made 1700 on the first ball. That was pretty fair.

"You leave my Maxie baby alone. He has enough trouble figuring if it's me or his furs that give him an honest living."

Roy never really liked to talk about Bella's man. It was better to smirk in the hushed slander of the people of 992. In the superior indulgence that gentlemen may show to women who aren't ladies. Ever since her husband had died bankrupt and she had moved into that cheap apartment next door, her old friends had carefully forgotten her. He knew that she had been getting old alone in her room when she found Max somewhere. And he never really blamed her for renting that flat for him and going there each day. Only Max was a cheap furrier who called Bella an old bag behind her back. And though they used to croon jokes and feel warm about it in the booth, Roy was uncomfortable. He watched the bathing girls in the machine light up and thought that Bernice was prettier than all of them. When Mrs. Hemp got a tuna fish sandwich he called her gorgeous and took a big bite.

As Mrs. Wieb came in Bella raised her head to ask how their beautiful hostess was getting on. The others laughed at the thought of the name "barrel buttocks" which she had given the woman in the clubby whispers of the booth.

But the woman was agitated now. She hardly stopped to check the sales slips near the cash register. Her homely face was half covered by that new hat she had been wearing ever since the Wiebs had gone ritzy and moved into 992. Only now it was careening neglected on the side. Walking back behind the prescription counter to change into a smock, she spoke out to anyone who would listen.

"I might have known they would do it. Those God-damned snobs up on the roof. My drug store is good enough for them to sit in all day. But I'm dirt to them duchesses when I go get a little sun on the roof." She blew her nose and looked away as she came out to arrange a few fruit bowls. Then she turned to the boy. "Manny my child, go wash your hands. Customers always look good at the hands. Such fancy customers as I got especially."

Roy couldn't rub away a picture of Bernice's hands, softly white and probably jeering Mrs. Wieb with the others. The machine hit 27,000 and he won. He called proudly for six nickels. Mrs. Hemp reached for the money and rubbed his hand in puffy insinuations. But Bella was quiet and looking at the clock. For Max passed by each day at two and usually waved hello. Wives and nurses and high school kids from 992 were at the fountain now. Sometimes one would smirk and turn to hear the injured proprietress.

Mrs. Wieb sat down and looked around the store. It was as if she was breathing the candied air and reassuring herself with thoughts of ownership. "This morning I felt bad and thought I'd be a lady for once in my life. I even bought a sun-suit special at a sale. All my life I wanted to live in an apartment where there was a solarium. Tell me, am I such poison they should laugh and move away from me up there? Not one came over to talk. Such high-tone sports. Phew!" Then she became calmer, and sat higher in her chair. Roy almost forgot to keep laughing at her underneath his gentlemanly attentive face. "Manny. Go open a can of caviar and make me a sandwich. That's what I think of my snooty neighbors!"

Now it was almost two o'clock. Roy knew that he should be out again trying to sell beer. Only he was probably going to quit and go to California anyway, so he sat still. Mrs. Hemp shifted in her seat and licked the ice cream from her spoon. She sighed. "Mrs. Wieb, personally I think your ice cream is no good anymore. It seems to me such a good customer deserves better."

As the other answered, Roy saw the black caviar specks agitate in her busy mouth. "If you don't like my stuff go keep company someplace else. Why don't you go up to the solarium with the rest of them beautiful figures. Only they'd laugh at you too. Cause you used to be a baker's daughter." She sobbed and marched to the front of the store. Mrs. Hemp played with her rings and sighed in resigned agreement. Roy reached over and finished the caviar sandwich. The salty elegant taste was wonderful in his mouth. It's delicacy reminded him again of the old days, and Sunday night suppers with his family in 992. And the black vitality of it was like Bernice's hair.

Thinking luxuriantly of Bernice and of the few times now that they met in Mrs. Wieb's—with her always in a hurry and seldom condescending to join the outcasts in the booth—Roy saw Bella jump up and run to the door. Max was there, dressed in that new suit she had bought him and trying to forget he was only a furrier by trade. He watched them talk for a moment in the street. The man's coarsely sensual head was moving in weak stammers. All of sudden Bella grabbed his hand and laughed. There was almost shame in his smile as Max looked around furtively and then took some money from her. Afterwards he ran across the street to catch a bus that was still a block away. The woman stood for a moment looking after him. Then she coughed, turned her head in wild aloneness, and ran back to the booth. She pushed into her place as if she never meant to leave again. But when Manny brought her coffee she grinned and asked what made his hair so kinky.

Putting a nickel in the slot, Roy asked her why Max had been so indiscreet as to call her out. It was good to be one of the gang and ask questions like that. As he listened Roy shot a 32,000 game and set a new record.

"Max said he couldn't stand it any more. He says the men are laughing at him in the shop and that I want too much. There's a girl, too. A young one. Said he had to give me up. Then he made me give him money I owe for last week. . . . So that's my Maxie baby." Bella was used and old enough to really laugh out loud at her pain. She pinched Mrs. Hemp's ample behind. "What will my old friends in 992 talk about now? Now that they've taken my poor little furrier away from me."

No one talked or smiled as Bella giggled to herself in the intoxication of despair. Mrs. Hemp moaned a bilious sigh from the lost regions of her belly, kissed Bella, and waddled out. They all knew she was going up to the solarium. She would be almost recognized up there with such a piece of news. Roy slid into her place. "To Hell with them, gorgeous," he said.

The two of them were matching pennies when Bernice and Eddie Miller laughed their way into the drug-store. She was carelessly *beau monde* in a tan riding habit. And her black hair was almost alive in gracious ripples around her shoulder. Her eyes were black too. Even from the booth Roy saw them and remembered their funny frightened bewilderment that day on the roof. Only now the little girl body had softened into a ripe ease. And she had grown into the sanctorum of the Sunday Rotogravure. Bernice whispered on her brother's arm for a moment. As the two of them walked back to the booth they were like landed nobility being democratic with their serfs. The brother called an amiable hello.

Roy hoped that his voice was as assertive as Eddie's. "Well, how are you old sports? I never see either of you any more. Well, I guess we're all pretty busy. . . .

Eddie was smiling easily and saying sure old boy. Bernice looked to her brother with surprise for a moment. Then quickly leaned over to Roy and took his hand with tenderness. There was the smell of expensive pleasure in the pungency of her leather boots. Roy wished that Watson could see him now with his woman. As the small talk

went on Roy was content to breathe the trim womanly closeness of Bernice. Remembering, though, to nod in sophistication.

Now Eddie was laughing in quiet urbanity and making a toast with his coca cola. "I want you to know this. We're drinking to a bride. Bernice and Maurice Josephs got it settled today on the riding party. How do you like it? My kid sister getting married."

She was leaning her hand on Roy's shoulder and smiling down to the table. Roy tried not to look at her lips and breathe the sick heaviness out of his body. But he heard himself laughing and saying that it was wonderful. . . . "I'll send the brat a case of oranges from California." And there were mind pictures of himself nobly tight at the wedding reception and being talked about in hushed pity.

Then Bernice said that Maurice was coming over, and they had to go up to the apartment. As they walked out she looked back to signal a smile at Roy. He sang "Rock-a-bye Baby" joshingly. Then she and Eddie were tailored and sporting grace as they skipped along the street. "Go play me a game," said Bella gently.

But he was suddenly sick of Bella and her slouch. When she spoke she had rubbed her hand along his pants. And she was feeding him nickels. like she used to do with Max the furrier. Now Bella's arm was possessive on his shoulder. She seemed to be pulling his body down deep into the wastes of the booth. And Roy knew that if he sat still this woman was going to offer him Max's bed. The smell of decay was lush in her breath and coming closer. Roy walked away to the counter.

Women from 992 were sitting on all of the little stools. The scent of proper powder floated with their gossip. All of them looked tired as they made talk. When the young doctor from the building ran in all of them cooed around him in a fashionable circle. Now their laughs were louder and almost wild. Only Bella sat alone smirking in the booth.

Manny sat behind the counter reading a book. When Roy asked him what it was the boy spoke unconcernedly and continued to read. He said it was for a course in salesmanship at night school.

Roy thought it was gentlemanly to be nice to working people and he was friendly. "Say, I've been a salesman for those beer people months now and I never read such a big book. Manny, you're wasting your time. Take it from me."

There was a sneer on the other's face. Instead of answering, Manny walked back to Mrs. Wieb at the prescription counter. His contemptuous voice was loud enough for Roy to hear. "Sure. He never reads a book. And what the Hell is he? A stooge making peanuts and coming in here to act like he's still somebody. Like he still lived in 992. A book won't help that Roy. He needs the whole damned city library."

Roy looked to the fountain mirror. Gazing frightened at the dry grey of his 27 years. At the meagre mouth that Bella said was aristocratic and the apathetic eyes that were supposed to be stylish. He took out his comb and carefully corrected the part in his hair. Only it really didn't matter. For all of the women were still stalking the good-looking doctor from the apartment house. And they all had heard Manny's contempt.

He walked back to Bella and stood looking down at her, hurt and waiting to be pulled back to comfort. She played with his fingers. "Don't mind what Manny said, baby boy. There was a time your father could have bought out this store just from his pocket money. You and I used to belong. They're in our boat, but none of them know it. Come sit by me. We'll make jokes about them together. And about good old 992."

The decay smell of Bella didn't bother him anymore. All of the giggles and averted eyes in the drug store seemed to push the two of them together. At last Roy understood why Bella could sit and cackle at the people in the front. As she laughed he looked down quietly. Then he joined her, and soon his voice was almost as hoarse as hers.

It was natural then to go along with her as she left the drug store at the hour when she used to meet Max. They walked along the street slowly, saying little, and hunching their shoulders near to their bowed heads. Their steps matched on the sidewalk.

Watson was coming off of duty as they passed by 992. He called in passing. "Good night, Mr. Roy. Have a pleasant evening, sir. And I warned my wife about them pink things. She say's you're sure a devil, Mr. Roy."

Waving to the good man and brisking his step, Roy breathed the evening air bravely. For Watson had winked and rolled his eyes. And Roy was a gentleman about town going off for a little pleasure. And it was only something till he settled down and returned to 992. Smiling generously down at Bella, Roy imagined she was like those gay Palm Beach sophistocates whose pictures he always grinned over in Mrs. Wieb's Drug Store.

Of the Making of Books There Is no End

—*The Campus Looks at Current Literature*—

ORB

THE COSMOLOGICAL EYE. Henry Miller. New London: New Directions. 240 pp. $2.50.

I should like to sell you a book. You being any college man. As a person interested seriously in both beer and books, I propose with thorough reflection that Miller's "Eye" is worth more to you for entertainment than the required two-fifty invested in beer, and that having been entertained by it you will also find yourself a gain in information and wisdom. Miller is the author of the notorious *Tropic of Cancer*, but this volume is a censored product, and though that might cut down the undergraduate enthusiasm for it as well as not afford the literatus a view of Miller's great sweep, it is probably a better introduction to him. I recommend it to you rather than your elders not because they are too puritanic for it but because they are too belletristic to care for it. It is for our generation, and then some.

The historian of the "outspoken" or goddam f . . . ing spade" movement in twentieth century letters, although he will have a pile of material to go through, will have only a few conclusions to draw; D. H. Lawrence will have to be admitted the first to treat sex with a competent literary philosophy, numerous others, good and bad writers, will be recognized as rebels, or as exhibitionists. To explain the revolt against accepted standards of decency will be more difficult. It is obvious that English never was so pure until Tennyson; on the other hand never in any period of letters was outrage so deliberately outrageous. The classics of obscenity were not so infamous because no Greek Roman or Frenchman was ever so open to shock. Of Oriental literature we have too many translations of high pornographic value, but we have no reason to believe that these are more than the margin of a general tradition of matter-of-fact. The especial premium on fully dressed books may be connected with the rise of the social status of women, i. e. Victorianism may be a very significant name. Certainly, in spite of the essays on the profaneness and immorality of the stage, it was in the last century that literary prohibition, and the consequent bootlegging, began. In that period was written the only book by a master which avows its purpose to be stimulation of the sexual function. (Balzac, preface to the only volume of him widely read over here.) But wherever our recent school originated, it has been highly "literary" and as the critics always say something like fence and lavatory-wall composition. As Kay Boyle says of homosexuality, it is "a thing done badly by amateurs."

Parallel to or frequently bound up with this development, we have been trying to talk the language of the people. An old attempt which since Chevy Chase or the Morality play has failed in spite of Milton—in regard to his abjuring rhyme. He worked against intelligibility except when writing on divorce—Wordsworth, and Whitman. Even the descendants of Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway, Farrell, etc., have written not actually from the eye-level of every man, but down from some superior level of literary tradition. Worse, often they wrote dully. The Novel moreover is not the place for such writing to catch on; in spite of the wide circulation they do not reach the people, even the lower middle class American woman—God's poorest creation, may I say—considers herself making a high-brow effort to read GwtW or the woiks of Temple Bailey. I'm not sure about these people, I think the name will do. And we do not talk novels, even the new formless variety. The place for plain talk is in what used to be called didactic writing, which means talking about something. Henry Miller's true genius comes from the fact that he learned to think before he learned to write. He is the only writer of intellect whom you could meet in a beer-joint and be so instructed and pleased to let him talk that you would listen. But he is a serious artist, he believes in writing as a man's work, and he writes well.

One more remark about the book. It is extremely varied and some of it is on the high-brow side; the first sketch has that touch, in the others the high-brow note is rung with malice. One fascinating bit, if you are of that humor, is a complete exercise in Surrealism. But find the Tailor Shop, or the essays on cinema to begin with, and then look over the number of things the man can do. —KIFFIN R. HAYES

LINES TO THE LEFT

CULTURE AND THE PEOPLE. Maxim Gorky. New York: International Publishers. 224 pp. $1.50.

In 1917 a great deal was being said about the Huns. This year its the Reds. Accurate information about Soviet Russia, always

Books about Chapel Hill

OLD DAYS IN CHAPEL HILL by Hope Summerell Chamberlain. Mrs. Chamberlain's collection of the letters of Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer pictures ante-bellum life in Chapel Hill. Startling, humorous, and sad, Mrs. Spencer's letters describe the university's regime of "pigs and pygmies" and professors who went barefoot and whose wives chewed tobacco.
Illustrated by the author. **Price $2.50**

THIS WAS HOME by Hope Summerell Chamberlain. Again Mrs. Chamberlain writes of Chapel Hill. In the days of her grandfather, Dr. Elisha Mitchell, the mail left for the North only once a week, there were grand Commencement balls, Durham had not been heard of, and university students pursued their gallant courtships in Chapel Hill.
Price $3.50

TAR HEEL EDITOR by Josephus Daniels. The author tells with keen wit of his Law School days in Chapel Hill, when $12.00 a month was amply sufficient for board, and when the students bathed in summer in a secluded spot back of the old Methodist Church, where water poured from a pipe on the high bank.
Illustrated. **Price $3.50**

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
Chapel Hill, N. C.

hard to find, at present is almost unprocurable. Only the other day, up at our renowned Cambridge, a proposal seriously was made that the name Lenin, not to mention Leningrad, be forbidden both utterance and publication! War hysteria floods the record. The protesting voices of such intellectuals as G. B. Shaw, J. B. S. Haldane, Sean O'Casey, and even the Dean of Canterbury, are raised against the reactionary, counter-revolutionary forces in vain. Speech in any way opposing White Guardist aims is simply paid no attention by the corrupt press—and lies are regularly printed in place of fact.

Precisely this kind of hatred led to Gorky's death in 1937. He was murdered by the Trotskyite traitors who were fearful of his prestige as laudatory spokesman of the Bolshevik party and as admiring friend of Joseph Stalin. Gorky, at first suspicious of the Communist state, later its earnest abettor, could not be persuaded to listen to the enemy, and consequently was done away with. His works are not so easily dispatched. Firmly established as one of the great writers of all time, his thoughts no longer subject to assassins, he takes his place in history beside the courageous champions of truth and intellectual freedom.

This collection of the last essays is a representative selection of his journalistic activities. They reveal, as do his novels, the depth and vigor of the man—and his intense honesty. In them he speaks the language of the people, simply, compellingly, and explains both in theory and detail the position of Russia, past, present, and future. Fortunately, it is still possible to set up such a book as this alongside the daily slanders.

Gorky claims that the workers and peasants, by discarding the psychology induced in them by their former slavery, are gradually learning to administer their own country—beginning to feel the state as their own affair, as an organization of people pursuing a common aim. The falsehoods of religious and national prejudices which separate people are being exposed, and the will and reason of man which are aiming toward collectivism signify to Gorgy "the beginning not merely of a national but of a world renaissance." "In the Soviet Union," he writes, "the foundation of a new world is really being laid." Yet he is, at the same time, very well aware of the threat to the free development possible under scientific socialism. He realizes that the experiment is surrounded by enemy distrust. Wholly disregarding the Soviet government's plan for immediate disarmament, "the capitalist states of Europe are today," writes Gorky, "actively preparing for a new war." This was penned just ten years before war actually was declared, in 1929.

Gorky well knew that these states had learned nothing from the last war, that they were still controlled by the bankers and manufacturers just as they had once been by the kings and nobles. The struggle for 'individual existence' inevitable under such a rule, dividing the people into slaves and masters, creates, according to Gorky, "a conglomeration of anarchic Philistines." And he attacks at some length this particular creation of bourgeois society. For individualism, which is based on private property and which is so dearly cherished by all Philistines, actually is deformed by them, and stunted. These are the "self-abusers," the "world-abusers," they who make a pretense of "humanitarianism," they who rot in their own decadence. What is a Philistine? I yield to Gorky.

"A Philistine is a person whose life is constricted by a narrow circle of habits and ideas acquired long ago, and who, within this circle, thinks automatically. The influence of family, school, church, 'humanitarian' literature, of all that represents the 'spirit of the law' and the 'traditions' of the bourgeoisie, creates within the brain of the Philistine a simple mechanism, similar to that of a clock, whose mainspring sets in motion the wheels of Philistine ideas, a force that urges him continually towards a state of rest. The prayers of the Philistine may, without damage to their eloquence, all be reduced to a few words: 'God have mercy on me!' "

—Richard Nickson.

AUDEN AGAIN

Another Time. W. H. Auden. New York: Random House. 114 pp. $2.00.

When W. H. Auden was in Chapel Hill last April, I asked him,

"Have you ever felt your obscurity prevents you from having an audience you would like to reach?"

"Since I began writing," Auden answered, "I've always attempted to write the way most natural to me, the way most an honest expression of me. I don't believe in writing up or down to audiences. I write, and there it is—for anyone who wants it."

In *Another Time* the English poet has published his latest poems since making his permanent home in this country. Auden has been confronted with an interesting problem, that of introducing revolutionary ideas into his poetry, and making his ideas understood to as many people as possible. Unfortunately Auden's poetry tends to pursue two extremes: he writes naturally with an intellectual certainty, and assumes a scholastic background in his readers—in this category falls his most obscure work; again, in an attempt to propagandize his ideas to a large audience, he over-simplifies and underwrites. The ideal Auden lies between these extremes, when intellect is enlivened with alert emotion, and the poet's desire to aid his fellows is nobly rather than tritely expressed.

Another Time is representative of Auden, and shows improvement only in his light verse. The book is arranged in three divisions: the first is personal, and is the poet's reactions to persons, events, places, which have most affected him; the second part is composed of light verse, "songs for performance;" and the last section contains occasional pieces. In "Part I: People and Places" are poems which are pure pot-boiler, poems like "Law, Say the Gardeners, Is the Sun," and "Gare du Midi," and other poems like "Where do they come from?" which represent Auden at his intellectual best. "Wrapped in a Yielding Air" is typical of the most readable, and most easily understood poems, and falls within the group between the obscure and propagandistic. The second part, "Lighter Poems," is an assortment of ballads, cabaret songs, and brief lyrics. The ballad "James Honeyman" and the lyric "Roman Wall Blues" are written with a detachment unusual in Auden, and have an objectivity which is convincing and a cleverness which is faintly reminiscent of Robert Burns: the apparent influence of Burns on Auden is seen in all of the ballads, and one keeps remembering "The Jolly Beggars." "Refugee Blues" is one of the several poems Auden has written of his "exile," and is too indecisive in mood between whimsicality and bitterness to be very strong. The last section, "Occasional Poems," represents Auden as he sometimes writes, the ideal Auden, the poet finding a sincere and passionate subject, and writing clearly, and with the sharpness that has given him his high place. "Spain 1937" is the most notable poem in this section and in the volume. Its reason sparked by feeling, its picture of a war-weary land, show Auden in his real genius.

—Simons Roof

The Town Remains

(*Continued from page five*)

for him. . . . It was not the shabbiness of decay; it was the product of use and of lack of money, a shabbiness full of vitality, like that of a well-worn, valuable garment."

Our town has taken its contemporary shape. The wilderness has gone, something of the provincialism has disappeared, the outside world is just beyond the long tabling butte rising in factories, railroads, and sordidness. Both Mrs. Pahlow and Wilbur Daniel Steele saw Chapel Hill in their middle years. Futility, disillusionment, and general unrest had worn smooth the channels of their minds. Here they found rest, not escape; life, not futility; and beauty, instead of artifice.

IV

Last of all is the Chapel Hill of today and tomorrow. James McConnaughey's Village Chronicle is the contemporary biography of our town. It should be called the autobiography of our town. The people have written it by their lives, the town has coloured it by its atmosphere, and James McConnaughey has written only what life in our town dictated to him during his residence here.

"As he approached the crest of the rise at this lower end of the campus, his attention was attracted by pale sunlight shafting through the trees and washing the stern, plain ends of Old East and Old West in a yellow glow. Old East built in 1793, was as old as the university; Old West, although it had had to wait a bit after its conception for the necessary funds, had emerged in 1824. In making them centenarians, the passing years had also given them a dignity beyond any imperfection of design or harmonious arrangement of form and mass. Seeing them once more, returning alumni often got drunkenly sentimental about them—not because the structures had figured prominently in their undergraduate lives, but because photographs and etchings of them appeared so often in the university's alumni publications.

"There was, quite naturally, an aura of the past clinging to them. Octogenarians could still chuckle over the remembrance of a cow being discovered one night, by the president himself, walking around in a bewildered circle on the top floor of Old West, her orbit noisily restricted by the lower end of the school-bell rope. There were scores of similar legends; even he could remember ten or twelve. Old East, for instance, had a door with a puttied-up bullet hole, the result of a freshman's fanatic and armed resistance to an 1885 hazing party.

"Looking at them, Joel always had to smile a little. They had come down through the years to their present identities somewhat emasculated in flavor and form, but there had been no loss of dignity in the transition; the 1905 bathrooms with their 1924 shower attachments now had the same comfortable appearance of obsoleteness as the eroding bricks that nestled, spent-looking, under the thick growth of ivy.

"At that, he decided, Old East and Old West, judged detachedly, were far better-looking than the comparatively new law dormitory, erected some twenty-five years ago. This, in bad Italian Renaissance, faced the Corinthian-columned front of the old library, now the experimental theatre, and managed to give them both the ridiculous aspect of not belonging there, of being somehow out of place.

"The campus was dotted with such incongruities; you didn't have to look far to find one, no matter where you stood. As he turned in between the law building and the theatre and out across the still damp grass to Murphey, he considered the library as an example. It was an imposing-looking building of white native stone, not without its own gracious beauty; but the back of it, fortunately buttressing the Raleigh road and not the campus, looked distressingly like the wall of a factory building. The trick, Joel knew, was to look only at certain buildings, across others to the trees; for it was the trees that gave the campus its quiet, rich beauty."

Village Chronicle shows the Chapel Hill that is our town: the town of the students, the faculty, the town professional people, the tradespeople, and the town of those who have looked for and found it. It is the Chapel Hill of the days before the second World War, full of laughter, scandal, hypocrisy, birth, and death; full of the stuff that makes a town real, wherever or whatever it is.

The eight Chapel Hill novels have progressed with the town from the Victorian period of the

"Dear Reader" romance up to and through the stream of consciousness realism of Thomas Wolfe. All of these novels will probably be lost in the stacks as the early ones were when I tried to find them. New novels will tell of Chapel Hill in different words and styles, and their bright linen covers and dust-jackets will catch the eye quicker than the thumbed and soiled VILLAGE CHRONICLE, but over and over again Chapel Hill will find its scribes and through their minds it will repeat again the life that has been and always will be in it.

V

Thomas Wolfe gave his Chapel Hill his own lusty, effervescent, Rabelaisian personality; Gertrude Pahlow gave it too restful and sentimental a quality; and James McConnaughey gave our town its own autobiography with the town gossip, the liberalism endowed by the ignorant citizens of the state, the stifling scholasticism of some of the faculty, the escapades of the neurotic wives, the defensive existence of the beauty parlour operators, the adolescent wildness of the faculty children, and the tragedy and humour of student problems.

Eight pictures in fiction of our town, seven different points of view, four periods in the town's life—but underneath the Chapel Hill that has been and always will be the same though at times it is like the New England weather: unpredictable; even unpleasant, but after all our town, which, as Thomas Wolfe says, beats everything else "all hollow."

PROFESSORIAL PORTRAIT

(*Continued from page twelve*)

table picnic. France with its wines, its gothic architecture, its people thoroughly acquainted with the amenities of life—people who could be religious without being dour and irreligious without being crusaders—all this was a revelation. Indeed, France was so much of a revelation that he attended the University of Grenoble in 1919. In 1925 he received a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. Interpreting his personality and one of his major interests from a religious-reaction viewpoint it is interesting to note that four of his more important publications are directly connected with religion in the mediaeval world: "Secular and Regular Canons in the Middle Ages," "Pre-gothic Architecture," "The Laity in French Church Councils," and "Life and Letters of [Bishop] Fulbert of Chartres." In gathering the material for the last mentioned work he spent parts of 1933 and 1934 in France around and in the cathedral city of Chartres.

In class Dr. MacKinney is informal, interesting, interested, and enthusiastic. He is apt to be frightening in the same way that a three-ring circus is. His speech is rapid, concise, and often picturesque; his smile is just as rapid, concise, and often picturesque. His passion for lines is not even held in check by the demands of sentence structure. In the middle of a flowering era he is apt to break off abruptly, canter madly away from his desk, at the same time that he menaces the blackboard with an extended chalk which he usually breaks upon arrival. Having traced a chalk line from one end of the room to the other he gleefully proceeds to mark up periods, centuries, or empires, as the case may be. One may criticize the teaching technique of Dr. MacKinney, one can be somewhat hazy as to exactly what was studied in the course; no one can deny, however, that, whatever it was one studied, the course was interesting and the period did *live*.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-COLUMNIST

(*Continued from page nineteen*)

the administration. No one could have asked for a better supporter—or friend. I miss writing the column very much. It was really a lot of fun and so I extend to Rush Hamrick my envy. But I've taken a little too much on the chin and I don't think I can absorb any more punishment. I'm tired of people looking on me as a freak and I'm not thick-skinned enough to ignore their criticisms. And I'm fed up with coeds thinking I'm fast because of what I write when the truth is I'm disgustingly slow. In short, I like having friends too much. And so I extend to Mr. Hamrick my heart-felt sympathy. It's a pity.

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3. Write or type on 8x11 paper; use only one side of the paper.
4. Write name, college, home address on the upper right hand corner of each page.
5. List bibliography used in preparation of the essay.

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March, 1940

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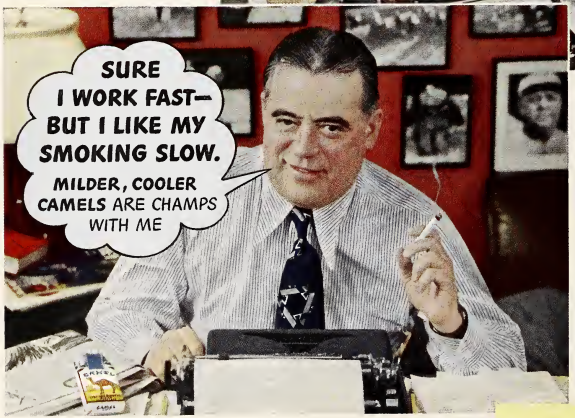

LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking—slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

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BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's *sprinted* . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

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The Carolina Magazine

Established 1844

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Discrimination

The surprisingly numerous cases of petty larceny occurring on the campus this year, culminating last month in the conviction and sentencing of two Orange county boys to six months on the chain gang, has caused considerable attention to be focused on the local Recorder's court. And there are those, especially among the townspeople, who would accuse Judge Andrew McIntosh of showing discrimination.

They cite as examples two of the major cases involving University students this year, that of the two students who wrecked a house on Gimghoul road and that of the student who was merchandising stolen articles, in which the offenders have gotten off with fines and suspended sentences. Whereas they think that many youthful local offenders, being neither rich nor University students, are receiving heavier sentences.

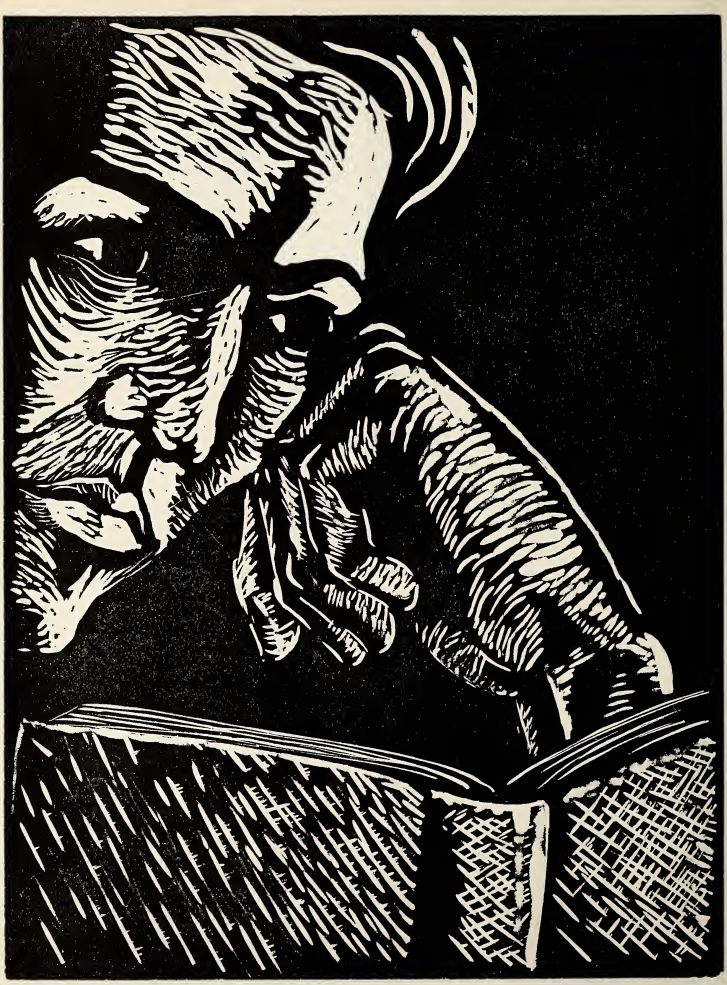
It is not our purpose to question Judge McIntosh's integrity. His decisions are based upon a full investigation into the facts of each case and a personal knowledge of the persons concerned. But we do feel that the local court has and is showing a tendency to be more lenient with University students, possibly because of the realization that the maintenance of the student body's good will toward the village is essential.

Theoretically, a college student is more susceptible to reform than his economically less fortunate brethren. But a county road gang is not the place for youthful delinquents of any class. The stigma of serving a term on the roads, the association with older and more hardened criminals, all tends in an opposite direction. Nor yet is the theory that occasional stiff sentences will serve as warnings to possible offenders valid for the reason that juvenile delinquents seldom if ever worry about consequences simply because they do not intend to be caught.

The law enforcement agencies of Chapel Hill are doing an excellent job of handling the occasional disorders arising from a student body as large as ours, a record that is capable of being moved only by actions which give rise to accusations similar to the above. Frankly, we would like to see a more liberal use of North Carolina's new probation law in such cases, whether student or non-student.

Cover

This month's cover, planned before examinations, has lost its appropriateness. The editors hope it will serve to keep alive the memories of a pleasant winter quarter.



Sampson Albright

The Student Is a Guinea Pig

An Investigation into this Business of Textbooks

SCENE: *The Book Ex or either of the bookstores in town.*

TIME: *End of the quarter, any quarter.*

STUDENT: How much for this book?

CLERK: "The Sociological Implications of One-Eyed Reindeer," by Chinbunny?

STUDENT: Yeah, that's right. Good condition; not a mark in it.

CLERK: Fifty cents.

STUDENT: Fifty cents? Listen, chum, this tome set me back three-and-a-half bucks.

CLERK: I know. Too bad it's not being used next quarter.

STUDENT: Give me the four bits before you change your mind.

The student in this little truth-is-stranger-than-fiction vignette leaves the scene filled with resentment. The situation is certainly not foreign to the Carolina student body; any interested outsider can verify this by asking a few questions of the boys in the dormitories.

Because of his desire to graduate eventually, SAMPSON ALBRIGHT *prefers to contribute his attack on a problem dear to the hearts of us all under a pseudonym. All the facts used in the article may be verified in the records of the Book Ex.*

This article proposes to discuss the campus book situation—what the boys often term the "book racket." This article is not the product of anyone with an axe to grind. Neither is it a "pop-off," because every statement made herein is thrice-considered.

First of all there is the current notion that many professors try to foist their own books on classes in their departments. This we can dismiss as generally untrue. "But," the lower quadrangle shouts, "where there's smoke there's fire." Well it's a useless task trying to impugn the motives of a professor; it is not susceptible of proof. However, from time to time there occur certain book manipulations with a distinct fish-like odor.

II

Several years ago in sophomore Economics—in a 3-hour section covering the same ground in three quarters as accomplished by a 5-hour group in two quarters—the instructor asked the members of the class to bring $1.50 with them the next day to receive their texts. Two room-mates in the class asked permission to share the same book but were refused. In due time the whole class was supplied with the text, Professor Evans' *Basic Economics*, and it is not unfair to term the slender volume a rehash of already available material.

Well, the 3-hour section worried along with *Basic Economics* and when the fall quarter ended the class knew little more than the law of diminishing returns. In the winter quarter the class switched to the text being used by the 5-hour section, *Applied Economics* by Bye and Hewitt. During the next two quarters the class covered exactly the same ground covered in two quarters by the 5-hour section. That it was not done as intensively does not alter the fact that the first quarter's work with Evans' *Basic Economics* was pure waste. The book was not used next quarter so the re-sale price was almost nil, nor has it been used elsewhere so that the bookstores could afford to give the students a quarter instead of a dime. After all, if another university wanted to use a rehash it would use one of its own.

Another traditionally evil-smelling device has been encountered, time out of mind, in the Play-writing course given by the man in the belted suit. Students from other departments have always been a little amused to find the text one of the many volumes of *Carolina Folk Plays*, edited by guess who. But, if you wanted to take the course another quarter for credit, your first text was no good and you had to buy still another volume of *Carolina Folk Plays*. Throughout the course it was tacitly admitted that there was no particular virtue in reading folk plays from Carolina because you were required to read professional one-act plays from books in the library—any ones you liked. And after the first two weeks of the course you never even referred to *Carolina Folk Plays*. This year the class is using *American Folk Plays*, also edited by the man with the pipe, dog, and belted suit. He has thereby conceded that there may be good plays not written about hill-billies and now allows you to enjoy works by

such masters as Lealon Jones (Who, pray, is Lealon Jones?). There are at least a dozen American one-act play anthologies better than *American Folk Plays* (written by top-notchers too). F.H.K. insists he gets no royalties, but a selling book surely does him no harm and royalties accruing to playwrights like Lealon Jones remind the disciples of the omniscience of the master. Incidentally, the book costs four dollars; *Carolina Folk Plays* cost two.

But so much for the suspicion of professors cramming their own books down their students' gullets. The two instances cited are not enough to impugn the motives of the professors concerned, but the most charitable thing we can say is that they displayed questionable judgment and showed all too little consideration for their students.

In all fairness it ought to be pointed out that many courses ought to be identified with the text of the man teaching it. The extremely popular course on "World Resources and Industries" is dependent on Professor Zimmermann's book of that title. Not only is it a book one likes to keep, but it is in continuous use and is in demand at the bookstores. Another instance is Professor Dashiell's text for sophomore Psychology. That book is not only one of the most authoritative works in the country, but is in demand by bookstores outside Chapel Hill. The excellent Thrall and Hibbard *Handbook* used in sophomore English is also a valuable book and its continuous use insures the student who wants to sell it a fair re-sale price.

And let it be understood that the bookstores cannot be blamed for offering fifty cents or a dime for a book. If the book is nowhere in use a dime is just what the second-hand dealers will pay. If the book may be used somewhere else fifty cents may be offered.

III

So many students have mistaken notions about the Book Exchange that it might be well to settle a few of them here and now. Most of the books sold there are at prices dictated by the publishers whose near-monopoly gives them the whip-hand in their dealings with the Book-Ex. The 10 per cent rebate system helps out, but naturally the students would much rather get a price reduction than the privilege of buying something they may not need. And, of course, the rebate is not a full 10 per cent because the Book Ex makes a profit from the articles bought with the rebate ticket. Notwithstanding, there are very few bookstores in the country which give even that 10 per cent concession.

The idea has gotten around that the three units of the Greater University constitute a sizeable market, one which could not easily be ignored by any publisher. Unfortunately that is not the case because the bookstore at State College is leased by a private individual. And even if the three were to combine their bargaining power, concessions from publishers would still be doubtful because universities larger than our Greater University get none.

"How about the Book-Ex monopoly on certain articles such as freshman theme paper?" As a matter of fact the Book-Ex used to sell such articles—at cost plus 10 per cent for handling—to the merchants in town. At one time you could buy your freshman theme paper in Ledbetter-Pickard's, but "them days is gone forever" because of John Umstead's North Carolina law which prohibits the Book Ex from selling to anyone except people connected with the University. However, students have always put up a kick at having to pay a dime for a pack of freshman theme paper. By actual count such a pack contains 35 sheets of paper, whereas you can buy 35 sheets of three-holed paper for a nickel in any five-and-dime store in the country. Why the added tariff? There's no very good reason for it. The paper mill goes through one more complete operation in putting on freshman theme paper the three little red lines at the top of each sheet. The English department evidently assumes that freshment haven't learned to keep margins in their high school days. Reading freshman themes ought to have shown them the youngsters learn nothing else.

Then, on the back of the sheet—in the lower right-hand corner—is an intriguing table which the instructor is supposed to fill out, but almost never does. It enumerates every fault in the book from Thought to Diction and this is a farce because instructors take great pleasure in red-pencilling the theme itself and rightfully avoid the box-score on the reverse side.

So, it seems that we pay that extra nickel for three red lines and a box score. The English department probably wants a standard paper used, with widely-spaced lines, so that the poor unfortunates who have to read freshman themes will have it easier. But the three red lines and the box score are unnecessary. We ought to be getting

a pack of standardized paper for the twentieth part of a dollar.

The main problem confronting the student body, then, is to slow down the too-rapid turnover of books used in certain courses. In the last analysis it is not the initial cost of the book that hurts—it is the failure to get anything on turning the book back in. Nobody minds paying $3.50 for a text if he can resell it for $1.75. Too often faculty members have experimented with certain texts for a quarter or two and then switched to other books with a resultant heavy loss to the students. Being a guinea pig never is much fun. Let's examine a few pertinent and verifiable facts:

Through last year the chief text used in sophomore English was the Bushnell, Fulcher, and Taylor *Literary Masters of England* which you bought for $3.25 new. That book was discontinued this year and the same ground is now covered in a series of smaller books most of them carrying complete texts of the masterworks studied. Now the fact that the new texts are more expensive is not particularly damning evidence, but let's compare notes. Whereas *Literary Masters* cost you $3.25, you now buy these books which cover the same ground:

Prologue to the Canterbury Tales	$0.70
Gulliver's Travels	1.00
Milton	.90
Keats	.25
Browning	1.00
Total	$3.85

But the real tragic note was sounded when the rising juniors last spring tried to sell their *Literary Masters*. They were given from fifty to seventy-five cents, depending upon condition. Besides, it was not even a good book to keep for your own library. None of the works included in the text were complete—merely excerpts—and the binding was so poor that the covers showed little interest in life after two quarters. Just by way of illustrating where the students' book-money goes. Furthermore, the fact that there were nearly 1500 applicants for Self-Help and NYA last fall out of our 3800 enrollment indicates that for many of our student body, maintaining a private library is nothing but a luxury.

Now for a prime example of experimenting on the students. In Botany 41 this is the record. In the school year beginning in the fall of 1936 the text was *Plant Life* by Wilson and Haber. The text was changed the following fall (1937) to Brown's *Plant Kingdom* and those owning the Wilson and Haber book were extended the sympathies of the various book clerks. After a year of service Brown was superseded in the summer session by Sinott's *Botany Principles and Problems*. Those having the Sinott text lost heavily because the text reverted in the fall of 1938 to Brown again. The Brown text was valued for that school year but was almost worthless in the spring because in this year (beginning in the fall of 1939), Botany 41 is using a "Textbook of General Botany" by Holman and Robbins! There is the record—read it and weep.

Another year-by-year change is easily traceable in the French department. Please understand, it is not a question of changing the readers, because that is done—understandably enough—to minimize cribbing. But how about grammars? In intermediate French (Fr. 11-12-13) in the fall of 1936, the Adams and Lyons grammar was used. In the fall of 1937 a switch was made to a Wiley and Grubb text, entailing a loss to those holding the Adams and Lyons book. In the fall of 1938—too late to be of any help to the sufferers of 1936—the course was again given with the Adams and Lyons text—a reprint, not a real revision. But this crop of French students lost out because in the fall of 1939 the grammar was again changed, this time to one by Ratner and Sorkin. In four years not one class has been able to get half-prices for it's used texts because of faculty experimentation.

Beginning French (Fr. 1-2-3) tells the same sad story. The grammar in the fall of 1937 was Olmstead and Sirich. In the fall of 1938 it was changed to Beziat and Dey. In the fall of 1939 it was changed to Ball, Neyland and Ball. Losses occurred every time a change was made and there is no reason to believe that the text will not again be changed this fall. Is the French language really changing so rapidly? If we compare these French courses with the corresponding Spanish courses we find that Spanish has not made a change in text for at least five years and that is as far back as campus book records go. The grammar used by the Spanish classes has been that by Leavitt and Stoudemire, of the University faculty.

V

Thus it is that the book situation is not the same in all departments and does not affect every-

(*Continued on page twenty-eight*)

David Malone

The Banner Is Shot to Hell

The Campus Still Awaits a Liberal Daily

WHILE politics threaten to achieve a new high in effecting victories while avoiding issues, it might be well to examine one of the more pressing needs which should be resolved by the spring elections.

Last year Frank Holeman, in an article entitled "The Banner Is Folded" in the January issue of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE bemoaned the loss of a free student press to the "Liberal movement." He sang a sad song about the decay of the once liberal voice of the Student Body. For him, Allen Merrill had "taken the student body's most valuable single possession and peddled it off to the opposition—to the most conservative group in the University." But he looked forward with hope to this year when the liberal organization might begin to reappear.

Recognizing the extreme difficulty of editing a student daily, DAVID MALONE *feels that the editorial policy of this year's* Daily Tar Heel *lacks the quality of previous years. His criticism is based on neither personalities nor politics.*

Now, however, the situation is very much sadder. The *Tar Heel* has not simply been peddled off to a conservative opposition. It is in the hands of a short-sighted, adolescent group which can be neither liberal nor conservative, for it refuses to admit principles or practices which constitute a positive philosophy. Whereas Merrill was afraid to take a step, the present editors can not stand up.

This situation is manifested in the absence of two primary functions of a conscientiously managed newspaper. Through its editorial columns a paper, especially a student paper, should examine, interpret and direct the thought and action on fundamental problems of a community's relation to larger units of society. And by the same means it should perform the same function with regard to problems within the community itself.

The editors of the *Daily Tar Heel* have not performed these functions. Indeed, one of these functions it refuses to admit. The essence of its attitude in this respect was revealed in an editorial on the war last October:

> If the newspapers would begin featuring local news on the front page again and if peace club members would join their local book clubs or their respective missionary societies, it might become that little world we are always hearing about.

The editors can not on any ground be accused of inconsistency with this statement of purpose.

There is a theoretical justification for this stay-at-home policy in a student newspaper. An editor may feel his own incapacity in dealing with larger social, political, economic and international problems.

This theory is most pregnable in the case of the *Daily Tar Heel.*

The Editor is the real leader of a group of some 3,000 of the more intelligent young people of the nation. This group deserves, if any group does, to think, formulate opinions, and act on vital problems concerning itself, its nation and its universe. And the leader of this group should be foremost in this endeavor.

But if this leader can not express himself concerning larger problems, at least he should approach his local problems with serious and ever broadening intent.

The *Tar Heel* admits neither of these attitudes. It deals almost solely with local topics and then assumes a flippant air which immediately invalidates any sensible expression of opinion on these topics.

The editors seem to think that their paper should entertain "the boys" and incidentally campaign against the use of electric razors in the dormitories, give tips on thumbing, and express some trite opinion on democracy.

They fail to recognize that the ultimate subject-matter of bull sessions is only the let-down after some real discussion on the war, on Roosevelt, on communism, on religion, or even on some unheard of stuff like philosophy or art. And it is the duty of the editors of the *Tar Heel* to solidify these expressions and point them toward some end.

To deny the interest of the Student Body in problems of national and international importance is to deny the existence of the C.P.U., the A.S.U.,

the I.R.C., the many forums, discussions and, most important, the bull sessions on such problems.

What, indeed, have the editorial columns contained?

Opinions have been expressed somewhat chaotically about America's position in respect to the war, but the basic attitude has been the one already quoted. Then there has been an editorial or so on certain national figures such as Reynolds or Kuhn, but these have arisen out of their local pertinence alone. State and southern education have come in for an editorial or so. The remainder have concerned strictly local topics from a strictly local point of view.

The *Tar Heel* editorials have asked that signs be put on dormitories so that girls will not go in them by mistake, that students become Carolina gentlemen by remaining in place in line, and so on. Of more local significance have been the poorly conceived editorials on campus politics, Student-Faculty Day, etc. These editorials seldom have any substance worth considering. The writers usually have such a burning desire to be funny that when they get to their short paragraph which begins, "But seriously . . ." they have used all of their space.

Occasionally a concrete expression of opinion has been made, as in the Kuhn episode and the central postoffice question. And once in a while a well-written, well-planned editorial has appeared, such as the one last October on rushing.

The total effect of the editorial columns since last April 25th has been to indicate that the editors are without maturity, without knowledge, without insight. To accuse them, as it has been done, of being *afraid* to express their opinions is to dignify undeservedly the mental status of those controlling the *Daily Tar Heel* editorial policy.

What opinions the *Tar Heel* does express are either based on presumption rather than knowledge or some platitudinous idea applied to a relatively unimportant situation.

In the October 17th issue appeared an editorial which demonstrates the ill-conceived approach chronically characteristic. Consistent with its policy of irrational dislike of the A.S.U., the *Tar Heel* attacked the organization because in one of its posters it had used a picture of a whiskey bottle. And Orange County is dry! Be the A.S.U. communist, fascist, or yogi, it deserves a fair trial and a just verdict. The *Tar Heel* probably feels that because the A.S.U. is concerned with something other than the dormitory telephone problem it has no place on this campus.

If the editors are unreservedly committed to a policy of remaining aloof to any problem involving more people than those they know, they should, then, devote careful study to the important local problems which involve values.

In the recent *Buccaneer* sham battle the *Tar Heel* admitted that the fundamental doctrines upon which student government is based were in danger of being destroyed. But in "clarifying" the situation the editors became so completely lost in statements and comments of campus figures that the fundamental issues disappeared, nothing was accomplished beyond a loss of money, and those same doctrines of student freedom again became used as license rather than as the basis for a sensible, self-governed publications policy.

But of more fundamental importance than this particular issue is the whole problem of the decay of the real foundation of student government—the rapid disappearance of the feeling of individual responsibility for making student governments and the honor system work in a real sense.

One editorial blithely says that we believe in the honor system and therefore it's going to work, and then the editors turn again to their comments on spring in Chapel Hill and the conventions which will soon begin. When the number of thefts on the campus reaches unprecedented peak, the *Tar Heel* warns that students should watch out for their belongings and forgets about the problem.

The honor system can not be made effective if it is imposed from above. Its success rests solely on the degree to which each student believes in it. As the leader of the Student Body it is the responsibility of the Editor of the *Daily Tar Heel* to direct student thought in the direction of an effective honor system.

In other departments this year's *Tar Heel* is as good as those of past years. News reporting is no more inaccurate than it has been in the past. The many columns are of the same calibre more or less as they have been in the past. The sports page is probably better than it has been in some time. But if the voice of the Student Body is to be something other than a daily chronicle and bulletin it must follow a sound editorial policy.

The present editorial policy, of avoiding real issues of international and national importance and of misconstruing those local issues which are

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

Irwin Katz

Stale Bread and Coffee

IT IS VERY HARD to live in San Francisco without any money, especially hard when it is not summer, and it was not summer then—it was early spring and unusually cool for that time of year, much too cool for sleeping out of doors even if the police had allowed it. But they didn't; they had special patrols going through the streets and parks at night to arrest anyone they found asleep. The system was very efficient. It rid the city of almost all the men who didn't have families or friends to help them.

Some of us remained, though, partly because we were afraid to leave, and partly because we knew that toward the end of June there would be jobs on nearby fruit ranches that might last through the summer. And so we stayed on, panhandling enough money for food and always dreading the coming of night.

IRWIN KATZ, *who recently deserted the field of English Literature for an Economics major, draws again on the material provided by his trip to the West Coast for a realistic delineation of the characters in a San Francisco mission.*

If you happened to have twenty cents and were indifferent to lice you could get a bed for the night in one of the many flop houses on Fifteenth street. These places were all very much the same. Once in a while one would be cleaned up and it would be terribly crowded for a few days and then it would not be any good again. That was the way it went.

I learned about the mission the second day I was in town. It was in a large, vacant story on Bay street and was called "The Minute Mission" and in the window was a large painted sign that said:

PRAYER MEETING EVERY NIGHT AT NINE
REFRESHMENTS SERVED AFTERWARDS

Inside there were many rows of backless wooden benches facing a platform at the rear with a piano and chairs on it and cardboard signs on the walls and upstairs a small bare room that smelled strongly of disinfectant where you were allowed to sleep on the floor after the services were over.

The people who ran the mission were very eager to help us spiritually. It often made me sad. When it was cold in the streets there would be many men sitting there, wanting to be saved, and when it was warm there were not so many. That was the way it worked.

The piano was an old one, and very much out of tune. It was played by a fat, middle aged woman with brightly hennaed hair who perspired very much. Another woman, tall and thin and about the same age, read the prayers and sang in an anemic adenoidal voice. Two men, one with a guitar, the other with a cornet, sat near the piano, and on the right side of the platform sat several boys and men who had already been saved and after the singing each one would get up and make a speech about himself and the terrible life he had once led and his being much happier now because his soul was at peace.

It was raining the first night I went there and the benches were crowded with wet, hungry men. The woman with the bad adenoids was talking when I came in. "And you must have courage," she said, "and repent of your sins before it is too late. For the Day of Judgment is coming. And all the wicked and sinful will be punished, and they shall be cast down into the fires of hell. And the righteous and the Godly who seek after the Lord will be lifted up and saved. . . ."

Most of the men didn't hear her words, but her voice filled the room and made them uncomfortable. They shifted restlessly on the benches and whispered among themselves. A small dark man with puffy ears and a broken, shapeless face sat next to me. He had been drinking and his eyes were bloodshot. He swayed back and forth on the bench and muttered to himself. Once he stood up and cursed aloud and I pulled him down and asked him to be quiet.

"I am sorry," he said. "I am sorry. I didn't mean to do that. . . ."

"It's all right," I said.

He lowered his head and stared at the floor for a long while. *Jesus Savior, pilot me . . .* they were singing now . . . *over Life's tempestuous sea . . .* the loud nasal voice rose above the sound of the three instruments and the voices of the converts . . . *Jesus, Savior, pilot me. . . .*

"Do you believe that?" He was looking at me.

"What?" I asked.

"What they are singing."

"I don't know." I said.

"They are lies," he said. "All that they say are lies—. There is no comfort here—only warmth," he smiled, "warmth and dryness and hot coffee and bread . . . one cup of coffee and two slices of bread. . . ." He looked at his hands, broken and shapeless like his face. "You think I am drunk?" he asked.

I didn't answer; I didn't know what to say.

"I am not drunk," he said. "I would like to be but I'm not. This afternoon I bought a bottle of grain alcohol. I bought fifteen cents worth . . . it was all the money I had . . . but it only made me sick. . . ." He placed his head in his hands and softly groaned. I felt sorry for him and wanted to help him. But I didn't know what to do.

One of the men on the bench in front of me turned around. "He'll be all right," he said. "Just leave him alone. He comes here all the time . . . always gettin' thrown out for raising a rumpus . . . he used to be a pretty fair lightweight, but he ain't nothin' now . . . just plenty punchy. . . ." He turned his back to me again.

Then the song was over and the anemic looking woman was talking again. "Now maybe sister Amy will speak to us," she said. She turned to her associate. "Sister Amy, will you say a few words to the boys?"

"Yes sister, I will sister." She got up from the piano and smoothed the wrinkles from her skirt. Her voice was thick and sensual as she talked. "Brothers," she said, "I used to be a wicked woman. Isn't that right, sister Clara?" Sister Clara solemnly nodded her head.

"And brothers, I'm not a wicked woman anymore, and I'm rejoicing. For Jesus has saved me, and he has taken me unto himself. Yes, brothers" —she was shouting now—"Jesus Christ has saved me, and he has washed away my sins. And he will save you if you are willing. But first you must cast off your fleshly desires and seek comfort in his soul. *For his flesh and his blood are our salvation.* And he bled on the cross that we might live. *And the nails and the thorns are our salvation.* And we must kiss his wounds and bathe his thighs and annoint his head with oil. For his spirit looks after us and is our guide and our salvation. His pain and his suffering washed away our sins. *And the blood on his cross is our deliverance.* For he will come unto us, if we are willing."

Her body shook spasmodically and beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. "O Christ, come to us. O Jesus, save us. *O blood of our blood and flesh of our flesh, save us. Save us, Jesus. Save us, Lord. Oh save us. Save us. . . .*"

"Amen, sister."

"Amen, Jesus."

"Amen."

She wiped her forehead with her arm and slowly sat down. A voice behind me whispered in my ear, "That woman ain't lonely. She's got her man."

Now one of the converts, a halfbreed, was talking. He had been a bouncer in a Denver saloon, and he had injured many men, and once he had killed a man and gone to prison for ten years. But he had repented and now he was leading a righteous life and he was happy. . . .

The rattle of tin cups and trays and the smell of fresh coffee came in from the back room and the men grew restless. They shuffled their feet and moved the benches and spoke in undertones to each other. It was still early and there were six more converts who wanted to talk.

The next speaker was about to begin. He was tall and glassy eyed and about forty years of age. He took off his jacket and opened his collar. "Hope you fellers don't mind," he said, "I get mighty worked up when I'm working for the Lord."

The small man next to me tugged at my sleeve. "This man is not well," he said. "He is a fanatic."

"Brothers," the speaker said, "last night the spirit of Jesus came to me and he told me what I must do. He said I must help you see the word of the Lord before it is too late. For the Day of Judgment is near and the wicked and sinful will be tortured in hell. And Christ will save you if you are willing. And you must go to him for he is waiting. Oh come to Jesus and he will save you. Yes come to Jesus and he will save you. You must come to Jesus and he will save you. . . ."

"In my country," the small man said, "such people are hated."

"What is your country?" I asked.

"Greece," he said. "My people are still there. For twenty years I have lived in this country and my people are in Greece."

Oh come to Jesus and he will save you. You must come to Jesus and he will save you. . . .

"I was to earn enough money to bring them

over—my parents and two sisters. Do you mind if I tell you this?"

"I would like to hear it," I said.

"You are very kind." He smiled. "But there is not much to say. I came to this country after the war. I was young then, only nineteen. Like now there were no jobs. I had to earn money—so I fought with my fists." He showed me his hands. "For three years I fought. I hated it. . . ."

You must come to Jesus and he will save you. . . .

"My head was injured. I remained in the hospital for seven months. All that I had saved was lost."

"I am sorry," I said.

"It no longer matters."

Oh come to Jesus and he will save you. . . .

"Then for many years I wandered. I saw this country . . . the green valleys and the rivers and the great forests . . . the rich soil and the cities and the strong men . . . the ships and the factories and the machines . . . and always the sickness and the hunger and the pain. . . ."

Yes come to Jesus and he will save you. . . .

"Men destroy each other. There is no dignity—, no kindness—, no love of man for man. And that is the sin—the only sin. . . ."

Come to Jesus. . . .

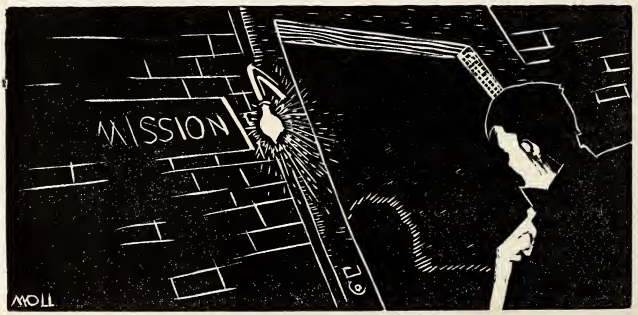
"And now I am leaving," he said. "I don't want any coffee."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I have a friend who is a bartender. He sometimes lets me drink." He squeezed my arm. Thank you. You have been very kind."

Oh come to Jesus and he will save you. Yes come to Jesus and he will save you. Jesus will save you. Christ will save you. Come to Jesus. . . .

He rose unsteadily and walked toward the door. I never saw him again.



Richard Nickson, Simons Roof

The Writer and the Campus

The Present Curriculum Is Deficient

WE HAVE been asked by the editor to compile the statements of those undergraduates in the University who take an active interest in writing. Their remarks are intended to represent what they as writers think is right or wrong with our educational system as applied to themselves. Half-a-dozen of these students have earnestly complied, seriously striving to present their problem as they see it. Their statements, of course, speak for themselves.

The impressive thing about these statements is that every one acknowledges a responsibility to society and expresses a desire to contribute to its growth and development. The insipid "art for art's sake" or "art for my sake" points of view seem definitely on the decline. With this new attitude forming in the minds of contemporary writers, the question may justly be raised, "What does society do for its writers?"

Out of curiosity, the MAGAZINE *asked the six undergraduates most interested in imaginative writing to state their particular creative problem and tell if, in their opinions, the University could be of assistance. Here are the results.*

The writer has always been perhaps the most neglected of all the creatures. He generally shares the fate of the superior mind, which is at once the most feared and admired, the most dangerous and sublime, instrument of man. And to complicate matters further, he—of all artists—has most isolated himself. The literary artist has never had teachers or schools or guilds in anything like the manner of other craftsmen: he has been left to develop, painfully, alone. Now, however, that the paternalistic bonds of patronage have been broken and the ivory tower of romantic revolt has been pulled down, a new, free exchange between the writer and society is looked for.

Modern authors do not look to society for a dole, nor for covert: they ask only the reasonable opportunity of equal rights—and the right, in particular, to express themselves. It is only natural that in their new found freedom they should desire to widen this opportunity as much as possible. This may not be done by egoistic retreat nor by craven submission to any ruling class, whether aristocrat or bourgeoisie. It must be done by their own efforts on their own behalf. Only in this way can they make the contribution, artistic and social, which is their purpose in life.

To aid them in this task, the universities should be ready and willing—willing to increase the potentialities of their most responsible students, and ready to afford them material aid in their curricular program. In this review we shall note the appraisal of those most intimately concerned—those on the receiving end.

II

DAVID MALONE, a senior doing honors work in English, offers here a compact generalized statement which will serve admirably as an introductory criticism of the Carolina curriculum.

"Most statements concerning the aim of education are platitudinous to the point of repression; and yet these platitudes are continuously forgotten in the considerations of the essential, component parts of the educational process. The aspiring creative artist is only one type of individual whose vista toward an end may be blocked with the very agents by which he can achieve that end. Teachers whose educational aims lie in isolated knowledge of the past have more to offer the writer than most other students. But in failing to integrate that knowledge with the now, they leave the student with a feeling of incompleteness which soon turns to indifference. Other teachers who offer courses in "creative writing" can show the literary artist much in the way of forms and traditional methods. But the young writer who has moderate ability needs help in pruning the dead limbs from his own stylistic tree fully as much as he needs instruction in the many varieties of trees. This sort of assistance can be of value only when it is completely personalized. The multiplicity of individual problems makes class instruction impossible and individual instruction potentially most beneficial. This feeling of need is not motivated by any vain desires to be encouraged, nursed along, told that we have it in us to be great writers; on the contrary, it is a frank avowal of helplessness and humility. We want

someone who can speak with justifiable authority as a successful writer and tell us specifically what our faults are, how we can correct them, whether they are too numerous to bother about, someone whose relative freedom from other duties will enable him to come to know and understand us as individuals and thereby help us to achieve some measure of self-realization and a tangible objective as an end in our education."

III

Simons Roof, a frequent contributor to campus publications in both poetry and prose, and a candidate for honors in Comparative Literature, considers the relation of the student creative artist to his particular art, and the necessity for the student to understand this relationship.

"The purpose of art is to clarify, intensify, and interpret life. Behind the particular art is the shaping influence of the artist. The artist must have a tremendous knowledge and experience, and must have a discrimination enabling him to proportion his content, whether it be a seascape, a block of notes, or a section of city life. The creative artist must have an understanding of his subject, and the technique to express best his subject. It is education, formal and informal, on which the art worker must depend. It is education in its finest meaning, education from others by books, education from self by observation. In college it is important for the creative artist to become aware of himself, to attach an explanation to himself which is more than himself as a pleasure-mechanism. For four years the student has an uninterrupted opportunity for education, and it is in these four years he should find at least the seed of a philosophy. No one except a moronic campus critic regards student work and demands professional craftsmanship and artistry. What is essential is that the student be helped to understand himself, be encouraged and directed by a sympathetic mind aware of the artist's problems. It is no secret that student creative artists are superior imitators, that they begin by re-creating the styles and subjects of a professional favorite: it is no secret that student creative artists are self-romanticized, that their admiration for an artist's work often grows into admiration and imitation of the man. For this reason we have on the campus a number of young affected Tschaikowskys, Cornells, Wolfs, and Van Goghs. The creative artist receives no solace in his classrooms. He is accumulating material which needs integration and interpretation. He knows how to gather material, but not how to explain it. In the four years of his mental maturation he should develop an attitude towards new and old knowledge, a way to relate the Florentine Renaissance to the Georgia sharecropper, to locate both on the scale of man's complete experience. A group of us believe we have the answer. It happens the group is composed of writers, so the solution offered is only for writers; but the proposal might be applied as easily to workers in the other creative arts."

IV

The next statement is by Irwin Katz, a campus exponent of the realistic movement in literature, who concisely states the problem of the student writer.

"Perhaps the best advice one might give the young creative writer would be to stay out of college. But since they are already here, they represent a problem that must be faced.

"The first difficulty that confronts the student writer on the campus grows out of the time conflict. He soon discovers that his desire to write is an extra piece that must in some way be fitted into the jigsaw pattern of his daily life. At times he may feel the need for extended periods of complete isolation, but this of course is impossible. He may try dispensing with sleep for nights on end, forgetting about classes and assignments—and sometimes even both. The real need, though, is for first rate constructive criticism. Such criticism could only be offered by a man who is himself a first rate creative artist.

"The curriculum requirements are to a certain extent too rigid, especially for the young writer whose interests are general and broad in scope. English courses, ostensibly designed to meet the needs of the student of English literature, become in effect a hindrance and an obstacle.

"What then are we going to do with our undergraduate Miltons? I would suggest, first, a full time literary adviser to instruct and criticize those students who are interested in creative writing, and second, provision for the planning of special programs of study in cases where it is considered advisable. I sincerely believe that given the proper stimulus, many students who have hitherto been intimidated into a fearful silence will blossom forth into excellent creative writers."

V

The following remarks, put by Richard Nickson, a senior in the English department, are intended for the negative side. He realizes there

are two sides to every question, but is interested only in one.

"'From each according to his ability to each according to his need' was not spoken of the school. Education under twentieth century capitalism is a compromise, for colleges can be no more effective than the social structure allows. Teachers and students are thereby equally involved: sham accompanies the educational as well as the profit system. Payment in grades is made upon receipt of abject acceptance of extrinsic standards, while unnecessary regulations and requirements add to the general waste. Discipline is perverted by the cry of knowledge for knowledge's sake, and the resultant sterility forces a cynical attitude toward human reason. The social tasks of our generation are neglected, and potentialities are dissipated by the want of an intelligent objective. Thus privileged individuals, educated at the expense of society, learn nothing beyond a narrow devotion to competitive personal gain. . . . And he who writes is no exception. Even when desiring honestly to live by truth, he finds expression dulled by circumstance—the torpor of bourgeois decadence.

"The writer, of course, is no 'special' problem. Like any other sincere artist, or scientist, he is, or should be, interested in human culture and the development of his craft. His studies are not mere commodities stored up for the sole pleasure of aggrandizement: he approaches them creatively —as living thoughts which he shall help to preserve and enlarge. His craft is developed, like any laborer's, by experience. Both these pursuits require opportunity. The opportunity afforded by the average university is dismally small. I summarize a few pertinent reasons. Each reason is subject to exceptions, of course—but here we are interested in the rule.

(1) Writers are taught by scholars.

(2) Scholars prefer secondary material to original writings. They can quibble with fellow pedants; artists they cannot touch. They knock at the back-door of culture.

(3) Specialization is required, particularly of graduate students. These drudges trek into the library, reappear four years later with full information concerning some (preferably remote) ten year period; ask if Coolidge decided to run. This leads either to Phi Beta Kappa or dementia praecox. Or both.

(4) The present-day teaching of literature is preposterous. There is no contemporary viewpoint. Literature does not exist in a vacuum: it was neither written in one nor can it be read in one. The very scholars who boast of being unbiased by modern thought invariably are biased by Victorian. Reading in the past should imply a knowledge of the past but not an ignorance of the present. Without contemporary awareness there can be no perspective and no possibility of relationship or judgment.

(5) While the writer is fulfilling the requisites of an inapplicable curriculum, there is little extra time for composition.

(6) Anyway, there is no one on hand with the practical experience necessary to guide his efforts, nor with literary connections valuable enough to forward his accomplishments.

"All these are the usual considerations of one who is more interested in writing than in teaching. Professors should *not* always create in their own image!"

VI

Lee Wiggins, recently elected national chairman of the American Student Union, a philosophy student, points the conflict attendant upon the serious student between curricular activities proper and those extra-curricular.

"The university is an artificial period of life. If you want all of life—birth, death, marriage, economic struggle, etc.—you don't go to college. If you want a concentrated intellectual experience you do go to college. Even here it is important to eliminate non-essentials for serious artistic activity. Among non-essentials I include classes, most extra-curricular activities, the attendant necessity for eating and sleeping at regular hours. W. H. Auden attended no lectures at Oxford, which is a sound procedure under the tutorial system. Here I would attend as few as I could get away with, most in elective sciences and favorite profs and none in distasteful subjects. Living should not be denied in college, and cannot for the normal person, but should always be fused in an intense intellectual fervor with theory. The three creative fronts of our age are artistic, political, and scientific. *De gustibus* has gone the way of all epigrams, because no artist today can afford to ignore politics or science (including social sciences). This understanding requires a discipline which the artificiality of college life provides. Thus all creative work to which college has added will be primarily intellectual; otherwise, it could have been written as well outside of college. The need of this period is not for helter-skelter experience of the Thomas Wolfe or Carolina Playmakers variety,

but for intellectual integration and synthesis of experience.

"In this university the novitiate is left rudderless; much talent is wasted or misdirected. Doubtless a creative thinker, not a formalist, could be of tremendous value in giving direction to students. Two dangers would have to be avoided. Scylla: the specialized artist who would attract or mould the amateur into his own pattern. Charybdis: the literary phony, like Frost, Saroyan, Millay.

"The artist, like the searcher for the good life, will carry forward his work as an act of faith in a difficult time, knowing that although he may not create a permanent whole, he at least will preserve some flame for the generations beyond chaos."

VII

In the final statement, Adrian Spies, a *Daily Tar Heel* columnist, offers anecdotal material covering his attitude towards the educational treatment of the writer both here and elsewhere.

"Some years ago at Cornell Summer School I took a course in composition. The instructor had no illusions about his work—he was a most unusual man—and said this the first day: 'If you turn out to be a good writer, it will be in spite of this course and not because of it.' By that of course he meant that he was equipped only to teach certain rudimentary processes, and did not have sufficient time to bother with the philosophical, sociological, ethical, and technical aspects of literary creation.

"Without holding any particular grievance, and only rueful for a certain waste of time, that is how I feel about my experience at Chapel Hill. The university, or more specifically the English department, makes no claims to have any well worked out curriculum for persons wanting to write. It provides the usual scholarship and period study which is obviously essential as a background to literature. But even in this the approach is usually more of an historical than vitally critical one. And the student wanting to write has little other choice but to take himself off to a corner and hope that he is improving—in between research papers.

"In my own particular case I have most certainly missed two things which seem to me to be an essential part of the college training of aspiring writers. (1) A writing work shop of some sort which is actively and constantly producing under the guidance of some one whose only work is constructive criticism and who is qualified by some personal merits as a modern writer. (2) A more extensive and elaborate teaching of modern literature, and less of an ivory towered contempt of anything that has been written since Thomas Hardy.

"It is inane to think that one can be taught to write. But mistakes of my own, which have been corrected only by accident and after a considerable waste of time, might have been avoided if I had felt that there was some authority who was really interested to whom I could have come. Most student writers find, upon graduation, that they have made little progress in their four years. Most of them, unfortunately, have not even been instilled with a dynamic contemporary point of view."

VIII

The six writers express an identical theme. Each of the writers believes the present curriculum is deficient, that Carolina does not offer the aspiring writer all the instruction he needs. Historically, the creative artist has never been too well-treated, and has seldom received more than a half of his necessary instruction at school. But the creative artist needs more than history and appreciation courses—he needs courses in the technique of his particular art. He needs training in the creative process itself. A trend intensified by Dewey and his followers is to recognize this failure, and the protest of the six writers is for the proper people to see the failure here, and to provide a solution, which the writers suggest. We recognize the availability of courses in history and appreciation. We believe these courses should be supplemented. We ask that an established writer be made a faculty member at Carolina, and left unburdened by courses, and given the responsibility of informally directing young writers. A number of capable writers are available, and eager for this type of critical position. We ask the administration to recognize an important minority on the campus, and to provide this minority with the rest of its necessary training.

Ed Megson

Take It or Leave It

THIS is a story of Bill . . . take it or leave it. There are thousands of stories of thousands of Bills but there's only one Bill for this story.

The first time I saw him he was loading crankcases on a flat-bottomed truck . . . swinging the heavy pieces of machined steel with ease and grace. His whole body spoke to me as it moved in this slow rhythm. It said, "Kid, I've got hands, a head, and a heart . . . and they're all big." That's what got me then . . . his bigness.

His body was one slow movement when he walked. Maybe his eyes hadn't always had that grey fire in them or maybe they got that way from looking down at people. But all this was before the strike. It was the strike that brought him down. After that he lost his bigness and became an ordinary guy.

Ed Megson, senior member of the Publications Union Board, has written consistently good short stories for the Magazine these past three years. He is also a member of the Grail and the Golden Fleece.

Bill had definite ideas about strikes. He led the first gang of damned fools out in 1934 and they marched for five weeks around the wire gates singing songs and carrying flags and yelling bloody murder every time a fellow went in or out of work. There were two thousand strikers in that mob and Bill led them. That's when he got his definite ideas.

He was lined up for a good job in that plant before the walkout. Sure, he'd played tackle on the Penn football team, dropped out of college when his mother was sick, and had married a French-Canadian girl with white skin and black hair who always floored a guy the first time he saw her. Bill knew the big boys too because they'd seen him play football. He'd won their bets for them. Bill was lined up all right until the walkout.

For five weeks he had to keep a mob of crazy nuts from going haywire. He had visions of less grease and more money when he walked 'em out I guess, but when they started squawking and wanted to tear down the plant he saw things differently. He had to talk down every drunken polack that stood up at the meeting in Liberty Hall. He had to read in the Times every day that he was a highly colorful creature. And he had to go home to his wife every weekend . . . five weekends . . . without a pay envelope. And he finally got hold of one definite idea . . . he led the boys back in.

It wasn't what followed the strike that hurt Bill inside. It wasn't the stories that moved from machine to machine that made them look at Bill as though they hated him when he walked down the aisle. And it wasn't the fact that his number was up in that factory that hurt Bill. I may sound screwy but it was because a Kid quit liking him that hurt Bill.

I don't know what pulled the two of them together when they first met but I know they ate dinner together and talked a lot about the world and far-away places. Maybe the Kid saw Bill as a football player who couldn't get licked. Maybe he liked Bill's size. Maybe it was the way he spoke so soft and low when he talked of the hills around Rutland, or the way he smashed things with his eyes when he was mad. Anyway the Kid who was quiet and shy . . . who stood all noon hour watching the wheels grind and tear at the metal . . . who sometimes was scared stiff of the wheels and the gears. Bill was something to tie to.

It was three days before the strike that the Kid and Bill started things that threw them apart. Bill, sitting on one of the high stools in the wire cage on the cylinder job where the Kid worked as filing clerk, began to give him the lowdown.

"Go on out if you want to but I'm giving you the straight stuff, Kid. This strike isn't any dream. It's got hate and fear mixed in it and dreams aren't supposed to be made of that. It's a mess Kid and it'll just mix you up in it. And furthermore, you'll be queered in this place if you ever go out, take it from me.

The Kid looked at him quite a while before he said anything, then he got up and walked over to the door.

"What are you going out for then?" he said.

"Well, it's different with me. I'm leading this crew. I got caught in it and I can't let the men down. But you're different, Kid. You're an individual in here and when a guy's an individual everybody watches him. You take my advice and stay in this place next Wednesday."

(*Continued on page twenty-eight*)

Shelley Rolfe

Malone Exclusive

NOBODY in town expected Dick Malone to amount to anything. He was a thin, small pasty-faced Irish kid who looked as if one punch could drive the life out of his frail body. He appeared as if he had never gotten the proper nourishment in his formative years, was not getting it now, and didn't give a damn either way whether he got it in the future. He had the leer of a criminal and the attitude that the world owed him a living and he meant to get it by any means.

Perhaps the world owed him a decent start. His father was as thin and pasty looking as Dick. He may once have done an honest day's work, but nobody in town could remember when. Malone senior was one of those men who is conveniently and politely tagged a "town character." He was brought into court almost every Saturday night, and every Saturday he promised the judge he would never take another drink. No one believed him, least of all the judge. But Malone senior was released. What could you do with the fellow? The day after he was released he would be drunk again.

Dick's mother was a stout, lusty Irish woman. She attended mass every Sunday morning and confession once a month. The other days she scrubbed, washed or merely beat her husband and son, all the while cursing the day she was born, married, or merely the most convenient day, depending on how she felt.

Dick was brought up on the river front in an old rickety house that was dignified with plumbing, electric lights and some ratty rugs. It had a terrible stink of unwashed bodies and a shop on the top floor where the Polish and Hungarian workers sweated 10 hours a day.

From the start Dick was a bully. The kids of the section flocked around him. Dick was the best athlete at the river-front park. At 10 he was playing football, basketball and baseball with the big boys; cursing with them, smoking with them, listening to their amorous boastings and jokings.

By the time Dick got to high school, everybody in town figured he would make first team in all sports in spite of the fact he was only about five feet tall and weighed 120 pounds on a good afternoon. But he was tough. Had to be tough to live 15 years in his environment and survive with nothing more serious against his name than a couple of close calls with the corner cop who almost caught him looting a Greek's fruit stand.

Dick had no trouble making the teams. He was a big shot. He was Dick Malone. He strutted and walked around with a "I own the joint" air. Everybody admitted he was a good athlete—but you can't eat high school letters, and high school exploits fade like the old newspapers you are written up in.

At 15 he joined a group of boys who were going out for a hot time in the Polish mill town five miles down the river. Dick was one of the ring leaders of the mob that got hold of a young Polish girl. She didn't keep her mouth shut.

The police rounded up the boys. Dick was taken to the jail. The respectable people in town rushed around trying to cover the thing up but the local paper was out with it for one day. The word got around . . . Dick Malone in trouble again.

Things looked bad for Dick. A lot of people thought he'd be sent up to reform school. They admitted it was too bad, but, being righteous and self satisfied, they said, "what the hell can we do about it?"

But the football coach wanted a state championship team and he spoke to the judge and Dick was never brought to trial.

The coach took him home. Nobody was supposed to hear, but I dropped by one afternoon to get a story. . . .

"Dick why in the name of everything holy can't you behave yourself? This was a serious charge. You have the wrong attitude. Why kid, you're a natural athlete. With your ability and some little sense, you could pick your college in spite of your size and make something of yourself. Get out of the gutter, son."

"Well, coach," Dick said smugly, "I'll try and be good. Hell with college. I just started high school."

SHELLEY ROLFE, *pert spoken editor of the* Daily Tar Heel's *sports sheet, turned out this, his first short story, under the inspiration of Mr. Russell's class in Creative Writing, thereby graduating from the* MAG's *book review columns.*

"Look past your nose. There's a lot of life ahead of you."

"I'll take things as they come."

"O.K. Dick. It's your life and your funeral."

"That's what I figure."

Dick played good football all year. He played good basketball, good baseball. . . .

It must have been the spring of his freshman year at school that he beat up the Stephens kid and stole five dollars. Jackie Stephens was a cripple and the son of one of the richest men in town. Jackie had five dollars in his pocket one afternoon. Dick heard the news.

He caught Jackie on a street after school one day.

"Hear you got some dough, peg-leg," Dick said.

"Leave me alone, Dick Malone."

"Who the hell do you think you're talking to?"

Dick socked him, knocked him down, and took the money. Mr. Stephens was an ardent high school fan, so he never said a word about the incident. But the coach heard about it. I was around when he did. He merely puffed up his cheeks and blew out the air in exasperation. Malone was valuable at second base.

Dick behaved himself through the summer. There was always the matter of missing fruit, but everybody knew Dick didn't get any fruit at home and everybody knew his worth to the high school football team.

By the time he was 17 and a junior in high school, he was All-State in three sports. Big shot; yes, in his own estimation. He walked around school with a swell-headed attitude. I lost touch with him when the paper transferred me to the college sports beat, but Dickie wasn't the kind of a guy to keep his mouth shut or quit acting up. People told me about him. . . .

About Dick and Rose Lapalosa. About a night at Buchelough park and about how Rose was afraid she might be pregnant.

Dick sneered at her. Said if she was pregnant, every man in town would leave for fear he was the father. Everyone knew this wasn't so. Rose wasn't pregnant, but the coach heard about the affair.

They said he sat in his office too disgusted and disappointed to say anything.

Dick wasn't much of a boy in the social league, but he could play second. He could run with a football. The town thought he was a hero. Thought so even when Dick broke into the junior high school downtown and stole a dozen basketballs, six footballs, and about a hundred books. He did not steal the books out of any intellectual curiosity.

He sold them. That's how he was traced. The book-dealer sat up and took notice when Dick came in with all those books. Where would Dick Malone pick up a hundred books in a hurry? The robbery news came out. The book dealer was a high school fan. He told the principal and coach and returned the loot. It was his way of paying for a winning team.

The coach came around to the paper one night when I was on the sports desk.

"What will I do?" he asked.

"Shoot the kid. Why does God stick athletic ability in the lowest forms of human life?"

"Damn," the coach groaned, "it drives a man to drink."

Drinking was about the only vice Dick had never picked up. Maybe the sight of his father and mother coming in drunk Saturdays steered him away from the bottle.

In his senior year he and three of his admirers stole a new Packard and wrecked it. The thing was hushed up. The coach went down and did his usual talking act to the harassed judge. The school had an important game coming up for the state basketball championship.

Not many boys on any team liked Dick. People resented his attitude. He was never elected captain in any sport, though he was a baseball All-State three years and two years in basketball and football.

He felt it. It was the only time he had shown any sentiment. He caught me one afternoon in front of a downtown drug store. "Damn, those stuck-up snobs on the team need a licking. Here I'm the best man in school and I don't get elected captain of their teams. They can all go to hell."

Dick hated his folks. He beat up his mother one day a week before he was graduated from high school. He discovered she had some money. He never spoke to his father.

Dick graduated. He could have gone to some not-too-particular college. A couple of schools were willing to take a chance with him. One or two Catholic schools heard the name Malone and sent letters to the coach and me. Wanted to know if perhaps the Catholic atmosphere might not change Dick. I had to answer no. Dick wasn't a college boy. Not at mine or anyone's alma-mater.

One day the word came over the Associated Press wires that Dick Malone had signed with the Cardinals.

We didn't hear much of Dick for a while after that. Folks at home wrote occasionally and said he was moving up the Cardinal chain. I caught up with Dick at Rochester. He had been arrested for beating up a hotel clerk. I read the story and knew it was the same Dick Malone, this time getting paid to play ball but being a roughneck for the sheer joy of seeing the weaker suffer.

Still baseball men said Dick had a great future. A Cardinal scout who had drifted into the Shibe Park press box one afternoon told me about Dick.

"He's a worthless kid. He'll end up in jail, but before that he'll be a great baseball player for somebody's team."

Dick broke in last spring. He made the Cards and was their second baseman from the start of the training season.

I saw him in Florida one day when the Cards played the Phils in an exhibition game.

He was the same old Malone. Didn't know me. So I introduced myself.

Dick smiled and assured me, "Now that I've become famous I can't remember all the bums I used to know at home. Too many guys expect hand-outs. Don't ask for dough if you're broke here in Florida. Doing anything?"

"Oh baseball for the Philadelphia Times. Glad to see you around, Dick. The majors need men like you. Makes other kids feel better. See you some time when the Cards are in Philadelphia in case I don't get west with Phils any time this year."

"Hey, wait," he shouted, "you still a newspaperman? Look I was only joking. Sure, I knew you. But a guy in my position. Give me a decent write-up so I can send it home."

Dick didn't have to ask for good write-ups. He made his own head-lines. He was the flashiest rookie of the year. By September the Cards were in for the pennant. It was a triumphant year for St. Louis and Malone. . . .

He had been sued for breach of promise by a waitress in Boston; had destroyed part of the club house at Chicago and cheated a book-maker at Latonia Park at Cincinnati. It was our old friend Dick working the big time circuit. You couldn't take the rough-neck out of the boy.

Dick Malone on every sports page in the country.

Out at St. Louis for the series, Dick endorsed breakfast food and was the town hero.

"This is the life. What a business!" he told me.

"Hang on, Dick," I said, remembering his background. "This is a chance most boys in your place don't get. Don't fritter it away."

"Hell, quit moralizing. I'm The Dick Malone."

The Cards won the world series in six games. The final and clinching battle was in St. Louis. Dick was hot in the series. Hit .435 and didn't make an error. He was an American hero. Why, here was a boy from the slums who had grabbed himself fame, riches. . . . It got the people. Barnum was right.

It even got O'Mahoney. He sent me a telegram the night of the final game.

"Get Malone exclusive. Paint him up as typical lucky American poor boy he is. Kind to parents, old chums, etc. Pile it on.

O'Mahoney."

I got the telegram and laughed.

O'Mahoney is still waiting for the story.

Spinster's Adage

'tis only merely simply said
albeit it be true
that time flies fast when one's abed
but faster far when two

—Richard Nickson.

Ruth Crowell

Mr. Youth Went to Washington

An Eye-Witness Begs to Differ with the Press

YOU'RE one of the boys living down at Manly, Grimes or Aycock, or you're one of the coeds adorning the Y at the 10:30 coke session. If you're a freshman or a sophomore, you're probably wondering how you are going to get enough money to stay in school; if you're a senior, you're beginning to think seriously about a situation which your ec professor has mentioned on occasions—unemployment. And no matter who or what you are, the thought of having to pack a gun in Europe has without doubt crossed your mind.

And you're not alone. Several million other young people in America are thinking the same things and asking the same questions and wondering just what is going to happen to them. They're students at universities, at small colleges, at high schools. They're young workers from the textile mills of the South, from the packing houses of Chicago, from the steel mills of Pennsylvania, from the wharves of the Pacific Coast, from the wheat fields of the Middle West. They're young Negroes evicted from the eroded cotton lands of Arkansas and Missouri; they're migratory workers riding the rails and hitchhiking; they're kids walking the streets of New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco looking for jobs and looking and looking. They're the future of America—and they're asking questions.

RUTH CROWELL, *graduate student in sociology, was one of several campus delegates to the recent Youth Congress in Washington. She here presents her reactions to the sessions which almost eclipsed the war in providing editorial pabulum.*

More than 5,000 of these young people went to Washington in February at the call of the American Youth Congress to participate in its Citizenship Institute. They went to Washington to tell the President, Congress and the American people what has been happening to them and to offer a program which they felt would help them meet their problems. Many important things happened at this convocation; but two things of the utmost importance to youth, to America and to the world stand out with startling clarity. President Roosevelt spoke and John L. Lewis spoke. And thereby hangs a tale of new political alignments and the future course of America in international affairs.

II

On a cold morning in a downpour of rain, thousands of young people marched down Constitution Avenue to the White House to hear their President. They carried banners which told the country what they needed: "We want useful jobs over here: not useless deaths over there," "Pass the American Youth Act," "Loans for Farms—Not Arms," "Civil Liberties for All," "Bury the Slums Before They Bury Us."

As they marched, they sang these songs:

"We've got the ballots,
Eight million new votes to cast
Roll up the ballots
See that the Youth Act is passed;
Congress, your duty is clear—
We don't want a big palaver
It's a Youth Act Year!"
(To the tune of "Roll Out the Barrel")

and

"No, Major! No, Major! We will not go!
We'll wager, we'll wager
This ain't our show.
Remember that we're not so green
As the boys in seventeen (We mean it!)
No battling, sabre-rattling, no gatling guns—
Against some phony foe!
We like La Vie not La Guerre
We won't fight 'Over There'
No, Major! No, Major! NO!"
(You're right—"Oh, Johnny")

They stood on the White House lawn; they heard their chairman Jack McMichael, a ministerial student from Georgia, tell the President that they wanted to know: What about jobs? What about peace? What about civil liberties? What about education?

Then they heard their President. He spent fully half of his time giving them statistics on the various accomplishments of the New Deal during the past seven years. They applauded;

they were proud of the social gains which the country had made in that time. But they wanted to know why the present budget drawn up by the President slashed appropriations for the agencies which the New Deal had always fostered and why it was being turned over to building armaments. Why the proposed cuts in NYA, CCC and WPA? They needed jobs—not statistics. Roosevelt, who was elected President primarily because the country recognized widespread unemployment and distress, told them, in effect, that jobs were no harder to get now than ten, twenty, and thirty years ago; and what was the sense of kicking up such a "furore" about it anyway? At this point, the audience who had been listening patiently and politely, became bewildered. They nudged their neighbors and wondered what was wrong with Frankie; how could he say a thing like that?

But he kept saying more and more. He told them: "I understand that a New York Youth Council passed a resolution condemning American loans to Finland on the grounds that such action might drag us into an imperialist war." A rousing cheer from the audience at this precise point obviously annoyed Roosevelt. He heatedly shouted that this was "Unadulterated twaddle." They were unable to believe that the President could make such a statement. Could he have forgotten so soon the road which America took into war before 1917?

President Roosevelt bitterly condemned the Soviet Union. The boys and girls considered this question to be irrelevant; they didn't come to hear praise or condemnation of any foreign country; they came to hear about America's domestic problems.

In a patronizing fatherly tone, Roosevelt admonished them not to pass resolutions on situations about which they knew nothing. To leave matters of importance to experts. When the "experts" say that it is twaddle to think America could possibly get into war through extending credit and making loans to belligerents, I think it is high time that youth, whose life or death is at stake, should have something to say about the matter! Youth has not only the right, but the duty and responsibility to make itself heard in a democracy. Perhaps President Roosevelt has forgotten that he is the head of a supposedly democratic nation.

The press has printed many lines condemning the attitude of the youngsters at the White House. Papers wrote of booing and hissing during the President's speech, and of disgraceful and unmannerly actions. The press was wrong. It sometimes is, you know. The delegates maintained a perfect decorum. They listened in polite silence, with the usual perfunctory applause at the end of the talk. True, several unable to control their disappointment and confusion let out a few boos at the famous "twaddle" sentence, but they were immediately cautioned by their neighbors to hush; and they did. This was not the mass booing that the press would have you believe.

The effect of the speech on the crowd was like that of suddenly having your best friend knife you. Each person there felt that he had been personally wounded by the President. Had they not respected him, admired him, and helped him in his fight to aid the forgotten man and the forgotten youth? And when they trudged out of the White House lawn, cold and wet, bewildered and even a bit angry, could they be blamed? Had they been given any hope of seeing NYA extended, of having the American Youth Act passed; had they been given any assurance that they would not be drafted to help Britain, France and Finland in a "Holy Crusade" against the Soviet Union? Quite to the contrary.

Two hours later, John L. Lewis talked straight to them. He gave them answers. He offered them tangible solutions to their problems. He invited them to work with CIO's Labor's Non-Partisan League towards getting what both youth and labor demand—jobs, peace and civil liberties. John L. received a lusty ovation. He called for an immediate conference between industry, labor and government representatives to sit down and thresh out the problem of unemployment. He called for extension, instead of curtailment of the work of New Deal relief and social agencies; he advocated the immediate abolition of the poll taxes disenfranchising thousands of Negroes and poor whites in eight Southern states; he emphatically pointed out that the CIO and Non-Partisan League stand for no involvement in an imperialist foreign war; and—he proposed a rational plan to heal the split between the CIO and the AFL.

III

The Youth Congress Institute was an event of momentous political significance. Two American leaders set forth completely divergent policies. Roosevelt offered the country no solution to its increasingly difficult domestic problems. Instead, he offered American money and resources (while American people starve) to the Mannerheim government of Finland. . . . By the time you read this, the House will probably have approved a

$100,000,000 increase in the Export-Import Bank, $20,000,000 of which will go directly to Finland. . . . Judging from the past, we can feel certain that extension of more credit, both governmental and private, will be accorded that country and her backers, Britain and France. In effect, the whole thing amounts to this: Finland's war is Britain's war, and Britain's war is America's war.

John L. Lewis made America quite a different proposal. The forces of labor demand that our own country's problems be solved and they offer a definite, clear-cut program to achieve that end. Labor for the past six months has been declaring opposition to entrance into Europe's imperialistic struggle and has demanded that our money stay on this side of the Atlantic to insure that our boys also stay with our money. Even if President Roosevelt has seemingly forgotten the method by which America was drawn into the World War labor has not forgotten. Labor remembers that labor carried the guns in those days. And labor is determined that it shall not happen again.

Youth was faced with two choices: should it support the Roosevelt administration or should it throw in its lot with organized labor and progressive farm groups? Youth made its choice instantaneously—labor and youth solidarity! The road to peace and security: not war! Youth is determined that "The YANKS ARE NOT COMING!" As the Maritime Federation of the Pacific (CIO) so trenchantly put it: "Lafayette, we are here and we are going to stay here."

In this stage of the political game, it is extremely difficult to predict just what the political lineup for 1940 will finally be. But American youth and American labor feel that it is no longer only a question of Tweedledee or Tweedledum (Democrat or Republican). There is a strong chance of an independent political party which will more adequately fill the needs of the majority of the American people than either of the two traditional parties.

IV

You have probably heard a lot and read a lot to the effect that the American Youth Congress is Communist-controlled; that it takes orders directly from the Moscow hangout of Big Joe Stalin. This is not to be wondered at. Wherever a Progressive organization makes itself known by its worth-while, effective work, that ubiquitous red herring is always dragged out to vilify it and alienate it from the public. The American Youth Congress is a liberal organization. In its ranks are representatives of 67 youth organizations ranging from the Young Democrat Club and the National Student Federation to the Young Communist League. Isn't it a bit fantastic to think that the Young Communist League, which undoubtedly has a very small membership anyway, could possibly control the other 66 organizations? As a part of youth opinion, the Congress has welcomed into its ranks YCL'ers just as it has welcomed YMCA boys and just as it is glad to have Young Republicans (even over the protest of John Hamilton).

Miss Frances Williams, executive secretary of the Congress, defended the refusal of the youth organization to expel the Communists on the grounds that such action would endanger the civil rights of all Americans, youth and adult. She was cheered when she said: "The AYC welcomes the Young Communist League along with the representatives of all youth organizations who would rather work for the betterment of American youth than sit around wringing their hands or shouting long, pious phrases."

Too, you have read in the press that the AYC was variously wrecked and split asunder and completely demolished by individuals present at the Institute who wished to bring the Communist expulsion issue to the fore. Again our American press was in error. Three persons were gently persuaded to leave the hall on two occasions when they arose in the middle of a planned program of speeches, interrupting talks being made by Jack McMichael, Abbot Simon and James Carey, to shout that they wanted the floor. On each occasion they were told by the chairman that they were out of order. And upon their unmannerly insistence that they be heard, the question was put to the floor. The floor responded unanimously that the program proceed as scheduled, and the disrupters were evicted. If these boys had wanted to say something to the Congress, they could have had the opportunity in either of three discussion periods by merely following the procedure of sending their names to the chairman at a time when discussion was being heard from the floor. But, no . . . they insisted on speaking during a formal program already planned in advance. Isn't it rather obvious, then, that their purpose was not to have the Congress consider some point they wished to make, but rather to destroy the unity of the group? I am ashamed to say that one of these individuals who behaved in such an ungentlemanly and unparliamentary manner is a former

graduate of this University, and that he and I took Professor Woodhouse's political science 51 at the same time.

It is significant that the reporters assigned to cover the Institute were as perturbed as the delegates at the stories which appeared in their papers. They apologized to the Congress leaders. They said that the stories they wrote were not the stories that appeared in the papers. They said that they had turned in absolutely truthful and straight stories; but that some of the publishers had ordered their editors to give as much as half of their space to the insignificant efforts at breaking up the Congress. What actually took place was relegated to the background. Unfortunately, the rewrite men back at the office did a good job of following out the publishers' orders; and the reporters had to take the gaff for "writing" untruthful and misleading accounts.

V

It would be impossible here to go into the details of all the vital talks and discussions made at the Congress by youth representatives—their personal experiences and problems. Suffice it to say that these and Mrs. Roosevelt's courageous defense of the Congress served further to bring all of American youth together in their common search for intelligent answers to the questions they are facing today.

The Congress sent messages to the youth in the war-torn countries of Europe giving them encouragement and promising unflagging efforts on the part of American youth to keep this country out of the war and to work for peace in the world. The call was sent out for demonstrations against war in every part of the U. S. on April 6. Plans were effected for a Pan-American Youth Convention; and most important of all, a working agreement was drawn up for close cooperation between Labor's Non-Partisan League and the Congress.

Leaders of the Congress were tremendously enthusiastic over the Institute and the opinion of all who attended was that something big and something new happened there which will grow to be an even more powerful force than it is now in the American political and social scene.

Just what does all this mean for the Carolina student? In the first place, the majority of students on this campus are already affiliated with the American Youth Congress. Most of you are either members of the YMCA or the YWCA. Both of these organizations are active participants in the Congress work and are ably represented there by the outstanding "Y" leaders of the nation. Secondly, each of you has common interests with the millions of other American youth. And, most important of all, in a democratic country, you as young people have a responsibility and duty to make yourselves heard. You have the intelligence to know what you want and it is up to you to let the country know what you think about any issue you care to comment upon. The Youth Congress is simply trying to coordinate this vast mass of youth opinion into an effective working bloc so that its weight will be felt on Capitol Hill.

In your role as a student here at Chapel Hill, if you do not care to actively participate in the work of the Congress, you should at least inform yourself as to its program, understand its aims and above all educate yourself to a realistic knowledge of the things happening in Washington which directly affect you. The American Youth Congress is the voice of American youth—it is your voice!

Sacre and Profane

After the fond kiss, fold hands and sit:
Make love? you ask—why, this is it!
My dear, you lie: the words are hollow—
When lightning flashes will not thunder follow?

—Richard Nickson.

Wilton Brinkley

So Some of Him Lived

"A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair—
(Even as you and I!)"

JOHNNY HEATH-KELLER had enjoyed every minute of the six years that he had trapped with his uncle. There was freedom in every breath of the crisp air—freedom from the sordid boarding houses in which he had lived with his father, a seasonal laborer, and freedom from the frustration of his own thoughts. He had never seriously thought of returning to civilization after he had been left an orphan, and he thought in a vague sort of way that he and his uncle would live together forever in the glorious wilds of Canada. But after he had buried his uncle, the mountains and forests seemed to be prison barriers, locking him off from the rest of the world, and his uncle's death left a hollow, empty feeling in him. So when he sold his furs in the city the next spring, he didn't go back.

Before coming to Carolina to enroll as a freshman, WILTON BRINKLEY *spent two years as a C.C.C. enrollee and as a forest ranger in western North Carolina. His short story was originally written as an assignment in English 2.*

Life was disillusioning in the city. It was easy for the bashful young giant from the woods to make friends, and he accepted everyone at his face value, only to find that he "was rooked by every bastard with plunder in his eye." He made a big hit with the wild party girls; he was a new experience to them, a toy to be played with for awhile but to be cast aside when they had tired of it. It increased the lonely emptiness within him, but he accepted their shallowness with smiling acquiescence. That was before he met Paula.

Paula was six years older than he. She was not beautiful, but she had a distinctiveness that made her far more beautiful than any of the others. She, too, was a party girl, but she was quieter than the others—charming, composed, and sincere. She, alone, saw in Johnny the lonely boy vainly searching for friendship. Paula had been disillusioned by shallow loves and friendships so many times that she could see through all the people that she met; she had learned to accept the good qualities of people and to overlook the bad ones. Perhaps it was to protect Johnny from the others that she took him as her protégé.

It did not happen all at once. Something clicked, it is true, but on the surface, she was like all the others, and she did not have him fooled for a minute. But over a long period of time, he learned to appreciate the sincerity of her friendship, and when he fell for her, he fell hard. And for the first time in years, she lost her perspective and fell for him, but when she realized how serious it was becoming, she came down to earth again. She was older than he and there was a world of difference between their backgrounds, so she tried to break it off gently. But when he asked her to marry him, she realized that he couldn't understand and that she would have to hurt him to make him see, so she laughed at him. The world came tumbling down upon his head and the universe exploded within his heart, but he accepted her refusal with quiet acquiescence and it wasn't until years later that he could look back and understand.

"So some of him lived but most of him died—
(Even as you and I!)"

II

Faith and honor and a sure intent.
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant.)"

Helen breathed a sigh of relief when the Statue of Liberty faded into the background. Harold had been difficult, but she at last had her divorce. She stood at the rail for a long time before she went to her cabin to unpack. After she had finished, she lay down and thought over the hectic days she had just been through and shuddered. She was glad it was over. Then she laughed, put on an evening dress, and went up to the dining saloon.

"Helen, Mr. Heath-Keller," someone said in an alcoholic drone.

She parted her lips to give a bored acknowledgment, glanced up at Mr. Heath-Keller, and then paused. Helen wasn't the only woman who had looked twice at the handsome Mr. Heath-Keller. He was well on his way towards becoming drunk and he alternately had a childish rudeness and an

exaggerated politeness. He staggered through half a dance with her before she led him out on deck. He insisted upon her going to his cabin with him for a drink, and when she finally left him at three o'clock, she laughed. This trip was not going to be so horrible, after all.

Helen was surprised the next afternoon when the immaculate Mr. Heath-Keller walked up to her, looked straight at her with serious but bloodshot eyes, and apologized for making an ass of himself the night before.

"Don't be ridiculous, Johnny," she smiled. "Let's go get a drink."

"Then you're not—you're not—," he stammered.

She laughed and led him into the saloon.

"I'll see you tonight," she whispered as she left him.

And for the first time in weeks, John Heath-Keller was not haunted with visions of Paula.

The next four days were glorious ones for Helen and it was heaven for Johnny. But on the last day, something seemed to have happened to Johnny. He was no longer the wild, hard-drinking boy with whom she had had so much fun. He was quiet, as if something were troubling him, and he was again the serious, matured gentleman who had apologized to her the day after his first night on ship. And just before the boat landed, he asked her to marry him.

"Don't be silly, Johnny," she laughed. "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world. But I'll spend a week with you at the Riviera."

Helen was frightened for the first time in her life as Johnny's face first turned white and then became black with rage. The great muscles bulged upon his throat and his huge hands slowly opened and closed. Then he wheeled abruptly and marched away.

Helen never saw him again.

"And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand—"

III

"Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand!

Ten years in the tropics of India had made a good soldier of Sergeant Heath-Keller. The toughest assignments and the rawest recruits were given to him, and he always accepted them with smiling acquiescence. And it was said that whenever the soft-voice sergeant gave an order, the men had it half done by the time he got through giving it.

Wherever men gathered, tales were told of the giant sergeant with the soft voice and mocking smile. Many lonely hours were passed in the barracks with stories of how he had marched twenty-one men two hundred miles after the rest of his company had been murdered in their sleep in order to wreak vengeance upon the murderous natives. It was said that nine hundred natives paid with their lives for letting the sergeant and his twenty-one men escape. And there was a story of how he had singlehandedly put down a rebellion among native soldiers after a bullet from a Snider had pierced his lung. Legends grew up—legends telling of how he drank a quart of rye each morning before breakfast, of how he went into the thickest part of battle with a laugh, as if he wanted to be killed, and of how the natives believed that he was an invincible devil who could not be destroyed. Many men said that Sergeant Heath-Keller was a myth.

But he was a great favorite with the ladies at the post, for

"The things you will learn from the Yellow and Brown,
They'll 'elp you a lot with the White!"

IV

"You never can say till you've tried 'em,
And then you are like to be wrong."

His younger superiors had been glad to get rid of Captain Heath-Keller. Among themselves, they said that he was a troublesome old fool, but they dared not cross him, for he had powerful friends higher up, friends whom he had lived and fought with for twenty years. And although they would not admit it, they were secretly afraid of his ability with their women. Heath-Keller had been handsome when young, but the years had made him beautiful. The deep lines on his sun-blackened face enhanced his fine features and his dark skin made his beautiful grey eyes look as clear as a child's. For years, the younger officers had tried to get him to retire, but he had only snorted in derision. They were secretly glad when a native gone amuck stuck a bayonet through his kidney. They said that he could not live, but the general himself saw to it that he got the best of treatment, and he pulled through. But after getting out of the hospital, he was pronounced unfit for further duty, and he was forced to retire.

Cannes was beautiful and the women were exciting, but Heath-Keller could not become adjusted to his new life. His nerves were shot and

for weeks he had lived on milk and brandy, but to the women he remained a gallant and mysterious figure whom everyone wanted to meet. He was an old man at forty-two, but he flirted outrageously with young and old alike. All the women loved him, but they took his attentions as a joke, and few of his affairs were serious. And then he met Jeanne.

Jeanne was a lovely girl of nineteen who was visiting her aunt in France for the first time. Her family was extremely respectable and she was very popular, for everyone liked her unsophisticated sweetness; she was a queen. When she met Heath-Keller, she fell in love with him at first sight. Hundreds of women of every hue had made him blind to the type of love he had felt for Paula, and to him Jeanne was only another conquest. Under the influence of his smooth love-making, Jeanne became madly in love with him. And then Heath-Keller realized with horror that she was sincere in her love. For hours he paced the floor, trying to think everything out with a clear head. She could never be happy with him. He was more than twice as old as she, and he was old for his years. On the surface, he was still young, but underneath, the hardening effects of a soldier's life and uncontrolled vice had burned all the soul from him, leaving him an empty shell devoid of all feeling except passion. A line from Kipling kept running through his mind, "The more you know of the others, the less you'll settle to one." Why couldn't he have met Jeanne twenty years before? At last he made his decision, and it sickened him. When he saw her again, he made cruel, biting remarks and laughed at her gullibility. She was admitted to a hospital the next day for a nervous breakdown, and a week later she sailed for America.

V

Whenever Heath-Keller walked into a saloon, men hardened to the ways of life gave him a disdainful glance and left, and the bartender openly destroyed the glasses that he had drunk from. Women who had chased him all over Cannes passed him on the street without speaking. Even his friend Lady Asheley, whom he had gallantly made love to for fifteen years, greeted him with a cold politeness. Again Heath-Keller felt the empty loneliness which had haunted him all his life and from which he had vainly tried to run away. He suddenly felt the weight of the years that had piled upon him, and a score of old wounds made his body ache with every movement. But he was a soldier from the ground up, and no one could have known of the devils that tormented his body and soul as the staccato click of his heels faded into the distance for the last time.

His Malay orderly found him the next morning with his Webley service revolver lying beside him in a pool of blood.

"When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier."

For Wilfred Owen Twenty Years After

No hymn nor sad memorial will atone,
None speak, for him who saw the god through mud:
No unknown soldier this—grave not the stone,
For here lies one whose name was writ in blood.

Not now the elegy while we're the mourned!
His struggle's ended—ours is but begun.
Again brute armies tread the world we warned,
And truth is trampled; as was done, is done.

Let all who will, observe time's spinning wheel
Spin backward—hear the piteous, dull laugh
Of those who dumbly read without appeal
Their names upon another's epitaph.

Still must the dead die, fallen in new regret—
And they remember who cannot forget.

—Richard Nickson.

Simons Roof

The Devil's Church Money

ESTELLE stood in the middle of the glistening clay road: she squinted her eyes to see through the noontime mist. Overhead were no birds, only a faint bright spot as sign of the hidden sun, and the spot was blurring more each minute. She rubbed a fidgety hand across her worried brown face. She had a lot of walking to do. She moved down the road until she reached the curve: at the curve was a ledge overlooking the negro settlement. She frowned until the crow's-feet almost closed her eyes. The settlement was lifeless except for smoke from the chimneys. She missed the glint of the tin roofs, of the cans lying in the ditches along the lanes. Then she recalled she was going to visit the preacher.

Forsaking the poetic muse for the more prosaic fields, SIMONS ROOF, *prospective candidate for honors in Comparative Literature, for the first time this year returns to the medium in which he gained his first popularity, the short story.*

On the far hillside, like a great grey box, clung the preacher's house. Estelle wondered why it stuck to the hillside, why the little worms of water failed to wash it away. It was probably because the preacher was under protection, and the devil had no way with him, but Gabriel saw that the angels kept the house in place. At the thought a moronic grin lightened her face. She pulled her tattered coat tighter, and walked through the mist.

She passed, half-plodding, half-slipping, over the lanes between the shacks. She started once to enter a house to warm herself. She was uncertain which house she should enter. The shacks were all alike from the front, it was only the shine of their tops that was different. She reached the path to the preacher's house without deciding, then thought she might warm herself beside his fire. The preacher had huge fires, and the firebugs on the soot were fast crawling. She could warm herself at the preacher's fire. The preacher hated the devil. She felt frightened a moment. She looked up at the path. She shivered and thought it was like a gash a knife would make, and the red water roaring down the path was blood. Blood and death always went together. Death and sickness were close. Death and sickness and blood were good friends. An old woman had told her a lot of tales, and it was true about death and sickness and blood.

When she had climbed halfway up the steep hillside, and stood before the preacher's grey shack, she was suddenly alarmed at what she was going to do. The devil would throw her in scarlet-hot lead. He would burn her there forever. Her heart beat until the blood at her pulse was furious. She thought she could never breathe slowly again. She pulled at her plaited hair. It was so thick and coarse and soft with the mist on it, and was nicer to feel than when it was in the sun. The devil was not going to hurt her. Her mother had said the devil would not hurt her. She sniffed at the air. Slowly her fright left.

The devil was not going to hurt her.

"Estelle," called the preacher from his door, "yuh wants tuh see me, chile?"

Estelle turned slowly, her feet heavy in the mud. The preacher was watching her: a streak of alarm returned.

"What yuh wants, Estelle?"

She remembered then she wanted to see him, wanted to ask him a question. The preacher would treat her right. He was a good man. He was fat, and he hated the devil. The devil never entered preachers' houses. She walked across the yard, stumbling over a small box. She frowned, and wondered how it would be if she were blind, had to tell everything by the feel of it, and the shine was gone.

The preacher called from his porch,

"Tell me what yuh wants, chile."

She liked the preacher because he hated the devil. She lowered her head, examined the mud on the ends of her shoes. She looked up cautiously, her eyes regarding his dirty black belt, the line of white shirt beneath his vest, his black vest with the nice bright gold chain, his high collar and black tie. When she stared at his eyes, she asked in a flat tone,

"Kin I have some of dem envelopes?"

The preacher leaned back and smiled proudly.

"Now dat's fine of yuh wantin' tuh do de Lord's work! I'm shore happy yuh wants tuh do dis."

She thought of her mother's words, of the smoky air in the close room, and the devil would not hurt her. Her mother knew it.

"Jus' a minute," the preacher told her, and entered his shack. He returned in a minute, and handed her several collection envelopes.

"Yuh knows de respons'bility about 'em, don't yuh?"

"Dey gits up money fuh—fuh de church."

"Dat's right. God bless yore collectin', chile. De church shore needs de money."

Estelle forgot to thank him, but turned swiftly, and walked away. The devil was wicked and wore horns. Once the horns had belonged to God's favorite bull. The devil had sneaked through the fence, entered the meadow, and sneaked to where the bull was sleeping, and the bull was under a silver-leafed tree. The devil had cut off the horns, cut them with a blazing red knife. Then the devil had shoved the horns into his own head. She had heard the story from someone else, and it was true. The devil was no good.

She crossed the valley and reached the road to town. She hastened down it, her shoes sucking in and out of the mud, her body tilting from side to side. She squinted up at the misty sky, and walked along uncertainly. Her ankles sank down in a deep muddy puddle, and the cold water caused her to shiver. She wondered why the devil had made her step in the puddle. She became frightened, the devil was in her, was making her do wrong.

She reached the highway. It was a fifteen minute walk from the settlement to the town. She walked faster on the pavement, her feet slapping as she increased her pace. In a few minutes she ceased walking. Her eyes brightened, and she began smiling, her teeth bared to the mist. She reached in the gutter and picked up a small perfume bottle. She rubbed her fingers over it, held it at different angles. It was too rainy a day for the glass to sparkle, but it would be pretty on a sunny day. She laughed to herself, silently. When she leaned her head back, and laughed wildly, an old man across the highway stared at her, shook his head in bafflement. She poked out her tongue at him, and ran down the pavement.

She stopped to rest when she had reached the town. She sat on the coping before a squat brick house. The house had an iron fence encircling its yard. Estelle breathed deeply, rubbed her hands nervously on her coat. Iron fences were very strong, and iron was good luck. Sometimes the devil leaned against a fence: that made it rust. She walked to the fence, and examined the iron closely. The devil had not yet leaned against the fence.

Estelle tasted the mist on her tongue, and stood for a while not knowing what to do. Then she shoved her hands deeply in her coat pockets. One of her hands pressed against the envelopes. She leaned wearily against the fence. Then she decided she had better begin. She remembered the preacher. She tried to remember what her mother had said, the devil was no good, and would not hurt her. No, the devil would be too frightened by God's envelopes.

The house had an iron fence, and iron was good luck. She approached the high white door, and rattled the brass knocker. A stooped old lady answered the knock. Estelle did not see the lavender of the dress, only the gold brooch at the throat. For a moment Estelle thought of snatching the brooch, and her fists tightened and untightened. Then she became conscious of the old lady's voice.

"Well?"

"Could yuh—could yuh help de church?"

The old lady reached in a pocket, withdrew a quarter. Estelle opened an envelope, and the old lady dropped in the coin. Estelle grinned, and licked the envelope shut. She ran down the steps, stopped to rub the iron handle of the gate. Iron was good luck, and the devil had not touched this. The devil would not hurt her.

Estelle went to another house. She was given a dime. She went to another house, and another, her courage growing, and she collected until the coins began a small bulge in her pocket. She walked up and down the wet streets, touching strange door knobs, asking strange faces to help the church. The devil would not hurt her.

When she had two dollars, she entered the nearest drugstore.

"Fill dis out, please, suh. Please right now."

"You got the two dollars, girl?" The druggist frowned down at her, and she became frightened again, remembering the horns on the devil, and the scarlet-hot lead.

"Dere de money is."

"Your mother sick? Say, why you keep your money in a church envelope, girl? You need a pocket book."

Estelle shuddered. She could feel the devil standing beside her. She whispered,

"De debil ain't goin' tuh git me, is he? Is he? Tell me, tell me! He ain't, is he? My ma—my ma ain't goin' to let him."

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

(*Continued from page fifteen*)

It's funny how the Kid took his advice. Come Wednesday and the Kid's body stayed in but his heart went out. He looked through the window most of the morning and most of the five weeks. And I know he was proud of Bill because he caught every grease monkey on the job and said, "I'll bet those guys get what they want."

That went on for five weeks until the gang trooped back in and sat down at their machines with fighting jaws but beaten eyes. And the Kid wouldn't look at Bill. Big Bill who was licked changed things. The strike changed things. The Kid couldn't tie to him because he wasn't big anymore.

That's the story of Bill . . . and the Kid.

The Kid went away to college four months later and Bill found out he had pernicious anemia so they took him to St. Joseph's Hospital and gave him twenty-five shots in the arm before he died. And the Kid came home at Christmas and went to see Bill but he wasn't home. And the Kid went home and cried.

Sepulchre

Words are the balm of tears
For things that die and dying ever grow
To live again.

Weep not for this that ever was a dream,
A wistful fragment of unspoken things,
That speak in silence far—oh! far beyond—
The sound of tears.

—Mary Louise Boylston.

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To Keats

Memorial is the night: the sacred psalm
Of evening glorifies the holy past.
The memory-laden moon, with light at last
Returning, lifts into the vestal calm,
And all the stars shine through the darkening deep.
The world remembers; but remembrance brings
Such sorrow, even for immortal things,
That tears forget the gladness they beweep.
The evening fades apace—and fills with clouds:
The moon—unseen along the lightning sky—
Recedes into the early night in shrouds—
And rain broods down from some vast sorrowing eye
Fixed on oblivion. But no! Those crowds
Of constant stars will not forget, nor I.

—Richard Nickson.

THE STUDENT IS A GUINEA PIG

(*Continued from page five*)

body in exactly the same way. But it hurts too many students for the student body as a whole to remain indifferent. What is obviously called for is a slowing-down of this business of changing textbooks when it is not clearly called for; a stop in this lack of consideration for student pocketbooks.

Now the Student Advisory Board might go to the faculty and ask for some voice in such matters; it would surely be met with a plea of "limitation of academic freedom." This is not the issue at all.

Here is a concrete proposal: Let the student body president (who is surprisingly free of bias once student elections are out of the way) select a major in each department to act as student consultant on textbook changes. The student would have absolutely no veto power, but would at least be there to ascertain reasons for the change and present the student point of view. Let the faculty member override the recommendations of the student consultant if they so wish, but at least they will have to face an enlightened student body opinion. The issues will be out in the open.

This proposal may never be adopted, but let it stand for the record. Let's just see how much more experimentation on student guinea pigs goes on after this. If just one faculty member were *not* to refer to this article: "Just another kid shooting off his mouth"—if just one faculty member would indulge in a little self-questioning before making an experimental change in texts, then something worthwhile will have been accomplished.

Of the Making of Books There Is no End

—*The Campus Looks at Current Literature*—

CHRISTIAN IDEAL

THE IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY. T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 104 pp. $1.50.

"To understand the society in which he lives must be to the interest of every conscious thinking person." This is all very well. But the three lectures and one broadcast talk comprising Mr. Eliot's new book has only served to remind me of the statement regarding Eliot made by T. E. Lawrence: "He has a confused mind, and can make more mess of a simple subject than any other conceived human being." The Anglicised American is, like his southern agrarian counterpart, Allen Tate, excellently summed up in Lawrence's phrase, "a parvenu longing for roots." Both these confused and confusing gentlemen regard industrialism as an enemy in itself, and look back to some dear medieval day when society was disciplined through terror and ignorance by an ecclesiastical hierarchy. Indeed, Eliot even drops an approving word for Mussolini's Italy, which is "still mainly agricultural and Catholic." The concern of so many "intellectuals" for tradition, authority and the Church—whether Anglican or Roman—allies them, consciously or otherwise, with the world's most fanatical forces of reaction. These forces, from the Vatican on down, rallying to the fascist standard, veil their own interests with anti-materialist, anti-socialist declarations—but their fundamental direction becomes every day more clearly evident.

Eliot's question is this: "With what kind of State can the Church have a relation?" So far his clerical confidence is still in the "democracies," with their "positive side," which he regards as "Christian." Yet in his estimate of the so-called liberal democracies he mentions also the incontrovertible point that "the attitudes and beliefs of Liberalism are destined to disappear. . . . They belong," he says, "to an age of free exploitation which is disappearing." He suggests frankly that democracy is bordering on financial oligarchy. At the same time he labels the fascist doctrine "pagan." This twist permits him, in a footnote written after the declaration of war, to leap upon the bandwagon with the following cry (worthy of Dorothy Thompson): "The alignment of forces which has now revealed itself should bring more clearly to our consciousness the alternative of Christianity or Paganism." Mr. Eliot's muddled theology sounds the battle cry for a new crusade, which he naively imagines to be anti-fascist. Only a theologian could sound the bugle for a war so imminently capable of establishing fascism throughout the world.

Although, according to Eliot, "the only possibility of control and balance is a religious control and balance," he yet states specifically that the Church—which can be neither conservative, liberal nor revolutionary!—has as its business only the interpretation of what is "wrong," that is, "what is inconsistent with Christian doctrine." "Particular schemes of improvement are *not* its business. Eliot, following the Christian sociologists who criticise economic systems in the light of Christian ethics, appeals vaguely to the "spirit of justice and humanity." From such a nebulous idealism, the decadent State of bourgeois democracy cannot expect much aid. He does, however, assert his primary interest to be "a change in social attitude." He lists, as an illustration, an attitude not so far behind us: "In a society based on the use of slave labour men tried to prove from the Bible that slavery was something ordained by God." But he does not likewise bother to remind us of the present-day apologists, religious as well as political, who unctuously abet wage slavery. The only indication that Eliot is aware of our wonderful Christian capitalism is found in one sentence—unparalleled in the history of understatement. "Surely there is something wrong in our attitude towards money." The author of this line should live on in a fame perpetual as Prufrock's.

We are told in the course of the book that we must treat Christianity with a great deal more intellectual respect. Mr. Eliot gives to it the conservative intellectual respect of a member of England's stolid upper middle class. His ideas both of the Church and the State reveal a wholly inadequate understanding of human society. They are synthetic and abstract, divorced from the people—the "mob," as he would have it. But a religious doctrine that separates itself from the interests of the people, from which it springs, forfeits what little social worth it may have had, and is propagated by the dull, the esoteric and the craven. Churches built upon the various creeds have always tended like the various states to pacify class conflict and to benefit the upper stratum. A renewal of human values in terms of all humanity is needed—and not a cult for the elect. As a part of these values Christianity will always

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figure, but the Church shall play only a diminishing role in the new society which is preparing. It has outlived its use. "The perpetual message of the Church," concludes Eliot in summation, "is to teach and to apply true theology. It has perpetually to answer this question: to what purpose were we born? What is the end of man?"

This question we shall assume can be answered by Eliot and the Archbishop of Canterbury. —Richard Nickson.

LITTLE MEN LOOM LARGE

Come Spring. Ben Ames Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 866 pp. $2.75.

Ben Ames Williams here attempts to produce a historical novel without historical people and succeeds rather well. His book is the story of a small American town on the frontier during the Revolutionary Period and the people he tells about are just average people.

The place Mr. Williams is talking about is Sterlingtown plantation in Maine and the Revolutionary War is the backdrop for the story. His characters were little men in their time but loom big in the long run because of them the warp and woof of a sturdy nation was made. There is Joel Adams who spent three years in the Continental army and fought in the battles of Saratoga, Princeton and Trenton. There is Eben Robbins who went off to join a privateer and never came back. There is Philip Robbins who came to the region because of its fine timber and fertile soils. There is Mima—short for Jemima—who is the heroine of the story.

When Joel Adams came to Sterlingtown Mima picked him out as the man she wanted even though he didn't seem to take to her much. He was an attractive fellow and could have his pick of the girls of the region. The fact that he did not seem to be in any mood to settle down to one girl didn't bother Mima—she went right ahead with her courtship of him.

The story of Joel and Mima's somewhat stormy courtship is the skein around which the whole book is woven. Mr. Williams uses their romance as the trunk on which to hang the various branches which reveal the life of the period. The book is very accurate and the happenings in this little community seem all the more important because such simple occurrences as the burning of a barn might mean near starvation during a hard winter.

"Come Spring" is a long book; it seems too long in places. Most readers will be impatient when the action moves slowly and the real story is hidden by a smokescreen of background material. But there is plenty of substance in the book and Mr. Williams has achieved real success in getting down on paper the spirit of the people and the region he is talking about. —Ernest King, Jr.

AS POETRY IT AIN'T

Selected Poems. Sister M. Madeleva. New York: The Macmillan Company. 119 pp. $2.00.

Mary, pray for Paris
And Bethlehem;
A dumb ox served you
In both of them.

How do you like that? No? Well, sink your teeth into this meaty morsel:

I can fashion raiment
For me, for you.
But to clothe a pansy
What can I do?

Kind of stinks, doesn't it? That's the trouble with a great portion of Sister Madeleva's collected inanities—as poetry it just plain stinks. The editor must have been suffering from paralysis of the blue pencil when he took her work in hand. Or maybe he was of strong Catholic persuasion.

The good Sister has, it seems, a penchant for sitting around in her chilly convent and putting down every vacant thought that enters her head in a little verse, which wouldn't be so bad if she or the editor or somebody had only shown some discrimination and thrown out about half of them when they started to publish her book. The fact that it was *The Catholic World* and *Ave Maria* that first printed most of her stuff is indicative of its general character, tone and content, or lack of it. So much of it is just the sort of hopeless junk you would expect to find in *The Catholic World*. Such naive nothings as the two little verses quoted at the beginning can very often be slipped into an otherwise dull and heavy collection of poetry with a desirable effect. The reader thinks relievedly, "What ho! A glimmer of whimsy! How intriguing!" But naivete ceases to be intriguing when there is no evidence of depth or insight to hold it up. It's nothing but shallow. It's trite. It's simple-minded. And the unfortunate thing is that it detracts from the effectiveness of the whole, which actually does contain some scattered fragments of poetry.

There are some rather beautiful lines, sometimes even whole sonnets, that have the spark of real artistic description in them, as this from Suez Canal at Sunset:

Two long, low level banks of sand and a long, low sky;
On a strong, straight leash of water a thoroughbred boat goes by;
Far to the south a single cluster of palm trees lifts itself like a cry.

Occasionally she seems to forget her "poetess" self, and it is then that she really finds her poetic self in a brief, poignant half-cry like Betrayal.

You spoke of loneliness before I went;
You knew that I would be too proud to show it,
In which security I was content.
You did not say the mocking-bird would know it.

Longing you mentioned in a casual way;
You thought the sea and mountain-trails might bring it;
Knowing, you were too merciful to say
The mocking-bird at night would sing it.

Hunger and thirst and loneliness have come;
This wild, this poignant singing has unmade me;
It is not pride but longing holds me dumb.
It is the mocking-bird that has betrayed me.

Now that is pretty good love poetry. It isn't great, but there is grace and clearness and the sort of stinging wrench without which you have something like A Question of Lovers:

There be those who have pearls, have rubies; but much as I care for these,
This night will my True Love bring me the moon and the Pleiades.

Oh, who, on the wings of the morning, will hasten, when dawn is sweet,
To meet and possess me solely? One only, with pierced feet.

In the first part of the book especially she is given to penning such banal verses to her True Love. It proves to be something of a shock when said True Love turns out to be none other than the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. Now that strikes me as a rather strained attitude for even a good Catholic sister to take. If she's going to write love lyrics, then she ought to have got out and kicked around in this unorthodox world enough to fall for somebody besides Jesus. It's a rank impossibility to make a sheik out of the Man of Sorrows. She ends up with less than nothing. It isn't even convincing religious poetry. Not even *The Catholic World* could work up much enthusiasm over stuff like that.

That is what seems to be at the bottom of her general mediocrity. She is still turning out doggerel that her convent magazine must have lapped up when she was a student-contributor thirty years ago. It was probably then that she got the idea that she was a poetess. Sister Madeleva is the typical Lady Poet. And she has committed the error of most Lady Poets—that of putting down all the pretty things that occur to her in that pretty way that becometh a Lady Poet. It rhymes perfectly, just full of "bees-trees," and "me-thees." It jingles joggingly. She has sentiments, too—beautiful, sentimental sentiments—those inspired by walking in the garden and seeing the flowers with butterflies sitting in them. And she treats them quite as tritely as could be expected. It isn't that these every-day simplicities have lost any of their intrinsic poetry. William Butler Yeats and Robert Frost have found it and revealed it freshly. But then, that's another tale altogether. That is the difference between a poet and a Lady Poet. And Sister Madeleva is, more often than not, that Lady Poet, poetically half-baked and sentimentally unbuttoned.

—Anne Bates.

POPULAR ARTISTS

Men and Women Make Music. David Ewen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1939. 267 pp. $2.75.

Mr. Ewen makes acknowledgment in the preface of *Men and Women Who Make Music* that he could not possibly include all artists of importance in one book—"impossible and, it should be added, undesirable."

The musicians have been chosen, not only for their popularity, but also for their merits as artists. There are conductors, pianists, violinists, and singers. Mr. Ewen has chosen "fifteen artists that might best represent a cross-section of present-day musical interpretation, those fifteen in whom the American concertgoer might be most interested." Other artists are discussed in his earlier works: *From Bach To Stravinsky, Composers of Today, The Man With The Baton*, and others. There is no definite arrangement in the presentation of the artists discussed. Mr. Ewen considers Kreisler, Toscanini, Paderewski, Flagstad, Melchior, Hofmann, Heifitz, Lehmann, Schnabel, Ormandy, Casals, Szigeti, Gieseking, Pinza, and Yehudi Menuhin.

The biographical material for the book was supplied largely by the artists themselves. Mr. Ewen has also gathered material through personal contacts, conversations, and social contacts with the artists. The personal interjections make the reading material quite enjoyable. *Men And Women Who Make Music* is embellished with interesting photographs of the artists, many of them in characteristic poses. A close-up of Ignace Paderewski's hands at the piano, Toscanini with his baton, Kirsten Flagstad in costume for *Lohengrin*, Heifitz with his violin.

"It has been said that the musical interpreter is the connecting link—the catalytic agent, so to speak—between great music and the audience." Mr. Ewen capably fulfills the necessary link between the artist and the audience—the reader.

Each artist brings to a work of art his own personality, background, training, and style; and the task of presenting, through biographical material and personal notes, the necessary interpretations has been successfully wrought by Mr. Ewen.

—Ralph C. Tolar.

SANE APPROACH

The Reading of Poetry. J. H. Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 312 pp. $2.50.

The Reading of Poetry, by J. H. Smith, presents a sane approach to the unnecessarily posted land of poetry: the sanity of the book lies in the author's lack of concern with making a cult of his method. Poetry, as every art, contains form and substance; and like every art, is impossible to define beyond the individual. Mr. Smith writes with these very important, and often ignored, facts in mind. His definition of poetry comes at the end of the book, not the beginning. His definition is practical, and almost complete: 'Poetry is the art by which feeling is conveyed by author to reader in metrical

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language.' This definition covers capably the content of poetry, but not the form. Poetry is generally distinguished from prose, along with metrical language, by its form, its particular arrangement of words, its *poise* of words. He might have written 'in poised metrical language.' The book is comprehensive in study of poetic technique, which is necessary to an understanding of poetry. The greatest failing of the book, however, is its unconcern with the special case of modern poetry. Within the last twenty or thirty years poetry has become notorious for its 'obscurity.' Chief of all the critic's whips is the one he whirls over the poet for his 'obscurity.' Mr. Smith should have devoted an entire chapter to 'Obscurity.' Mr. Smith's consideration should have included these aspects: the personal factor, diction, swift transition (at its best in 'The Waste Land'), erratic form, imagery, complicated thought, and special knowledge. Several of these aspects are found only in modern poetry: swift transition is the best known. This is what Louis MacNeice calls the 'movie technique.' The poet leaps from thought to thought, disregarding smooth transition, and often depending on the 'special knowledge' factor. T. S. Eliot in 'The Waste Land' calls up ideas with the rapidity of scene-shifting in a moving picture; and his poem is strung on suggestions from Miss Jessie Weston's book, *From Ritual to Romance*. Mr. Smith, in commenting on the reading of poetry, is under obligations to a modern audience to tell how to read modern poetry. Poetry today seems to be influenced by three great forces; social philosophy (chiefly communism), psychology (chiefly Freudian), and science. The greatest of these forces is communism; in fact the English movement is avowedly concerned with it. Mr. Smith might have emphasized the importance of 'special knowledge' and might have shown what to do when complex social doctrine becomes entangled with swift transition, as in the work of W. H. Auden, C. Day Lewis, and others. Mr. Smith's book is, I think, one of the very best written to teach an approach to classical literature. As a supplement to his book, to cover present writing, I would suggest Louis MacNeice's *Modern Poetry*.

—Simons Roof.

THE BANNER IS SHOT TO HELL

(Continued from page seven)

regarded, is not based on any conscious intention to lull the Student Body into an intellectual torpor. Rather is it due to a fallacious, but probably sincere, journalistic philosophy, together with a lack of maturity, understanding and mental industry.

It is the duty of the Editor of the *Daily Tar Heel* to discover those vital problems concerning values which are foremost in the minds of the students; to study these problems in an industrious and systematic manner; to evaluate the results of this study; and then to form opinions and express them in logical, well written and serious editorials. Only then will the *Daily Tar Heel* acquit its responsibility as the leader of campus thought and action.

Sonnet

A while ago I should have cared—but now
I do not dread to see the hours go,
Nor fear to trace deep lines across my brow,
And watch the tiny wrinkles slowly grow.
The waning year brings no dark thoughts to me;
The setting sun, bright harbinger of night,
Will cause no grief to one who longs to see
Some sign of time in swift and steady flight.
For I have seen my dreams like blossoms die
Beneath an early spring's unlooked for frost,
And in the quiet night I often cry
For love and happiness that I have lost.
Dull pain perhaps I shall have learned to bear
When white as drifted snow has turned my hair.

—Jean Brabham.

Three Toots for Hooting

And she said then, How all you hate the Jews!
I shrugged and lit a pipe, For What explains?
To hate the Jews, to hate concrete or pain,
No for the simple moment I refuse.
I do not like, nor dislike, nor care
When is a Jew, or when a gentleman
Where is my South or where is Palestine.
The God who died last week might alone divine
The difference between Lyon Phelps and Pan
While Peter pipes with a professorial air.

God who was born last week, and the ladies too—
Damn et les Dieux
Alone have instincts sufficiently refined
To know which is Merchant here and which is Jew
And Mr. Morris is so very kind.

—Kiffin Hayes.

STAFF NOMINATIONS

For the 1940 Editorship of The Carolina Magazine will be held in the Magazine office Tuesday, April 2, at 7:30 p. m.

All staff members who cannot be present are asked to leave proxies with the editor before the election.

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April, 194

Carolina Magazine

U.S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OFF FOR YEAR'S SURVEY

SLED DOGS...YEAR'S SUPPLY OF SLOW-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTES ACCOMPANY ADMIRAL BYRD TO ANTARCTIC

IF YOU WERE LEAVING TODAY to live for a whole year on the barren ice of the Antarctic, and if *right now* you had to choose the *one* brand of cigarette you would smoke through those months—you'd make sure you picked the right brand. The men on the Antarctic expedition were in a situation like that. The picture above shows what happened: The expedition took Camels! Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd explained: "Slow-burning Camels are a great favorite with us. You can be sure we have plenty." You, yourself, may never go near the South Pole, but the right cigarette is important to *you*, too. Camels give you *extra* mildness, *extra* coolness, *extra* flavor—plus *extra smoking* in every pack. *(See below.)*

"MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK"...

That's how these three members of the U. S. Antarctic expedition tell of the advantages of slow-burning Camels. Richard Moulton, senior dog-driver *(center)*, says: "Slow burning is my measure of a milder, cooler, more flavorful smoke. I'd *sledge* a mile for a Camel." Nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of flavor and fragrance like excess heat. Cigarettes that burn fast also burn hot. Camels are slower-burning...milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler! Camels give you more pleasure per puff...and more puffs per pack *(see right)*.

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMELS FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR —SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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E. D. I. T. O. R. I. A. L

This Issue

Despite the increasing number of women students enrolling every year, the coed is still, by and large, a thing apart on the University campus. Relatively few women compete with men in extra-curricular activities. Only in a few places, notably the classroom, is their presence beginning to be felt, and even there they are still somewhat regarded as a pleasant curiosity. And, reminiscent of the early twenties, the stands still whistle and howl when a coed enters Woollen Gymnasium for a basketball game or boxing match.

Undoubtedly the women students work under a terrific handicap from the start because of their short term of residence. It takes nearly a year to become completely oriented here. But the process of assimilation and integration with the campus as a whole is still far from completion. Recognizing this, the present administration of the Woman's Association has worked intelligently and efficiently to close the gap, only to be met with indifference and lack of cooperation not only from the rest of the campus but from the women students themselves.

Not as a theme issue, but in an attempt to clarify a few general aspects, the MAGAZINE in this issue presents three articles dealing with the situation for your consideration.

The ultimate solution to the problem cannot be imposed from above, but will, in any case, be the product of intelligent cooperation on the part of the individual students of both sexes. A.J.G.

Comprehensive?

Roughly two-thirds of the Class of 1940 has already experienced the major academic hurdle on the road to graduation, the so-called comprehensive examination. Its intensity and scope varies with the major field of the individual senior, but in most cases, it was a pretty disheartening and disillusioning experience. And a large percentage of those scheduled to take the examination on May 11 are coming up for their second or third try.

Theoretically the comprehensive should be designed to provide just what its name implies, a means of coordinating and focusing the knowledge the senior has acquired into one inclusive, preferably somewhat creative production in the light of which he can judge how much four years of college have benefited him. As now administered in a great many departments here, it has, through attempts to provide a standardized yet thorough examination for the average, not the individual student, degenerated into a farce, a broad-side of detailed trivia, often prepared without consulting the professor in whose class the knowledge called for was supposedly acquired.

As a result, the senior gets not so much a fair test of his major educational achievements, but rather a test of his ability to soak up a maximum amount of isolated data with a minimum of effort. No wonder he so often fails to get by. At a time when he should be at the intellectual peak of his college career, he is forced to take time out to

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stuff his brain with load of material prerequisite to passing the comprehensive, material which he promptly forgets the day after. If, as is the case at Oxford, all courses were given with a view towards preparation for the comprehensive, it would be a different story.

Indicative of the faculty's distrust of the present method of handling of the comprehensive is the fact that it only lacked three votes of being killed at a general faculty meeting last spring. And it's certain that a majority of the students are in favor of a change. Let's adapt the courses to the comprehensive, the comprehensive to the courses, or do away with it altogether.

A.J.G.

Our Own Thinking

The appointment and subsequent repudiation of the appointment of Bertrand Russell to the faculty of the City College of New York has inspired no end of editorial comment by everyone who has access to editorial columns. The actions in New York do have a great pertinence to the University of North Carolina, for these actions haveinstigated once more the efforts of some citizens of the State to effect a change in the difinition of Freedom.

THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER, Friday, April 12, carried a full page reprint of "the infamous Tatum Petition," paid for at regular advertising rates by Mr. Tatum. This petition was presented to Governor O. Max Gardner in September, 1932, as the direct result of addresses made by Bertrand Russell at the Woman's College and the University. It was requested that the Governor put a stop to addresses by such "angels of darkness" as Bertrand Russell and Langston Hughes, for they "violate the very decencies of life and the most sacred things of our hearts."

Although the publication of this petition has not caused the renewal of a general attack on the present policies of the University, there is the implication that should the University again invite such a "traitor to his country, professed disbeliever in God, advocate and practicer of free love" as Bertrand Russell to speak before students in the University, this action would be strongly opposed and measures would be taken to assure a recurrence impossible.

We have no desire that an issue should be made of this new effort to qualify freedom to mean that which does not "violate the decencies of life" of a single group. But it cannot be stated too frequently that restrictions to freedom should arise from within the individual. An understanding of the real nature of the "decencies of life" and "the most sacred things" comes only with a knowledge of the indecencies and the odious things.

No man who does not know evil and wrong can say that he knows goodness and right. The very God in whose name Mr. Clark and Mr. Tatum would restrict freedom put evil in the world so that man would be able to know goodness.

D.H.M.

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Awaiting Mr. Dies

Most of the recent outspoken flurry of campus opinion over Mr. Martin Dies's rather cautious allegation concerning the possibilities of the existence of certain undesirable elements in our academic midst has decidedly been in the wrong tenor.

We here at the University have little to fear and much to gain from Mr. Dies's proposed investigation. If Mr. Dies attempts to conduct his inquiry along his usual lines, we should be able to expose him. If he conducts his investigation fairly and justly, the results will serve in a great measure to silence our periannual witch-hunting critics.

A.J.G.

Grady Reagan

The Coed In The Classroom

Eleven Professors Evaluate Her

YOU CAN ASK the coeds themselves what they think of their situation at Carolina; you can ask the men what their opinions are on the matter. But if you want to know the really significant answer to the question of desirability of coeds at U.N.C., the question of how they stand, scholastically and socially, with the men, whether there should be more, less or no coeds in this university, you have to go to the professor, the man who comes in closest contact with the advantages and shortcomings of the system of co-education as it now stands.

He, and only he, can give you the complete outlook on the coed, not as a nice young lady or as a naughty young lady, but as a student. He can tell you the coed's mental aptitude and attitude, tell you how she fits into the scheme of things here at Carolina.

GRADY REAGAN, *prospective member of the fourth estate, edited Biltmore College's literary magazine last year. His co-ordination of interviews with eleven University professors is this presentation of the co-ed from a human as well as academic angle.*

The professor daily, year after year, meets the coed in the classroom where she is, in a sense, in competition with the male students. She takes the same quizzes as the men and, presumably, is graded on the same basis as the men. From his point of vantage the professor sees her faults and achievements.

So we went to the professor to investigate his mind on the subject and—

Dr. English Bagby, Psychology Department: I find the university much benefited by the presence of the coeds; I would be glad to see more women students here. The social contacts between the men and women here at Carolina are such that could hardly be obtained until after graduation and tend to fit the student for a better adult life. Scholastically, I find the women at present on a par with the men and such has usually been the case. Three of the ten most able students I have had at Carolina have been women. Incidentally, in speaking of the coed situation here, it is my belief that too many girls are not members of a sorority and I see the need for another of these organizations on the campus. As far as I can perceive, there is no question of the desirability of coeds in this school.

Dr. U. T. Holmes, French Department: I favor a status quo as far as the coed situation at Carolina is concerned. The ratio of men to women students is about as it should be. The presence of a few women in a classroom tends to raise the tone of the class as a whole, but no more than a few. I do see no reason for the non-admittance of a small number of girls from the local surroundings into the freshman and sophomore classes, since this would be of great advantage to the townspeople. But on no grounds would I have the number of coeds equal the number of men. It scares boys away from the cultural subjects to see too many girls taking the courses.

Dr. Edgar W. Knight, Education Department: Almost everywhere in this country for a long time the education of women was sadly neglected as was their right to political and civil freedom, on the grounds that if they were given equality with men the "family bonds would be dissolved and the home would disintegrate." Women were exhorted to suppress all intellectual curiosity. Opposition to co-education was also very strong even after women had gained some higher educational rights. But to me co-education has always seemed natural and logical. Boys and girls grow up together, attend the same schools and churches, go to picnics and parties together, and marry. Why should their training in higher education be separated? I am for co-education. For one thing it helps to soften the manners of the boys on the campus. Coeds? I'm for 'em. God bless 'em.

Dr. Karl H. Fussler, Physics Department: I am strongly in favor of the university as a co-educational institution; in fact, I would like to see girls admitted to the freshman and sophomore classes as well as the junior and senior. The presence of girls on the campus gives the whole school a more wholesome atmosphere. It seems to me

that it is the normal thing to have both sexes intermingling as students since they will be thrown together in later life. As to comparing the women with the men in mental ability I find that, all things being equal, that is considering the type of course and so on, the women hold their own favorably scholastically. Though there are certain drawbacks such as lowered standards of study due to the mutual distraction offered by the presence of coeds, I favor a more nearly equal number of men and women at Carolina, with the men predominating by only a small majority.

Dr. Wallace Caldwell, History Department: After both attending and teaching in co-educational colleges, I am a convinced believer in co-education. Its values of intellectual interchange as well as its social and cultural aspects for both men and women are great. Of course there are individuals who place dates at a value above studies and there are seasons of the year when the attention of students wanders from intellectual pursuits. These, however, are natural and are by no means confined to co-educational institutions. Indeed they seem to me to be handled better with less silliness in colleges where there is daily meeting between the sexes. I might dare to add that to professional eyes looking at the drab dress and often uninspiring faces of men students, feminine charm and brightness of dress is a welcome addition to the classroom. I have never found any marked difference in the intellectual ability between men and women and am thoroughly convinced that all educational opportunities open to men should be open to women as well, with perfect confidence that they will take full advantage of it.

"Skipper" O. J. Coffin, Journalism Department: For my part I find that the presence of women students on the campus has benefited Carolina about as much as woman suffrage benefited politics; in other words, none at all. I have no particular objection to them as students but I find no marked improvement due to their being here. As to having a larger number of girls enrolled I see no reason for it. The ratio as it is now is about as well set up as it could be. As far as scholastic application goes I can see no difference now than it was when there were only five or six co-eds on the campus. I see no reason for the non-admittance of girls who live close enough to the university to commute from their homes to classes.

Dr. Howard W. Odum, Sociology Department: In the first place I would like to see the term coed dropped and in its place the words "women students" instituted. When girls at the university are called simply "coeds" it sets them off as a separate, segregated class which gives them a complex arising from the fact that they seem to be a group set off by themselves and not included in the student body as a whole. In my judgment the question of whether co-education is good or bad depends entirely on whether it is made a full-fledged program, fully participated in by every student, man or woman. If this is not done it tends to lower the standards of the school as a whole. Assuming that this is done I venture to predict that by 1950 that the ratio of woman students will rise from the present one-sixth or seventh to about one-third of the number of men students. I would not like to see women admitted to the general college because the North Carolina College for Women is already set up, because there would be the difficulty of accommodations at the university, and primarily because the junior college idea has come into such favor. If Carolina can obtain well-trained women from good junior colleges to enter as juniors the general tone of the school would be improved. But it is unreasonable to refuse to admit local girls who can live at home and commute to classes. As to scholastic ability it has been my observation that women, because they have such responsive and expressive natures often seem to be brighter than they actually are but the general case makes it appear that they about hold their own in comparison with the men students who may not show so much spontaneous interest.

L. O. Kattsoff, Philosophy Department: Any comparison between the women and men students must be made on the basis of the individual coed, rather than on women students as a whole. This has been the first year that I have had any appreciable number of women students in my classes, but to the extent of my experience, I find them equal to men in all respects. I have had good women students, mediocre ones and poor ones. Recently the two best papers turned in from one of my classes were by coeds. I am heartily in favor of admitting women into the freshman and sophomore levels as long as it does not interfere with the functional set-up of the University administration.

Dr. R. S. Winslow, Economics Department: My association with coeds as an undergraduate, grad-

(*Continued on page twenty-six*)

Betty Harward

Vanity Fair---And Not So Fair

The Social Status of The Carolina Coed

IT ALL boils down to this: each coed has a conception of her status on the campus; and each man has his conception of the status of the Carolina coed—and no two of the conceptions coincide.

As one of the more prominent coeds so aptly put it—"They think we're so dumb they have to draw pictures for us"—and thus the Buccaneer. Not that the coeds are against the Buccaneer. No indeed, however much the "subtle" jokes in the Buccaneer should injure our maidenly modesty we grab 'em like the rest do and eat up its every joke.

But we're not primarily discussing the Buccaneer. The main problem is the coed. We've got her—and the question is not what'll we do with her. But what will she do with herself.

The classical view of the coeds and their reasons for coming here is given by BETTY HARWARD, *who gets around quite well for a graduate student. She puts the gals into five categories, with Greek names for them.*

The simplest way to discuss the problem is to divide them into types. First there's the Sappho—or beautiful but intelligent type. She came here because Carolina is academically head and shoulders above the other institutions of the state. The Sappho came here to learn, not to date. Of course she dates, on week-ends and on other occasions when she feels she has the time, but she doesn't put dating as number one on her list of things to do. And she usually makes Phi Beta Kappa. What do you think of her? Well, we don't know; but what matters is what we *think* you think of her.

The play-boys flit around her at the beginning of her junior year—then finding that she isn't good to go at the drop of a hat they stop trying. After all, why bother to try to see the coed who'd rather go to the library than date me. We see the point, but it's rather hard. When *you* go to the library you just don't call up. The Sappho winds up her senior year a library-grind—and nine to one a BWOC. Every now and then she dates a BMOC who wants to be seen with her for political reasons, but in the main her social life is rounded out with men off the campus. The week-end kind—who grind too, but at a job, and who appreciate the position of the beautiful but intelligent.

Is that conception of you too warped? Well, we have the Nausciaa type. She didn't have any fun her first two years at college—too confined. So she came here for a fling. She has one of two approaches: Either "This is new to me, but—" (said very coyly); or "Sure, I'll try anything once." You men know the approaches better than we do and you know all the variations of the type. She may be sweet and simple or loud and noisy, but you like her. She may have some studying to do, but it will keep. She's usually known as a "good girl, fine girl. I like her." She's not too hard to date, but my how she burns the midnight oil, and how deep those circles get. This type rarely makes Phi Bete but she has Key Privileges for the favored ones.

And now we come to the type whose numbers are less but who have become known as the Carolina coed. The Circe type. She was born flinging and had a relapse—here. She's the true "good to go" girl to whom classes are incidental and studying something to be done on the eve of exams. God help the professors who combat with this type. She likes men—they're a means to an end. What end? A good time. And you like her for the same reason, but you'd never have a library date with her.

The last, and rarest type, are the Penelopes. They came here to be near the OAO. If she gets her eyes opened about the One and Only that's all right. There had to be a rude awakening some time. And if she doesn't—then a toast to the happy couple—all their pitfalls are behind them.

But what does all this have to do with the status of the Carolina coed? The division into types makes a smooth spring board to discuss the real problem. Our status is exactly what we make it—individually. You may think kindly of us as individuals, but badly of the Carolina Coed. And all because of Circe. We must fall into a type and choose our status. If the type is not to our original tastes that is too bad. And too bad is all that we can say.

They say that New Yorkers are the most provincial people in the world; the cosmopolitan comes

(*Continued on page twenty-nine*)

TeCoah Harner, Virginia Gulledge

The Y. W. C. A. And The Coed

I SAY, "The YWCA—" and you turn up your nose.

"That thing—that is old fashioned. No one believes the stuff they teach anymore. If they do they are just those who won't do their own thinking, or those who have always been taught that one *should* be interested in religion or the ones who want to get points for their sorority—or in politics—or in 'rating' on the campus."

"You don't think that there are *any*, who are interested because they sincerely think it is a good organization?"

"Oh, yes—those who are interested because their parents taught them to be are sincere."

"You don't think there are any who are interested because through their own intelligent thinking they have been convinced that it offers something interesting and challenging enough for them to give their time to ungrudgingly."

"Well—I don't know—"

"No doubt, you are a 'Doubting Thomas.' Let's see what it has to offer. Let's see if your scepticism and indifference are well founded."

II

As you see the YWCA now on this campus you think its program is ineffective. It does not seem to have very many who are interested within its body. Those interested are mainly the officers who have a responsibility that anyone with the least consciousness of public responsibility would try to fulfil. You can see no effective work that it is doing. The committees seem to be duplicating the work of other organizations on the campus. The publicized projects it sponsors are jointly with the YMCA. It does not seem to have any strong program of its own in spite of the honest and persistent effort of a few individuals within it that seem to be vital personalities on the campus.

III

Let's see if we can get a perspective on the total situation:

The YWCA on this campus began operation winter quarter, 1936. Tempe Newson was elected its first president on January 20, 1936. The organization was sponsored by Alpha Kappa Gamma, an honorary leadership sorority, according to the Daily Tar Heel the "interests that will be emphasized in this group are vocations, social, religious, and political questions which concern the student." The reports in the Tar Heel indicate much interest in the beginning of the YW, and there was a great deal of publicity throughout the year. A room in the second floor of the YMCA was given to the YW and when this room proved too small for the numbers attending the association meetings, it was taken as a cabinet meeting room and the association meetings were held in the lounge downstairs. Much attention centered about the raising of funds—efforts including selling homemade candy at the local theater and putting on a style show. President Graham, in speaking to the YWCA, said to be ever conscious of the "C" in the title, "an effort to be an active Christian student is the essential duty of every girl who belongs to the YWCA."

TeCoah Harner, *former secretarial adviser to the University YWCA, and* Virginia Gulledge, *candidate for an M.A. in sociology, combine resources to offer a lively survey of the YW's failure to function at maximum efficiency.*

During 1936-37, Mamie Rose McGinnis was president of the organization. Orientation of the new women students became one of the most important functions of the YW. The first anniversary of the YW was celebrated with an elaborate birthday party. Activities during the year had ranged all the way from selling coca-colas at the Tin Can at registration to acting as a Clearing House for Dates. The Worship Committee adopted as its "primary aim this year the creation and maintenance of a Christian attitude in student activity at the University.

Under Margaret Evans' administration, in 1938-39, orientation of new students continued as an important function of the YW. A Tar Heel article reports that "YWCA sends milk for town needy." The North Carolina YMCA-YWCA Cabinet (a state organization) abolished itself to emerge as a part of the Student Christian Movement Cabinet, an interracial group. North Carolina was the first state in the South to have an interracial cabinet.

On April 4, 1939, Louise Jordan was installed

as president of the YWCA and is serving at the present time. She was the first YW president to be sent to the Summer Training School for YW-YM presidents.

We have seen the organization as it seems to a casual observer on the campus today and as its files reveal its history. Let us next see what its possibilities are as an organization. What does it mean? What is its purpose?

IV

The stated purpose of the National Student YWCA is "We the members of the YWCA unite in the desire to realize full and creative life through a growing knowledge of God. We determine to have a part in making this life possible for all people. In his task we seek to understand Jesus and to follow him."

It seems to me that in this purpose a student can find the opportunity to obtain an adequate philosophy of life. A student needs to formulate her philosophy of life and live within it if she is to make the most of her life. A philosophy of life can act as a stabilizer and an integrating force in living. Some time during adolescence—either in high school or college or even after college—a person begins to question pretty much every thing that she has ever believed. She either begins to think for herself or to close her mind to all disturbing facts instead of investigating them and adjusting to them. Since this campus is so close to all of us I invite you to give your attention to a few things on this campus which show that students are questioning life—some of them resisting it, others accepting and trying to make a happy adjustment. Have you ever been in a class with someone who refused to agree with a fact as presented because it made the things he believed in seem not true. Then again have you not seen a person in that same class tell a professor who refused to believe that our social order was all wrong, that he was old fashioned. Think of the skeptics—atheists—radicals who are so extreme that they can't recognize some obvious values. Think too of the student who very strongly upholds one view in class one day but the next has completely changed or modified her view. This last student is growing and formulating her philosophy of life.

She needs to formulate a philosophy of life that will enable her to understand herself—to be able to make an adjustment with herself, with other people and with the world and universe. It seems to me that all of this is necessary if one is to get over being adolescent and become a mature individual.

A girl needs to analyze herself to understand why she is what she is? What her emotions are and how she reacts to them. To learn what her strong points and her weak points are so that she can make the most of her life. She would ask herself—Do I have a purpose in life? Why am I living? What can and what should I do with my life? Why am I at Carolina? Why do I want an education? Is that the best thing for me to do?

A girl needs to analyze herself in relation with other people. Roommate, boys in class, boys on dates, girls in dormitory, professors—does she want them to like her or not? If so how can she do this? She needs to understand how others feel and how she feels toward them and finally come to realize the full implications in having respect for individual personality, no matter who or what that personality might be.

A girl needs to see herself in relation to the world—to the universe. What is her part in the complex world? What is the meaning of events and circumstances? Why should she read a newspaper or go to a political speech, or vote? What does she think of democracy, war, medicine, science, evolution, international peace, cooperative societies. What are the stars, infinity? What is good, moral?

Through an intensive study of this kind one comes to realize values and to choose those which make for the most satisfying life. Some come to realize that these values have existed for centuries and have been handed from one generation to the next to be adjusted to the changing times. The interpretation of these values is constantly changing in the light of our growing knowledge but in fundamental principle they remain the same. The person or civilization that is constantly interpreting these principles in the light of modern knowledge is the growing person and civilization that is living a full and creative life.

As I see the YWCA its purpose offers to those who so desire the opportunity to study and take for what it is worth the philosophical side of life, to relate it to the Bible and the teachings of Jesus in such a manner that our present civilization will have meaning and purpose for him. "To be united in the effort to realize a full and creative life through a growing knowledge of God" certainly means that through a study of the Bible and life itself the organization has decided that the most satisfying life is a full and creative

life. However, the conception of a full and creative life is constantly changing as more is discovered and learned about God, the term which can cover a multitude of things. A growing knowledge of God can mean the constant discoveries of man in the realm of nature, life, science, medicine, society, the social order, people, psychology.

The next sentence in the purpose "We determine to have a part in making this life possible for all people" means that the organization believes in democracy in its ideal form. It is the right of each individual to live a full and creative life and it is the responsibility of each of us to see that the opportunities of life are open to all and not to just certain classes.

"In this task we seek to understand Jesus and follow him" takes for granted the principles of Jesus as the epitome of the teachings of the Bible. He was the last of the great prophets. He taught in the light of his day. His principles can be discovered in the light of our day, but it is up to each individual to discover these principles for himself. Unless so done they are of no real value to the civilization because they are not really convictions but superimposed beliefs.

The YWCA then offers an opportunity for the individual to understand his life in so far as modern knowledge goes, to discover fundamental principles which the experiences of others have proved to be of value and to carry out these principles in his life with a group who are of like mind.

Something should be said about the spiritual but the understanding of this comes through the process of the formulation of a philosophy of life.

How does one go about making the program suggested in the above effective? First and foremost I would say that the most important point in making a Y successful is to meet the students at their interest points. The place at which they are anxious to know about the things that concern them most. They must be able to find an adequate answer and go on to other phases of the question. To make a successful program all the members must be convinced that the idea is worth exploring—worth building a program on. Without this interest nothing will make an organization successful.

Almost inseparable from the point of interest, there must be a leader who is convinced of the value that the organization has to offer and who is willing to explore and discover until she can find at which point of interest that value can best serve the group. She should have the qualities that would encourage individual thinking and constant probing. One to whom the girl could go to display her mind and receive help over the stumbling blocks in her thinking. The leader must be familiar with and know how to use the tools that make her work most effective. She should be as good in the personal conference as she is in the technique of a group discussion. She should be able to get over to the girls the techniques that make committee and study groups function effectively.

My third suggestion for a successful YWCA is a program that is planned over a long period of time. Something to tie the work of the organization together and to give some perspective to the program. Some continuity from year to year to give the new people coming in the feeling that they are working on something bigger than they are, that has a tradition worth living up to. This long time program would be slow in being effective but greater in results than a faster program.

Some things inherent in this campus should be of significance to the YWCA situation. One of the most demoralizing factors is the short period of time that the women are on the campus. In such a time it is difficult to get any program orientated. The fact that women are so few by comparison would make anything they did seem less effective. Some of the functions of YWCAs on other college campuses are met by other organizations here. Organizations such as the CPU, ASU, Graham Memorial, the Di and Phi and others. For this reason and others it is necessary for this organization to break away from the tendency to pattern their program after other YWCAs and to study their own situation to discover the needs that can be met by the YWCA. Here is an excellent chance for pioneering in the field of YWCA work.

You have seen what the YWCA looks like, what it is historically, what it attempts to do, how this attempt is met and can be met. Are you not impressed with its relative worth on the campus? Could it be that the organization is more effective than it seems? Could it be that the tiny core which is necessary for such an organization has been started and that all it needs is time to grow and constant concentration and study of its possibilities to discover the best method of carrying forward its purpose on this particular campus?

Simon Krim

Love Story

WHEN I was seventeen I came across a book of philosophy by a fellow named Hoot. It wasn't a very profound book but it made me think of a couple of things. The main thing I thought about was one man's relationship with the rest of society: that is, should I look out for myself and do all the things I know are directly applicable to me, rather than work for the benefit of my community, my country, and whatever else you want to think of? It was tough. It was tough for a young kid who was pretty sincere to make up his mind. You might say that the two can be combined. I say they can't; I say that when you do the one, you lose out on the other. And if I was that young kid to live over again I know what I'd do and how I'd do it. I know it all, now.

Simon Krim, a freshman from Brooklyn, was recognized for his talents with the editorship of his high school literary mag. As a disciple of Faulkner and Hemingway, he here contributes to the Magazine *for the first time.*

I can start this story five miles outside of Barcelona on a very cold day, the fourth of January, 1937. I was John Ruether, the guy that had enlisted in the Abraham Lincoln brigade at the city headquarters in downtown Chicago; I was John Ruether, twenty-five years old, who was born in Danville, Illinois, and who went to the state university and was an art student with honors. I wasn't a Red, although I believed in some of what Marx said; I went to Spain to fight fascism, and I thought it was my duty. That's all. For breakfast I had a chocolate bar and some red wine. Ryan and I were sitting on an oil-can playing poker on a huge tin plate that rested on both our laps.

"What do you think," he said, taking three off the top.

"I think about so many things."

"I mean about when it'll come."

He called me. Three aces, three bullets he showed and won because I had two pair with Queens up.

"You can't tell," I said.

And then it began. We all expected it, but it's different when it really comes. Three planes swept low and peppered us with shot. But that was just a taste, a sort of warm-up for their pitchers. I was on a machine-gun, with Ryan feeding.

"The bastards mean business, John."

"They ain't playing."

Goldberg screamed and fell back into the pile of used cans of onion soup with one in his belly. He was the funniest kid we had. Always went around saying, "Bud, up your ginny-goo with a meat-hook," or giving us hot-foots, or something. I was sweating like a nigger with that roaring hump of blue steel chugging against my chest. I got some, but the others were coming up shielded by grenades and gun-fire, coming up on their bellies through the yellow mud.

"You got a wop, then."

"He might've been a Nazi," I said.

"No. I can tell a wop."

One of those kids threw it from about a hundred yards. I saw it hit and felt myself go up in the air, and felt myself want to vomit the way you want to vomit when you are cracked across the nose.

"Jesus. I really think — think — think — and Mary, I'm really killed, Johnny. I'm bloody and killed and Christ, I'd begin laughing because it's so funny but it ain't, Johnny, because I'm really hit bad."

And Ryan died laying there next me, really died while I bled on his shoulder, and then I crumbled up because there was such pain in me.

I was in the hospital in Madrid for three months before they let me look in a mirror. Dr. Kung, a bald little Chinese surgeon held my arm.

"It won't look as bad later," he said.

"Jesus."

"The nose was built in. It's still swollen, and when it goes down it will look fine."

"I haven't got a chin. What the hell good is a man who hasn't got a chin? No chin. No chin, Doc."

I cried for a while, and then he gave me a cigaret. He looked at me and smiled.

"I can't say anything more," he said. "If I do you could hit me and be justified. See you tomorrow.

We shook hands strongly, and he left, leaving me a pack of Chesterfields.

I came back to New York in October. They gave me an honorable discharge. On the boat, I had all my meals in the cabin. I cried every night for five or ten minutes when I looked in the mirror when I washed my teeth, then I read magazines until three or four but all the time the image of my face would come to me and I'd smoke cigarets until I could fall asleep.

I had two thousand dollars saved from some etchings and two murals I had done. I wrote my mother that I was fine and had a fine job in New York and was so busy that I couldn't leave the city for some time. I took a room on 18th street and put up an easel in it even though I knew inside me that that was just pretense, that I had no more idea of working than I did of not crying at night or in the day even though I knew crying wouldn't give me a chin or take the scars from my head and my cheeks.

I went out only two or three times a month, and then I tried not to look at the faces when they looked at me. I kept cans of food in my room, had the paper sent and bought a mail-order electric stove; a poet lived across the hall, he told me he was a poet through the door, even when I wouldn't let him in.

"If you won't go out," he said through the door, "let me send it up. You're not a fairy, are you?"

"No."

"Well, Christ fella, you need a woman."

"No," I said.

I couldn't let any woman take me to her bed. It would hurt her and it would hurt me more; you can say that we are animals, but even animals can be disgusted by what they see. I had plenty of time to think, though. I thought about a hell of a lot of things. About how essentially personal we all are: I came to the conclusion that nothing in the whole screwy world matters but me or you, that is matters to us. That all this Communism and Socialism and feeling for the weak and starving and down-trodden is fine theory, but it can't work because every God-damned human that ever lived is, has to be, tied up in his own self.

I saw her the day before Christmas. There was no snow on the streets, none of the picture-postcard Christmas joy in the air. It was very cold, the air bitter and stinging. I turned south on 17th street. I had never walked this far before and it might have been too much loneliness that impelled me to do it this day. I had on a great felt hat that covered half my face, and I just walked feeling the wind whistling over the brick and concrete. When I got to Third Avenue, I felt like buying a movie magazine. I wanted to look at all the handsome male and female faces. I wanted to go to Paradise for a dime. I walked into a little candy store.

"A copy of Screen Guide," I said. My face was hidden under my hat and my coat collar. The girl behind the counter looked right at me and smiled. She had a clean face: not even pretty, but like she washed with soap ten times a day and then ten times again at night so that the odor of cleanness was unmistakable.

"Yes, sir."

She kept looking at me while with her right hand she delicately took a copy of the magazine from under a rack. Her smile didn't change, her clear blue eyes never faltered once. She lay the magazine on the counter.

"Getting awfully chilly, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. I felt like talking. I felt like it because here was this young girl who still smiled at me with no hesitation. I felt even a little happy.

"I like it, though," she said.

"The cold?"

"Yes. It makes me tingle all over and feel fine when I come in off the street. It sort of makes me glad to be in a warm room, or it makes a cup of old stale coffee seem twice as good."

"You're right."

And then I knew. You see, I flipped a dime on the counter and watched her grope for it with the small, white hand; and with her eyes still averted. I saw she was blind and put the dime in her hand.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you very much."

"I had no idea—"

"What, sir?"

"About your eyes—"

She said nothing, only smiled.

I bit my lip until the blood came.

"Are you an actor or a singer?" she said, suddenly.

"Me?"

"Yes."

I laughed. "No, I'm a poor artist."

She had even rows of lovely white teeth. Her smile was a little sad, but very beautiful.

"Please come again. You have such a fine deep voice that I thought you might be one of those. It's a wonderful voice."

I came again. I came once a week at first, then twice, then three times. In March I came every day. Her name was Chloe. Her family were of old New England stock, and had died off. She had a brother who lived in Mexico, but from whom she hadn't heard in six years. The store—the candy-store on 17th street—was rented from a very kind Italian gentleman named Giso; he was respected in the neighborhood, and Chloe was assured of making some money each week, because she was a fixture now. Ever since the accident, Giso had felt some moral obligation. It seems that he owned the old apartment house where she had a room; the chemical solution used over the whitewash on the wall somehow came off, and ate into the retina of her eyes. Giso had been heart-broken. He had had no idea what his non-union painters had been slapping on his walls.

Giso had no insurance. He gave Chloe a sum of money, and rented the store to her for $5 a month; the money was actually returned in service, because a nigger swept out the store each day and was paid by Giso. Chloe had a tiny apartment above the store, and we would have lunch there on a bridge-table.

"John," she'd say, "where shall we go today?"

"Well," I'd say, "we'll go to a matinee this afternoon, then dine at the Sherry-Plaza on pheasant and oysters and champagne—"

"And crepe suzette, don't forget—"

"—and crepe suzette. Then we'll go to the French Casino or the Waldorf and we'll dance to the sweetest music this side of heaven—"

"And hell, darling—"

Then we'd laugh into our coffee, Chloe and me, and I'd kiss her lightly on the lips over the coffee-cups. And then we would walk in the park and come back to the store by one-thirty, and we'd laugh all over again because we were so very happy and so much in love. It was wonderful. The whole thing, I mean. I mean the way Chloe handled herself so gracefully even though she couldn't see, as though each movement were part of some magnetic rhythm which told her exactly what to do and how to do it. I mean the way I started to paint again. I mean the way it was Spring in Washington Square park, and the red and yellow flowers came out blooming against the bronze statues, and the way the grass was green and soft, and the way Chloe and I would walk arm in arm. You see I hadn't let her know about me; about my face, that is. With her fingertips she felt of my nose and forehead, but when she came to what should be the chin I would take her gently in my arms and she would forget.

Chloe's birthday was in May, and we decided on a picnic. She brought a wonderful basket filled with fruits, sandwiches, nuts, jam, and anything else you can think of. I hired a '34 Chevvy for the party and we started off about ten o'clock on Sunday morning.

"It smells wonderful," Chloe said as we drove along the Hudson river, past the estates and rolling lawns and the honeysuckle air wafting in across the water.

"It sure does."

"Johnny."

"Yes?"

"You love me?"

"No."

"Don't. Don't say that, darling. Tell it to me even though I know."

"O. K."

"Tell me."

"I'll be with you from now to hell, Chloe. I love you so damned much."

The picnic was wonderful. And while Chloe was sitting there on the grass I got the idea for the picture. I sketched it on a paper napkin. When we drove home at dusk, I thought about it all the way back.

I wanted to do it from memory; I wanted to get the whole effect—Chloe sitting there in the white taffeta dress, her hair frecked with the sun's sheen, white saddle shoes and short little socks. I worked hard. From the time I stretched the first canvas, I really worked. I could see it come along. But I didn't tell her, even though I knew she sensed something. I finished "Chloe" in October and sent the canvas to Philadelphia for the Carnegie exhibit, parcel-post. One day late in the month after I had walked with Chloe through the fallen leaves in the park and was sitting on the old four-poster in my room, there was a

(*Continued on page thirty-one*)

Elizabeth Bowles

Women In Southern Industry

In the Chivalric South Women Outnumber Men in Factories Fit for Neither

EVERY TIME MY scissors snipped, a white seaming string fell from the arm cuff or leg cuff of a "long-barrelled" union suit. One thing that used to worry me no end, as I first stood at a long table with fifty other inspectors and gazed across the floor of the mill, clipping strings mechanically, was who in the world was going to wear the thousands of union suits that were made every day. Well, somebody was going to wear them—if they weren't, they wouldn't be made.

It was good to have a job—not because I had any particular love for the thousands of union suits piled around me—but it was good to have a pay check.

After six months or a year, I no longer wondered, or cared, who was going to wear long leg union suits. My feet hurt! I began to wonder why we didn't have seats or stools or something to sit on. Each inspector had a work bench, but that was piled high most of the time with limp white bundles with dangling legs and sleeves. Even if there had been a time when work wasn't piled up the bench was too low, and the thing had a high edge which made it uncomfortable to sit on. What a relief it would have been—to have had a stool, a place to sit down when I got tired.

One day when the whistle blew, I went to the coat room to get my coat. Instead of being on the nail where it had been put that morning, one of the three other people who had hung their coats on the big head of the same nail, had knocked my coat on the floor. I picked it up, brushed off the dusty footprints and started towards the steps, wondering why we didn't have adequate dressing rooms. There were no lockers, even though the company urged us to wear regulation smocks, which meant leaving street clothes hanging all day. The place used for a dressing room was one corner of the floor of the mill partitioned off with a wall which only went part of the way to the ceiling. All the dust and lint from the machinery went right over the wall.

One of the many regulations, which were posted by the doors, forbade any employee to bring any book, newspaper or magazine or any other reading material past the front door. The watchman collected all the books and packages at the door as we came in and gave them back to us as we left. Once I took a book, which I was returning to the library, up to the floor of the mill with me. I always brought my lunch along with me because thirty minutes wasn't long enough to go out and eat without too much rushing, and I had not been able to face the cafeteria on the second floor of the mill since I had been greeted by a slick, black cockroach in a bowl of beans. I was reading, with the book hidden, I thought, in a union suit. But the foreman saw the book, took it, and told me to come by his office, which was a raised platform in the middle of the mill floor. The book happened to be written by a local man, in which he attacked the domination of the town by the leading local industrialists. I got the book back that afternoon, but only after he told me what he thought of me, as well as the author of the book, and warned me that the next time he found me breaking a regulation he would fire me. I swallowed hard, said "yessir" and started towards the drinking fountain, but decided to wait until I got to the corner drug store. The fountain itself was draped with seamings strings. Underneath the fountain was a "running over" cuspidor which smelled to high heavens.

In sharp contrast to the other articles in this issue, ELIZABETH BOWLES, *senior commerce major, here presents the case for the thousands of women in southern industry. Her statistics are both startling and dire.*

There must have been over two hundred and fifty women working on the fifth floor—seamers, cuffers, button sewers and several other kinds of machine operators. The only washing facility available was one ordinary tin sink with one cold water faucet, which time and neglect had caused to turn to a cancerous green. This sink was not inclosed in anyway, but was in a dark corner of the mill near the office. There were a lot of things to wonder about other than who was going to wear the thousands of union suits.

II

These conditions, existing in one of the largest

factories in the South, made very deep impressions on my mind. Since then I have been to college and gotten factual information to back up these impressions. I am going to work again with women and girls who sew on buttons and pack cigarettes, not within the walls of the factories, but in educational community organizations which study government, labor legislation, current events and health and recreation.

The importance of working conditions and health standards for women in industry is apparent —particularly in the South, where standards are even lower than the average national standards. These conditions—no seats, inadequate washing facilities and dressing rooms are not isolated instances. I have found this to be true from study and observation. From the report of a survey made by the Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor, in an adjoining state, comes this description of a cotton mill: "Toilet conditions were as bad as any seen in a mill. There were three seats, none inclosed or separated; one was out of use and boarded over; floor was wet and slippery; walls were dirty and much written on; a small window and a dim electric light; door leading to workroom had sagged on hinges. Only washing facilities was a sink in the workroom with cold water. Wraps hung around the walls on nails and were covered with lint. A new electrically-cooled water bubbler was completely enveloped in a furry coat of sticky lint. A few broken stools and a rough bench were the only seats seen. Windows were covered with lint. Maintenance was generally wretched. There was nothing good to report in the way of working conditions."

In contrast with these conditions and coming from the same schedule write-up for the survey is a seamless hosiery plant in the same state. The description is as follows: "Sanitary facilities were adequate in number, convenient, clean, enclosed, and screened from view of the workroom, with outside ventilation and good lighting. . . . Wash basins were clean. . . . There was hot water and soap. Posture chairs for sitting jobs. Girls on standing jobs had convenient stools. Cloak room facilities were racks, hangers, high shelves for hats and low ones for shoes." It is encouraging to know that there are some good conditions but it seems that the bad conditions far outweigh the more favorable ones—and there are no good reasons why this should be true. The question is how to remedy the situation?

III

This problem is not a problem which only a small group of people face. In actual numbers, women have excelled men as operators in textile and clothing manufacturing, in shoes, food, tobacco, and in certain metal industries. In 1930 there were 89 men for every 100 women in the textile industry, 41 men to 100 women in the clothing industry and 53 to every 100 in the cigar and tobacco factories.

In 1929 the Southeast accounted for 56 of 79 counties in the nation with a concentration of more than 100,000 cotton spindles each. So it is easy to see that women workers in Southern textile and tobacco industries constitute a large group. Therefore, their standards should be raised.

When the Southern cotton manufacturing industry began to compete successfully with the New England mills, northern capital was introduced. Earnings on the investments in the southern cotton mills have been considerably higher than those in the north, but the wages paid the workers, as reported, are considerable less. Low wages have always prevailed in southern industries, not only in textile, but tobacco, agriculture and all other means by which Southern people earn their living.

Bad working conditions and low wages have their effect on southern women.

IV

The sanest approach is by means of education and organization. The question cannot be answered by saying we have proper labor legislation to take care of such things. First of all the laws we do have are not adequate. For instance, South Carolina may boast of having a law which prohibits women from working at night. What the law says, is that women cannot work in mercantile establishments after ten o'clock at night. And where there are such laws, people usually take the attitude that there is no need to bother since there are already laws. Secondly, the laws that are already on the statute books and would be good if they were enforced, are simply not enforced.

Practically all the States, the District of Columbia, the Territories of Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands have laws that require some kind of seating accommodations for women workers. In fact, only one state, Mississippi, is without any law of this kind. Florida's law includes both male and female employees. In many of the States the laws apply to all or practically all occupations or industries. In a number of states laws apply to manufacturing and mercantile establishments, and in a few including South Carolina—only to mercantile occupations. But just the same I stood up, with no

stool or chair to sit on, for 10 hours a day (before NRA).

The majority of the state laws and regulations on the matter of drinking facilities do little more than prohibit the use of the common drinking cup. But even employers who would not offer their employes a common drinking cup will supply a vertical-jet fountain without realizing that it is a drinking facility with the same danger as a common cup.

There are certain principles commonly accepted as essential to the establishment of decent and hygienic conditions that should be taken into consideration in drawing up any law or regulation pertaining to the installation of toilet facilities. These principles are the basis for some state laws and some standards set by private corporations, but a number of states have failed completely to set up standards adequate for the needs of the workers, and the majority of those which have been set up are not enforced. If there had been, there would not have been the following report which came out of the survey of hosiery mills made in the Southern states. There were several hundred women employed in this plant, on seamless hosiery. "The general facilities were poor. Toilets were not designated, and toilet rooms were dirty. Only some of the seats were enclosed. There was no water, no soap, no towels. The foreman or firm officer escorting the agent through the plant said, 'They don't use soap at home, why should we give it to them here.' The cloakrooms were small, crowded, and dirty. There was no rest room. The buildings were old and generally dilapidated."

V

The workers themselves need education. They need to know how they can go about getting better working conditions, higher wages, and shorter hours. In answer to the question what kind of education workers want, Hilda W. Smith, an authority in the field of workers says, "One of the first things that many workers want to get is a thorough understanding of the labor movement, of which their local is a part. They want to know the history of labor struggles, what the goal of the movement is, and what its method should be. They want to know what is going on in the economic world and public affairs in general. They want a background for understanding current problems which they as voters will help to decide upon. There is a great need for education. Just the other day, a textile worker said he had never paid his poll tax. There is no poll tax in N. C., but he thought there was, and as a result, did not vote. Formal education has little or no appeal for workers, who in many cases have not finished high school, and in some cases even grammar school. Workers education must be tied up with workers problems, and conditions affecting the workers. It is astonishing almost to see the progress a good workers education class can make. A union member will put forth time and effort to write a good letter to his congressman to protest amendments to the Wagner Act which would deprive him of his right to organize and bargain collectively. I have seen workers eager to learn when given the opportunity, as a student at Bryn Mawr Summer School for workers and Southern Summer School For Workers."

VI

My most recent experience was this past summer, as a staff member at Southern Summer School, held at Asheville Normal College. The growth of the labor movement—especially with the coming of the NLRA—has made the need for workers education even greater. The increase in union membership has meant a big job in explaining the purpose of the labor movement to thousands of new members, many of them young people. Farsighted leaders are asking for a broad program of education for workers. Widespread unemployment during the depression has made workers of all occupations aware of their need for study and discussion of economic questions underlying their own situation. The increase in federal and state legislation on problems affecting industrial and rural workers—social security, housing, wage and hour legislation—has also brought an increased demand for classes which will give the workers a better understanding of social legislation and how it affects our own problems.

Raymond Staples

Lost April

AFTER the first long spring had gone she stopped listening. It was March when he had hurried down the path and out of her life. There were other things now, many other things, to keep her from thinking of him. Only today there had been the dog, Perrien, with a thorn in his foot; yesterday it had been the bewildered hen with a hatching of ducks. Everyday there was something, after that first long spring.

Still, she remembered, unwillingly at first; then submissively, and often in the night it seemed that he was breathing beside her again. There was a peculiar regularity in his breathing, one she would never mistake. It had been hard to sleep those first nights when the room was so quiet that the sound of her own breath seemed to whistle through it. After five years the absence of an accustomed thing: a particular clock, a print from the wall, a strip of carpet from the stair, or the sound of the cat meowing at the door, was as strange as the passing of a bright and unfamiliar comet.

For the past three years MAGAZINE *editors have been publishing poetry by one Stephen Waff who until recently was unknown to them in any other way. He is* RAYMOND STAPLES *who here offers his fourth prose effort of this year.*

She was never one to cry. The tears were shed inside her, privately, where no one could know her brief. Danny, the little lad, had lived like a northern summer in her life, toddling just up to her knees and then out, suddenly, just as a summer goes. Even then her tears had been inward tears, tears that flowed inside her heart at night. He, who was strong, had not been that way when Danny died. No, he had walked about the house, paused at each window, and yet never seen what was outside. His grief was plain to see. The women in the market whispered to one another about it, shaking their heads and whispering again as she walked away. No one knew that it was she who saw the stars move down from the sky and heard the first rooster crow, that each familiar toy, each soft, new chick brought back the sound of the little lad gurgling his first words. He did not know, his vision was the reflection of his own grief. Each day that passed he came home later; then he went out again. She was always alone except for the communion of a mutual sleep. She knew he was drifting away from her, but she could not speak of Danny, who was like a dream the reality of words would destroy.

February came, and March. She spoke to him silently: prepared the foods he liked, warmed the sheets before he went to bed, kept a fire in the grate, had the papers laid out for him in the mornings, but he was deaf and could not understand. She had known when he went silently out of the house that March evening that he was not coming back, but she listened. Each night she stayed up later, she left a light burning at the door, moved restlessly in the bed, and heard each movement of the sparrows in their nest behind the blind. There were not tears at all for him, only a mute acceptance, a dullness of sight and perfume, and an emptiness of sound that increased as the spring moved on.

They were whispering again in the marketplace, whispering that she was heartless, and she nodded her head to herself, knowing it was true though not as they had meant it. It was a heartlessness that moved all feeling and all pain to the surface of the skin, so that the warmth of June was cruel, the persistent odour of the honeysuckle nagging, and the movement of the animals on the place tormenting. It seemed that all these were gathering like a tornado inside her, and that soon they would come whirling out and leave her senseless. But, September came.

When the last leaves had fallen and the asters turned brown, she was no longer listening. The months behind were like the hours of an illness when there is nothing real and the memory comes out in the end blank and untouched. Every leaf that fell seemed an important thing, a landmark of Time, a certain ending. As the November snows fell she found herself dreaming of the last April. Had the jonquils bloomed? Had the red dominicker had a secret nest? Were the rains like silver? Did the stocks bloom too thick, and were the roses pruned? All winter she wondered and waited, and when spring came again she was out from morning until after-dark, taking especial care for the season she had missed, gathering it in in double

(*Continued on page twenty-six*)

Mr. Crumple's S

By Rich

Mr. Crumple, by the grace of God
And the Moribund Life Insurance Company,
Still living in his eighth and fortieth year, respectably,
Indeed beyond reproach (and just as little notice)—
Surmounting all the difficulties attendant on his rise
From office-boy to district-manager—
Closed his eyes one Sunday afternoon,
Forgetting ledger sheets, accounts and telephones,
And dreamed of *never* going back to work. . . .

The drawn green window-blinds shut out the sun—
But Crumple, dreaming, lounged upon a sun-lit beach,
Scattering the sand with sun-burnt toes.
An epitome of superannuation, he, the kids
And not, specifically, the Mrs.
Frisked in a riot of sand and sea,
Pink lemonade and ice cream cones.
They splashed and sprayed and snorted—until Crumple
(Flushed and heated, paddling a middle-aged swim from shore)
Twined his thoughts about mermaidens,
Forgot the Crumples on the beach, the one at home;
In fact whole genealogies of Crumples—
And became a merman!

Of Cleopatra's dream and Caesar's daring,
Of Alexander's most high hope, and Greece's glory—
All Rome's grandeur: Sing O Muse!
Of heroes, warriors, lovers, etc.—all 100% OK, A1—
But slip the good word also to
Charles Edward Crumple, born Kansas City, Mo., May 11, 1892,
Methodist, Republican and soon to be made Rotarian.
Sing O Muse of Charles Edward Crumple,
1423 Sunnyside, Ph. 5861.

Ah! Wrapped in seaweed, filled with a merman's joy,
Down to the depths of the sea he plunged,
Oblivious to time, yes—all the world,
And what is more—himself:
A bald-pate Proteus, 185 lbs., 5 ft 6½ in.
Sing O Muse! of Mr. Crumple

He shouted, sang, and swam whole leagues of ocean—
A very boy again!
No happy fish were blither, no merry whale so gay!
And when he wearied, lovely mermaids all
(Adorning his acquatic beauty)
Gathered coral shells—and he, their kisses:
None so bold—so beautiful!—as he.
Then beckoning with slender wavy hands
From sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
They gently soothed his brow and lulled him,
Softly lulled him fast asleep. . . .

nday Afternoon

Nickson

And so he sleeps; no care disturbing him:
Not one light thought of danger, dread or—
Neptune, Monarch of the Sea
(Who slinks upon him like a serpent,
Sweet and murderously . . .)
He sleeps, and does not see the flashing eyes;
He dreams, and does not hear the fateful tread.
—The Monarch howls, and rising from the nearest wave
Does thunder indescribably.

TRY PEP-O WAKE UP SMILING 1-2-3 1-2-3 CHRYSLER AT 110 EGGS SCRAMBLED TAXI STEP ON IT GOOD MORNING GOOD MORNING TAKE A LETTER TO $10,000 YES SIR DEAR MR. HELLO HELLO VERY TRULY YOURS HELLO WHO'S SPEAKING YES SIR SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE LONG DISTANCE PLEASE PAYMENT NOW OVERDUE YES SIR WELCOME CASHIERS WINDOW THANK YOU AT THE SOUND OF THE MUSICAL GONG FORECLOSE IT WILL BE EXACTLY GOING UP TO $100,000 FOURTH FLOOR FIFTH FLOOR SIXTH FLOOR CRASH O YES SIR YES SIR

BONG BONG BONG

Crumple heard, and swished his flashing tail—
And from the rounds of kisses and of corals
Sped judiciously away.
But Neptune, puffing out both windy cheeks,
Blew havoc down upon the rout;
And dashed by every breaker, nipped maliciously
By hireling sharks, and almost drown—
Poor Crumple foundered on a welcome beach,
And lay there circumspectly.
Then little Crumples, so it seemed,
Came forth and held his throbbing head,
And grumbling he awoke.
And sure as life, around his head and round his feet,
Bumptiously the brats were there.
But Crumple lay not on the beach,
Nor even in his bed, alas—
But face down on the
Floor.

O, weep for Mr. Crumple . . .
Health failing, complains of dizzy spells,
Headaches and (of late) insomnia;
Took two months off; but now his heart . . .
Examination revealed slow leak
And blood pressure somewhere around 200;—
Nothing serious.
Anyway good for another ten years,
Assuredly ten years, positively ten years
More to go.
(But in event of death, property bequeathed to wife,
Clara, and savings to be divided equally among children.
Insurance, covering every known fatality,
To be given said wife upon occasion of holder's decease—
Cash estimated roughly at $30,000.)
Everything done that should be done
Nothing serious.

John Roeder

Empty Glasses

Stepping from behind the Playmaker footlights, JOHN ROEDER *here presents his initial* MAGAZINE *effort. Originally written in fulfillment of the freshman English short story assignment, it appears here in revision.*

CLIMB OVER it and end your feebleness!" The sudden impulse caught Oran.

This had not been the first time he had considered going through the door that kept him from suicide. Often he had tried to climb this wall, yet he couldn't. There was something that held him back. It was his fear, fear perhaps of what would happen to him afterwards, but more likely fear of death itself.

He rose from his metal chair and glanced over the city of New York. It seemed cold and hard. He looked down from the terrace at the people—bacteria that were swept along the sidewalks below, and he thought that each one of them was bringing him a disease—each different and more irritating.

As he looked into the pastel sky, the sun was setting behind him. It seemed to cast a deadly purple glow over the cement buildings; even the waters of the East River caught the light of the dying sun and threw it back at him.

Oran wanted to cry; that was the only possible relief from his intense emotions. He had been able to cry, once.

As he sat on the terrace Oran tried to remember the one time in his life when he had cried. It came to him slowly.

Dressed in the square-collared sailor suit, he sat in the parlor talking to his aunt. The room was dismal, as everything else in the brownstone house had been that day. The mahogany, barrel-shaped furniture was lit by only one green-glass oil lamp. The steel etchings on the wall made the scene more deadly.

"Oran," his aunt began.

"Yes, Auntie."

"Oran, everybody dies some time."

"Yes, Auntie."

"And your mother is very ill."

"I know, Auntie." He arose from the plush chair and walked to the window. Gazing at the green trees in the back yard of the house, he listened to his aunt half-heartedly.

"Oran, there are many things that your mother has not told you about. One of those is death. It is something horrible that comes to us all. We're born; we live; and we die. You won't want to; neither will I; we both shall. It's like this." She squelched the flickering flame in the lamp.

"Auntie, why is death?"

She started, "Because!" She was lost.

"Because why?"

"Because God wants it," she replied sharply. "Don't ask so many silly questions. Now you better go up to . . ."

The room was enveloped in silence. Oran kept looking out of the window, watching the last rays of the irridescent sun disappear as darkness settled everywhere. The gas lamps on the street corners lit slowly.

"Auntie," he cried, terrified, "must I?"

"You're a man now." She looked at him. "Don't you want to see your mother?"

With his head tipped toward the floor he followed her into the long hall. The oak-banistered staircase repulsed him; he was afraid to go up. He knew what was awaiting him at the top. Oran tried not to make a sound as he approached the four-poster mahogany bed. When he caught sight of his mother, he felt his hands clasp, and although he tried not to look at her, his eyes were magnetized by the diabolical change that had come over her.

With effort she raised herself, "Oran, come closer." As he came nearer she whimpered, "I don't want to die. I'm still young. I don't want to die. I want to live. Life is something, but death is nothing — —"

Tears started to fill Oran's eyes; tears not because his mother was dying, but because he thought of his aunt's phrase, "It comes to us all." He thought of the woman on the bed, his mother, and tears came again.

"Oran."

"Yes, Mother?" he forced through his tears.

"I'm going." And she fell back onto the bed. Slowly Oran's aunt approached him and pushed him out of the room.

That was all that Oran Russel could remember

except that he cried almost all night, but never again.

The factory chimneys were barely visible in the dark haze that spread across the skies. "Oran." It was Celeste's voice calling, hollow and clear. He heard her speak to Frank, the butler, "Is Mr. Russell in?"

He looked away as she came onto the terrace. Celeste was definitely suave. Her clothes were sleek and fine, outlining her perfectly-sculptured bust and under-emphasizing her slightly narrow hips.

"Oran," she said ruefully, "friends, cocktails."

Oran continued to gaze at the river.

"Do you want me to send you a letter about it!" she remarked.

"If you like," he said, rising. "I'm not going to stop you."

"Your life," Celeste said slyly, "would be much happier if I didn't stop you at anything, wouldn't it be, Oran?"

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps nothing, indubitably."

She turned and went inside. But Oran's mind did not leave her so quickly as she had left him. He continued to sit on the chair, immobile, gazing into the river. Suddenly the ripples of water took form.

He could remember one night in the twenties when he was standing in the dining room of the old mansion. It was still the same heavily-mahoganied, bleak home. But Oran lived there by himself now.

As he stood at the side board, scrutinizing the Victorian gold-leaf picture frames hanging on the walls, he poured himself a highball. The Scotch was bond, pre-prohibition liquor. In one gulp he drained the whole glass, and with slight, aspirated wheeze, he filled another.

This was his life now: B&B's at the Lafayette . . . Crepe Susettes at the Brevoort . . . and women as they came.

Personally attractive though he was, he did not believe in letting nature take its course. Oran meticulously cared for everything that others would see about him; his sophistication was studied; his clothes were accurately donned with an eye to enhancing his own allure, and indifferently removed once they had been viewed. Certainly his hair was well enough as it was, but Oran, with attention to minute details, set the rolling waves so as to emphasize his profile as well as his front-face.

That evening he visited Mary Stoddard, one of the few utterly feminine women to whom he had a personal attachment.

As he followed her into the living room of her apartment, he looked at the two people who had arrived before him. The girl was magnificent. Her boyish figure was only slightly hidden by the straight, black blouse and the gold ruffles that started at her hips and ended in scallops at her knees.

Mary was introducing him, and as she did so Celeste turned her ivory neck. "Celeste, I would like you to meet Oran Russell, the most godly god in New York."

"Bring on the liquor and," Oran hid his contented smile behind the words, "let us drink a toast to the queen of New York, Celeste."

Celeste answered by lowering her eye-lashes.

Not only did they drink one toast, but many. After the fifth or sixth drink Oran took Celeste into the bedroom and they sat down on a gray velvet chaise-lounge.

"To Celeste, the magnificent!" Oran toasted gallantly with the last of the rye highball he had carried with him.

Crossing her legs and letting her knees peek innocently below her dress, she answered, "To Oran and Celeste!"

Oran placed his hand on her hair and looked intently at her body. "You shouldn't wear dresses like that."

Raising her eyebrows with studied nonchalance, she purred superciliously, "Why not?"

"It makes you much too inviting."

Carefully timing her words and actions, she slid closer to him. Oran slipped his hands to her waist, and drew her closer. With a cynical smile she whispered, "You're liable to soil something. *Be careful, Oran.*"

Shaking his hands from her waist, she turned her head up to his but as he forced his lips nearer to her mouth she arose. Rocking her head, she spoke wryly, "Little boys shouldn't play with fire."

Oran pierced her dress with his eyes and in an undertone, "I'll see you after!"

"After?"

"Don't pretend you don't understand."

"I've often read in books where the villain pursued the heroine. I get it."

Rising and coming closer to her, he asked, "Where?"

"I thought you knew all the answers." And they started toward the library.

But even on that night, with friends and strikingly attractive women, Oran would not desert his

"hangout." The four of them—Oran, Celeste, Mary, and the other guest, Charles—went to a speakeasy known in Oran's circles as the only place in town where one could dissipate without fear of being put out or being mixed up in a raid. The habitues of this saloon came to the conclusion that these privileges were granted because "Anna Thomkins' " was patronized by the "better people," such as themselves.

Oran, sitting at a table with the others, bursting with brandy, could hear nothing but a steady collision of voices.

Through the heavy fog of smoke Oran saw two burly figures at the bar coming together and separating. They approached each other again and seemed to rock up and down. One of the figures dropped to the ground just as the redfaced bartender came to them.

Of a sudden, Oran realized there had been a fight and one of the men had been knocked down. Oran jumped from his seat and shouted hysterically, "He's dead. He's dead. I'm getting out of here." Grabbing Celeste, he pulled her after him; the other two followed. But Oran kept shouting, "He's dead. He's dead."

The thunder of noise had faded but the remaining blurbs of sound resolved into a steady buzz as the four guests reached the door. When Oran entered the night air he sobered slightly but, even after being told that the man had not been killed, his silence conveyed a hushed disbelief.

After Mary and Charlie were returned to their homes, Oran asked Celeste with an insinuating undertone, "*Celeste*, what about a parting night—up in your apartment."

"Parting?"

And they went.

Days passed into days and Oran groped blindly; nights passed into nights and Oran sensually enjoyed himself.

It was one day toward the end of February, two months after he met Celeste Austin, that his butler came to him in the living room and announced a Miss Austin to see him.

Austin, Austin, the name seemed to make no impression on his mind. Then suddenly, as though out of a remote past of much more than two months, he remembered. "Ask her to come in."

A few moments later Celeste sailed into the room. She hid a cool, condescending smile behind the silver fox collar of her Persian lamb coat.

After the preliminaries were finished and they had settled into what seemed to Oran to be a pleasant afternoon's chat, Celeste remarked wisely, "You're wondering why I came here and why our conversation has been so homey — —"

But Oran, with a proper tact that became a man of his type, broke in, "It's a pleasure to receive you like this."

Celeste seemed not to let any interruption bother her, "We might as well get used to these simperings, domestic conversations as soon as possible."

Oran had not the slightest idea what she was talking about.

"For we're to be married soon. I know, it's a very plebeian entertainment, but it needn't bother the natural course of our lives."

Oran's mind seemed to be trying to find a way out of this labyrinth. Married? why should I marry her? he forced a casual smile, "Don't be ridiculous," he said, "and for God's sake let's think of something more pleasant."

"Oran, I'm very sorry you don't find that a pleasant thing, but you'll have to get used to it."

After about a quarter of an hour of what Oran came to the conclusion was just banter, he suddenly realized that she was trying to tell him she was going to have a baby and that he would have to marry her.

Oran, stunned, remarked naively, "Can't you do something about it!"

"I have two obvious choices; one is to marry you and the other — —, but that would be stupid; risking my life and my security too. I've decided on the former method," and she finished by informing him that if he did not agree the whole of New York would know of their escapade.

Oran turned to her and, with some of his past suavity, he said, "I don't mind your publishing the fact that we had our affair, but — —"

She helped him sarcastically, "But you do mind their knowing that you didn't have enough sense to take the proper precautions."

Oran could control himself no longer, "This is not a biological classroom."

"But obviously you need the assistance of one to introduce you to the facts of life a little more thoroughly," Celeste continued urbanely.

Oran didn't have any idea what to do; to marry her would be Hell; to leave her as she was would be disastrous; and she couldn't be paid off. His reputation was the most important thing in the world to him.

Celeste rose to go. "Won't you kiss me goodbye, Oran dear?"

He was silent.

"Call me about that tonight at the very latest." She waved goodbye to him as she left the room . . .

The smoke in the chimneys could no longer be seen.

Oran pulled his thoughts back to the present as quickly as they had turned themselves to the past. He knew that if he sat on the terrace any longer he would see the face of his daughter when she had died. No, he didn't want that.

He left the terrace and went into his room to get dressed.

People started to stream in; women with stupid hats and artificial faces; men with canes and bleached hair; old men who wanted to look young; young men who wanted to look old. Oran saw them all. Most of the younger men were replicas of himself as he had once been.

He quietly circulated among his guests, and each one seemed to bring some of his past back to his mind.

One woman burst on him. She had to tip her head so that she could see him from under the brim of her hat. "Oran Russell," she rasped, "I haven't seen you in such a time." Taking his shoulders between her hands, "But you look positively horrible. You look at least ten years older than when I saw you last."

At this moment Celeste swaggered into the room. She was wearing a blue and pink tea gown whose innocence, Oran thought, certainly didn't suit her personality. She started towards the bar and began talking to a dark gentleman over some cocktails.

Oran didn't want to, but he couldn't help thinking of the one decent thing she had done for him in their life together; and this she had done unconsciously.

It had happened not very long ago and at a cocktail party the same as this one. She had been drinking heavily and he was just getting over a week's spree. Suddenly she turned to all of the guests and pointing her finger at him, she started to laugh drunkenly. "Look at him," she shrieked, "and the way he's watching me. He'd like some too, but he's afraid it'll completely ruin his poor body. He's had too much already and if he ruins his body any more, he won't be able to sleep with every woman he sees."

It was at that moment, midst all the noise of that cocktail party, that he saw himself as the superficial shell that he was.

But today it all came back to him; he did not know why. It enveloped him like a casket. These people surrounding him, he thought, were the pallbearers getting ready to carry him away. And he thought of death. Oran closed his eyes and shivered.

The cocktail party was beginning to thin. The fops and courtesans were leaving, and Celeste, the king, for he could hardly think of her as queen, was presiding over the closing ceremonies.

Celeste came to Oran and said saccharinely, "Darling, wouldn't you love to come to the theater with us tonight?"

Oran looked into her eyes and said nothing. She turned to the others still hovering around the bar, "I'll be in a second. I just have to dress."

Celeste soon returned and she, along with the rest of the guests, swayed out of the apartment.

Now Oran, alone, gazing into the dark, empty spaces of the room, again thought of everything that he had done in the past. Pictures spread through his storm-brewing mind. Like the great hollowness of thunder they seemed to recapture every vapid, wasted second of his existence. He knew how worthless he was. And, as he thought about it, pangs took hold of his body or his soul, he did not know which.

He rose from the chair and opened the French doors leading onto the terrace. And he looked out on the waters of the East River, but he could see nothing but a flowering mass of velvet passing between the gigantic tombstones of the City.

Again he thought of suicide, and he shivered.

Oran walked to the wall of the terrace and gazed down at the sidewalks below. There was something sinister and quiet about them. The lights from the lamp-posts on every corner seemed but little relief from the dreary streets.

Yet, as he thought, he felt how much happier he would be in the dead darkness and grotesque shadows that he saw below.

He started to climb up on the wall. His hands clung to the cement, ready to pull him over.

Oran turned his head toward the sky and saw the dark blue, ugly heavens with their myriad eyes watching him. Slowly he raised himself higher, higher, and his eyes turned down again to the cement streets below. Dizzy. Dizziness seized him, but only for a second. Raising himself a little farther off the wall, suddenly the words of his mother came to him word by word. "Life is something, but Death is nothing." All of his fears struck him in one infinite picture of dark emptiness.

And quietly and decisively he climbed down from the wall.

He wished he had gone to the theater.

Professorial Portraits V

English Bagby

A STUDENT registering for English Bagby's course in elementary psychology does so with a mixture of fear and awe. He is fearful of what he is in for; he is in awe of the great Bagby about whose methods he has heard so much. Whenever he mentions that he is taking psychology, the inevitable question is: "Have you got Bagby?" In fact, whether he has Bagby or not is always the main issue.

Bagby is the man with the child-like face and the heavy jowls. He faces first one side of his class and then the other. Sometimes he talks with a tender, childish murmur, and at other times with a stern, bull-dog tone of exasperation. Regardless of whichever it is, there is always an expression of cherubic innocence and sweetness on his face.

His grading system is what makes 'em or breaks 'em. It is based on a series of pop quizzes and hour tests which are divided into three groups. You are apt to walk into class most any old day and find yourself confronted with a pop quiz. If you don't have any paper, that is no excuse, because Dr. Bagby always passes the paper around beforehand. In fact, that is the warning signal. When you see him passing his sheets of paper around, you can start wishing you'd studied last night.

In fact, this ever-present temptation to the student to scorn the docile habits of his fellows and deliberately thumb his nose at the mill of the gods by attempting to anticipate the unanticipatable makes life in Dr. Bagby's courses at once the most exhilirating and most nerve-racking existence on the campus. It's like trying to count the teeth on a buzz saw blindfolded. His grading system would make an inveterate gambler out of a devout Baptist candidate for a doctorate in higher mathematics.

First there's always the interesting prospect that you won't be faced with a pop quiz on the morrow. And secondly, you have the sickening realization that you could very readily be able to recite Dr. Dashiell's text verbatim and still likely fail to have the requisite number of minutiae required by the key against which your quiz paper will be graded. "Dr. Dashiell is a fine man," says the master, "but his text and I don't agree." When faced with this dilemma, the most iron-willed prospect for a Phi Bete key will spend an half-hour putting psychology to the test by attempting to fathom the mind behind the baby-faced stare, and end up by exasperatedly hurling the text across the room and fingering his pocket for movie fare.

The way the hour quizzes and final exams are arranged all tend to broaden the road to destruction. The quiz and the examination questions are selected from a list previously announced, and you bet on the probabilities of receiving the question you happen to be up on. Furthermore, there's always the possibility that you will be exempt from one or more parts of the final, and like a drowning man after a straw, you clutch desperately at the hope of answering an unexpected bonus question and thus boost your rapidly declining quiz average.

Sometimes, in desperation, a student will swipe Dr. Bagby's keys, thus enhancing his own chances and temporarily, at least, stymying the rotund psychologist. Sometimes when a student is caught short on a pop quiz, he wishes he'd never seen Bagby's class, or rather he wishes that like the familiar turnip-shaped mythological beast, he hadn't followed the course of least resistance. But when the adding machine has spat forth its final grade, the average student, though he very likely lacks a comprehensive grasp of elementary psychology, will agree that compared to Dr. Bagby's courses, life on the Maginot line resembles a monastery for peaceful serenity. And, more than likely, he'll be coming back for more.

James Clark

But Tomorrow Wasn't There

EARL needed money. When he suggested to his mother and father that the mill might be the proper place for work, he was answered with approving nods. His mother thought it entirely necessary—no other job was available. His father, the money-maker, stated with a defensive pride that the work would be good experience, adding that they could use the money. The day after this talk he went to a yarn mill to apply for a job.

The mill was surrounded by an iron fence, isolated in a large open field. As he approached it, walking up the gravel walk, he could hear the drone of the mill machines—a strange sound to him—one that seemed to disturb the natural, healthy atmosphere.

A transfer to the Department of Journalism here from High Point College where he edited the weekly newspaper, JAMES CLARK *here offers his initial* MAGAZINE *story, based on his own experience at a textile plant employee.*

He entered the office where another boy, also looking for a job, was waiting. The boy, wearing overalls and a dirty, khaki shirt, was sitting on the wooden bench, looking at the floor, indifferently chewing a match. While waiting for the mill foreman, the boy began talking to Earl, complaining to him in a lisping voice of not being able to get a job because he had had no mill experience. He was a former grocer clerk.

The foreman, a small, dark Italian, seemed to feel self-conscious, and forever ashamed. Earl felt at ease with him and answered his questions politely. He was told to begin work the next morning.

The overall-clad boy had again failed to find work and followed Earl out of the office. Earl left him at the mill gate, and watched him limp down the sandy road.

His first day of work was interesting. He liked to push the little carts around and to work at the machines, either placing the empty bobbins on the spindles or taking the full ones off. He liked to see the people and watched their bodies in motion as they moved in working about the machines. Especially he would watch the men's faces as they would load and unload trays of cord or as they creeled cord on the machines. He would look at the girls who were working across the aisle, watched them move back and forth in front of the machines. Their hands would work in a rapid movement as they wound cord around a bobbin. Even the old women, with sweaty faces, and serious, intent looks set upon them, appeared attractive to him. He would study their eyes for one look of anger or of conscious boredom. But all remained indifferent, with their attention confined to fulfilling the needs of the machines.

He moved with the workers as they moved silently back and forth across the mill, felt tired with them when they were tired, walked joyfully with them to the outside door when he heard the soft moan of the whistle that told of the end of the working day. And leaving the mill, he saw workers of the next shift come in to serve their eight hours. Behind him the machines were still running.

Each day during the ten minutes that weregiven for lunch, he sat with the other men on little racks and boxes listening to them talk. He watched Steel Robinson, a muscular, nervous boy of 20, whose ambition it was to become a boss, as he would kid Slim, a slow-moving slow-smiling farm-boy, who had come to town to make a little money so he could go back to work on the farm. Steel would jump up, pat Slim on the back and with a jerky motion point suggestively in the direction of the working girls. When Slim smiled, Steel, satisfied, would reseat himself, laugh mockingly and then begin eating again. Earl saw Robert and Jack, two boys just out of high school, over in the corner telling jokes and bragging about their last night's experiences.

But each day Steel and Slim went through the same pantomime, and Robert and Jack at each lunch period would be found in the corner talking and laughing. The mill-machines held their incessant, monotonous note. Each day he saw a repetition of what happened the previous day. Soon each small action he saw he would measure and value, trying to see the purpose behind it. But he could not understand all of it. There was a senseless tread and movement about it. He wondered at the ideas moving in the brains of these dregs of industry, whether the machines had extinguished the ideas potentially theirs, made the workers just

as impersonal as the turning wheels on the machines. He could not feel their love for life, or get meaning from their simple conversation, or understand their love for the meal at night. Steel once told him that his woman was the best any man ever had. She wasn't pretty but she made good biscuits, and was good to him. At these words he recalled the rather genial but dispassionate expression on the face of Steel's wife. He wondered if their relationship was one of affection—if their love was explained in such terms as these that Steel had used.

He soon thought he knew the answer. His feeling changed from interest at this unique illustration of life to disgust at the futility of the efforts to make a living. In the women he saw only bestial creatures, fit to smile through toothless gums and speak spitefully to the mill foreman. In the girls he saw the promise of what was to be and this prejudice made him feel slightly disgusted at the suggestive swing of their hips. The men were all of a low, restricted type.

Even the passion he felt to lie in the movement of the mill machines, and the throbs of life he had imagined was rising in the movements of the mass, he finally realized to be only stupor, as a torpid pool of oil, with only a few waves of animal spirit that were discernible. The common-place hit him with its significance in the full prospect of a mental void. He wanted to fight against this prospect. But it seemed to him that he was beating fists against cold machine metal, bracing his head to buck against an insensitive wall of rock. He hated it the more because he feared the dangers of himself becoming as the rock, dead and stupid.

Working among some machines across the aisle from Earl were a crew of girls who were eternally moving their hands—taking an empty bobbin off, putting a full one on. One of these girls he thought he would like. The girl had a round, babyish face, and when she smiled her mouth would curve up to end in slight dimples. He nodded to her when he could catch her eye. She would smile back at him, her eyes peering forth impersonally. Earl would remain looking at her after she had turned back to work. She would shake her head and her hair would brush across her shoulders. Her body was full, with smooth limbs filling out her pattern cotton dress.

Certain times during the day he would slip off from his work and would walk between the machines to talk to her. Her name, she said, was May Edwards. She always chewed gum, and while Earl was talking he could see the movement of her cheeks as she turned the gum about in her mouth. She would shake her head and giggle at what Earl said. Then he would go back to work and laugh, and think about her.

He had his first date with May one Friday night. He parked the car in front of the house and walked up on the porch. She was inside, seated at the piano, playing with irregular tempo, "Bringing in the Sheaves." At his knock she came to the door and stepped out on the porch, laughing when he told her how pretty she looked. That night she rode with him, answered his kisses indifferently, chewed her ever-present gum, and entertained him with stories about her day's work.

The next day when he came to work, he looked for her and found her looking at him. All that day he thought gloriously of himself.

Earl asked May for a date several days later. She gave it to him with an indifferent nod. They were between two droning machines when he asked her. His voice had a metallic ring to it as he had to speak so loudly.

At the date Earl looked at her riding beside him. She was chewing her gum, saying nothing.

"What are you thinking about?"

She laughed, "Oh, I was just thinking about a girl I saw at the mill today."

"What about her?"

"You know, that girl's just as conceited."

"That right?"

"Yeh! You know her—Helen Moore."

"Oh, that one."

"Yeh! Just as conceited. She's got the ugliest figure I ever saw. You ever noticed it?"

"Sure!"

"Ugliest figure I ever saw. And she thinks she's pretty."

"Not as pretty as you, is she?" Earl smiled toward her.

"Aw, naw." She giggled. Earl tried to kiss her.

"Nope, none of that."

"You let me that other night."

"That was the other night. You like to too much."

"Sure!"

"It gives you wrong ideas."

"That's the truth," he mused.

He spoke aloud: "Naw, not that. But you can't blame me, you being who you are."

"Ah, hah."

They said nothing. The car rolled forward, seemingly of its own volition. He felt in strange companionship with the girl, a spiritual closeness, distinct from the night, the closeness within the

car. He saw the girl sitting beside him, her mouth moving slightly. She was thinking about her last date—maybe making plans for the next show. He was alone in his thoughts but intimate to her personality.

He wanted to speak to her of love, of his feeling for her. Conventional words for a conventional situation—she probably expected it. But he only asked:

"Do you always chew gum?"

She laughed, "Yeh, I chew two packs a day."

"That extravagant. No wonder your father makes you work."

She only smiled and kept her distance.

They went to a show that night. On the way home she talked about the fixer of the machines.

"You know Sadie down there, that big girl, works on the third machine?"

"Yeh."

"Well, she asked Roy, the fixer you know, if he wouldn't date her cousin who was visitin' her. And you know what he said?" She giggled. "He said, 'You know I don't do nothing like that. I'm virchus. You know I don't date. I'm virchus.' "

They laughed and rode on. At her home he took her to the porch. May stood on the steps, and then said, "You can kiss me now."

At these words Earl moved toward her, but stopped when he saw her face. May stood looking at him, her lips fixed in a slight smile. She was standing half-way in the darkness, but he could see her face. She remained standing, silently smiling, confident of the full power of her body. It was the power of an attraction with which she beckoned, and standing, smiling, she unconsciously betrayed that she knew. In her was the pride of an unspoken wisdom, the full knowledge of love, the simple understanding of living itself. Her life was here. Her intelligence was present and profound—meaning and existence not in the mind but the body, and still profound—in the sense of creation, the love of feeling.

Earl drew her close to him. Words of his emotion were forming at his lips. He looked up to speak, and saw her calmly observing him. He stepped back and quickly said good-bye. She was smiling scornfully at him.

The next day when Earl went to work in the mill, he entered the door and quickly began walking down the aisles. He seemed to feel the eyes of the persons smiling at him with the same scornful look that May had the night before. He seemed to feel the eyes of intelligence observing him as if he were a creature unique and foolish—it was like the peering eyes of a gargoyle that had the fixation of eternal wisdom upon his distorted face —eyes that understood but were laughing at his innocence.

As soon as he began work, he forgot himself. The others were working as before—but he felt the intelligence within. Earl now worked alongside them with a better, more understanding will. He once looked at May. She was working at the machines, chewing her gum as she always was doing. She looked at him and smiled.

He could not think about it. There seemed to be very little reason in thought. There was only living in pauses, in ecstatic utterances, short laughs, suggestive words, and again pauses. There was no reason in a day's work, there was nothing in a day's work—only part of the meaningless void—but there was life in moments—in two glances meeting between boy and girl—in companionable certainty; and at night there was an evening meal, expectancy, magic of a smoke-filled room and of the night.

He saw them working in the mill, in the afternoon at quitting time, when each went to his car and rode off, with heads out the windows, taking drags of cigarettes, or knocking up the soft dirt as they walked along the road. Then at home they would read the paper, eat supper, and rest for another day—rest for the tomorrow.

But tomorrow was not there—.

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THE COED IN THE CLASSROOM

(*Continued from page four*)

uate, and instructor has for a theme song a popular ditty which went the rounds about the time of the first World War. The refrain goes: "You can't get along when you're with 'em or without 'em. . . ." In recent years my experiences with Carolina coeds in economics classes have not rendered this ditty inappropriate by a single note. Relatively few coeds (favor, infest . . . choose one) Bingham Hall with their presence. When I do not have a few of them in class I miss the bright spot of color afforded by their bizarre and ever-changing wardrobes. I am unable to check the validity of my sweeping and uninformed generalizations concerning feminine motivation. But when I have them in class my crude language and indelicate figures of speech are the signal for snickers from the male benchwarmers, a knowing turn of heads, and a most embarrassing centering of attention upon the reaction of the coed contingent to my gaucheries—all of which makes me feel that I am no gentleman and somewhat of a heel. I sum: I find coeds stimulating and annoying, spirited and docile, cooperative and embarrassing; a hodge-podge of contradictions which have puzzled far wiser victims than I. So I must refer you again to my plaintive theme song.

Dr. A. R. Newsome, History Department: Based on my intermittent experience in the University as a student twenty-five years ago when the number of women students was almost negligible, as a professor fifteen years ago when the number was about one hundred, and again as a professor in recent years when the number has reached five hundred, I am strongly of the opinion that the increase of women students has been of social and intellectual benefit to professors, to both men and women students, and to the University. Today the atmosphere of the University, as a public training school for citizenship, is far more wholesome than in the old days of masculine monopoly of campus life.

LOST APRIL

(*Continued from page fifteen*)

measure to compensate her loss. It was then, in second April, that her heart moved back to its accustomed place. She could see things separately, feel the pulse of spring naturally, with a liquid joy in her veins. It had been possible to make it that way, so that the anchor of her grief held only the part of her heart that was his and Danny's, and the part that was for seeing and feeling the simple beauty of the world was free.

She went about fearlessly, holding the armour of her secret over her to shatter the whispers and diffuse the stares. Her loneliness was not in her, only her companionship with joy and sorrow. Involuntarily, in the night, she might brush away the joy and think of him. It had come to be a pitying thought, pity for the strong who are weak, for the arms that have no power, and for the paralysis of tears that chained him. Often she wondered where he was; sometimes she talked to Danny about him, not in a mystical sense but in her memory where he was alive and free.

Beyond the armour of her pride there was sympathy for her; pity, too. None of which she needed or wished, understanding as she did that the brave must sometimes run from a foe where the weak shall stand and be cut down and rise again. For him she wished contentment and peace, however he might find them: even temporarily in another's arms, in a place she had never seen, in dreams; whatever way he chose to seek it.

That second April, near its end, she planted flowers for Danny. They were yellow roses like the yellow of his hair, and they grew, and covered the small mound with sunlight, so that it warmed her to come to the place and to remain there.

Some know the lad as childhood, the man as youth, and she, she may be known as poise, maturity, or even PEACE.

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Of the Making of Books There Is no End

— *The Campus Looks at Current Literature* —

The editors of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE wish to offer their sincere apologies to any persons who may have been led to misconstrue Miss Bates' review of Sister Madeleva's *Collected Poems*, which appeared in the March issue, as an out-and-out attack on Roman Catholicism. The volume was reviewed *purely on its literary merits alone*, and as such, was in no wise intended to ridicule the religious convictions of Sister Madeleva or of anyone else. We would also like to add that "Mrs. E. P. Achelly's" (alias E. Pacelli, Pope Pius XII) vehement letter to the DAILY TAR HEEL is an acknowledged hoax, perpetrated by six allegedly witty undergraduates, who regret wholeheartedly any part their brainchild may have played in shaping opinion on the matter.

(Signed)
ALLEN J. GREEN, *Editor*
ANNE C. BATES

EDUCATIONAL IDEAL

HOW TO READ A BOOK. Mortimer J. Adler. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1940. 398 pages. $2.50.

How to Read a Book is a self-help book; but one that makes no empty promises, or offers any rosy short cuts to what it sets out to do. Adler lays down the rules by which, with application, the average reader may learn to read for understanding, so that he may be encouraged to read the great books. But there is also a deeper, almost moral purpose behind this help, basically the desire to help people to a truly liberal education, that they may learn to really function in a democracy and look ahead towards a better society. Reading is only a vital means to this larger end. The shocking ignorance of how to read which is found everywhere today is more than enough justification for the book, however.

Adler admits that there is no easy way to learn how to read. The rules have to be mastered, as in a tennis game. In their most general sense, the rules are derived from these four questions, 1) What in general is being said? 2) How in particular is it being said? 3) Is it true? and 4) What of it? Adler first builds up and analyses the rules for non-fiction, and then adapts and applies them to purely creative writing.

What seems to me to be quite as important as the rules themselves is the motivation behind them. Adler is the associate of Robert Hutchins of Chicago, and his book is really a supplement of Hutchin's *The Higher Learning in America*. Hutchins feels that the higher education is tending towards trade schools which are not the function of colleges, and which do not educate. He would unify the curriculum around philosophy, as the medieval universities were unified around religion, and would use the great works of the past to create a liberal education. Hutchins' plan has been set to work at St. John's College, whose list of great books has caused so much comment. Adler's book is of the same stuff. He carries further in it some of the implications in Hutchins: that a man who is liberally educated by knowing the great creative thoughts of the past is better able to function in a democracy, and is prepared to look forward to a better society. Although Hutchins' is the aristocratic ideal in education, I feel that Adler is right.

To this end, Adler includes as an appendix a list of great books, based upon the lists at Columbia, Chicago, and St. John's.

Even though some may regret that the tone of the book seems to be slightly written down, this is a very valuable book in two ways: as a fine practical handbook of the rules to a reading for understanding, and as another statement of an ideal in education which, I feel, has a great deal of validity in our contemporary set-up.

—CHARLES FARRELL.

MUSICAL MANNERS

THE WELL TEMPERED LISTENER. Deems Taylor. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1940. 322 pp. $2.50.

Deems Taylor, music consultant to the Columbia Broadcasting System, and known most widely for his Sunday afternoon Philharmonic commentaries, has produced his second book so titled as to reap sales through the fame of someone else' earlier work. Following up his best seller *Of Men And Music* with *The Well-Tempered Listener* he has written in the same charming, rambling style which has enlightened millions of listeners to the New York Philharmonic Symphony's Sunday concerts. (To the uninitiate it might be well to explain that Bach published a collection of compositions called *The Well-Tempered Clavicord*). The book is a series of essays on what to listen for, how to listen to it, and listeners.

"Every conductor, musician, or singer who renders German music in public enacts the role of a Prussian spider that attracts musical flies to his weaving way . . . German music created before the Franco-Prussian war is, in the present crisis, highly demoralizing to patriotic sentiment . . . it creates sympathy through sentimental channels, while the music composed since 1870 is militant, anti-democratic, and psychologically inimical . . . German music is German through and through. At this terrible crisis it cannot be heard in America except when Americans are ready to part with their birthright for a mess of musical pottage served in helmets stained with the gore of women and children along a frontier of two thousand miles!" Taylor quotes this from a newspaper, the *Kansas City Star*, not from yesterday's issue, but from one over twenty years old. In this manner he shows us how silly we can be, and to what extremes we, the musical public, can, and frequently do, go. To him music is music, nothing more. Program music may be interesting when one thinks of knights charging into the fray, of ships tossing in the tempest, or of the martyrdom of Christians, but if it isn't good music, it isn't valid. He argues that "if there is an art in the world that has nothing to do with definite thought and images, it is music." Music has no bearing on a composer's ideologies, and because Shostakovich happens to be a Russian who writes modern music is no reason for us to condemn his music as communistic propaganda unfit for the innocent ears of our youth. "When we listen to music let us not listen to titles, or words, or the spellings of composers' names. A great work of art, if it is truly great, is always bigger and better, than the artist who made it. Once a piece of music is written, it escapes from its creator. It takes on a life of its own, and is not concerned with his race, politics, or intentions."

Mr. Taylor writes convincingly, and sympathetically of a subject he knows well. Himself a composer of no mean ability, he tells the lives and troubles of composers, and of conductors. The book is divided into three large sections dealing in turn with "The Makers," "The Givers," and "The Hearers." Under each heading he has almost a score of chapters, short and otherwise. A good impression of the tone of his writing can be had from a hurried glance at some of the chapter headings: "Guesswork," "More Of The Same," "Down, But Hardly Out," "Bach In The Groove," "Beethoven Goes To Town," "Culture The Hard Way," "Never Mind The Three B's!" He is very chatty, often digressing to illustrate even a point of logic in his musicianly reasoning with a joke totally unrelated to things musical. He discusses the age-old question of *Jazz Vs. the Classics*, and concludes that although Jazz is not good music, swinging the classics will cause no hurt to any self-respecting classic, if it is any good in the first place. He takes a jab at recitalists who invariably "lighten" their programs with sentimental ballads.

The Well-Tempered Listener is highly recommended to everyone. To musicians as entertainment; to all others as chocolate covered education. *Non obstat*, and *imprimatur*.

—Charles Giduz.

DEPRESSION DECADE

Since Yesterday. Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper Brothers. 1940. $3.00.

In his story of the nineteen thirties Frederick Lewis Allen has made a notably unsuccessful attempt to depict the passing of an era of American history. An hundred mediocre authors could have compiled a more thorough and informative survey of this period than Mr. Allen has done in his shallow work. But such are the fruits of acknowledged authorship. Mr. Allen is a prolific contributor to *Harper's Magazine*; his "arrival" in the field of writing has long been recognized.

It is lamentable that Allen's one-volume work will be accepted as a standard index to the nineteen thirties, temporarily at least. Briefly, the book is this: an attempt to analyze the trend of American history from 1929, the year of the depression, to 1939, the year of war. Allen has delved into every phase of life—manners, morals, fads, follies, the New Deal, the coming of "swing" under Benny Goodman, politics and prostitutes—and has come forth with only a few flippant remarks as a result of his penetration into the deeper workings of this era.

Most noticeable of all is the author's lack of a sense of proportion, a definite lack of necessary balance. The ascension of Benny Goodman in the field of "swing" is seemingly as significant to Frederick Lewis Allen as the entire span of the New Deal. Furthermore, Allen devotes as much or more space to the trivial as he does to the significant. Into a scant 317 pages he has jammed every conceivable phase of American life, any one of which could be granted a volume to itself. He has quickly skimmed the Supreme Court's invalidation of the AAA and NIRA, the CIO's struggle for recognition and the social legislation during that period. To Mickey Mouse, however, to blustering John Dillinger and to the trend of women's skirts he has been both consistently and surprisingly faithful.

Mr. Allen has been designated "the outstanding exponent of the *real liberalism* by an *apologist* for *Since Yesterday*. Well, then, what is this *real liberalism*? Mr. Allen's own liberalism, obviously. In that case, Frederick Lewis Allen has a highly distorted conception of liberalism. An irrational attack on the "social salvationists" contradicts any belief that Mr. Allen is liberal. He deliberately placed his discussion of the "social salvationists" next to that of the communists, the idea being, of course, to link the two in the mind of the most obstinate reader. This is highly discriminatory and smells faintly of "red baiting." He has even gone so far as to place Upton Sinclair, LaFollette and other social-minded individuals in a category with Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend, and the fabulous Huey Long. Allen would have his reader believe that the struggle for enactment of social legislation and the defense of human rights as opposed to property rights were mere fads indulged in by debutantes at cocktail parties and impulsive youths on our college campuses. The quality of objectivity is entirely lacking in his chronicle of the nineteen thirties.

A reading of *Since Yesterday* shows clearly that Allen possessed only a superficial knowledge of the topic with which he dealt. There is practically no depth to the substance contained in the book. Allen exhibits a very poor insight when he deals with the complicated economic problems that faced the nation between 1929 and 1939. In *Since Yesterday* he has merely "skimmed the surface"; no effort was made to analyze or to clarify the issues for the reader. In depth and penetration the work is comparable to any romance written after the age of chivalry. *Since Yesterday* leaves the reader groping in the dark, seeking an explanation that the book fails to provide.

Author Allen has, however, combined a crisp, brisk journalistic style with a certain cynical humor to make the book lively and even interesting for the reader. Digression is not evident; the story is concise, terse, coherent and remarkably unified. Technically, *Since Yesterday* is well-handled. Then, too, the author has a laugh-and-the-world-laughs-with-you-style that is directly satisfying to the reader. He doesn't pull his satirical punches; they are clever and appropriate.

Read *Since Yesterday* yourself for a light account of the nineteen thirties. Don't, however, let it be your final source of information and enlightenment!

—Everett Lindsay.

VIKING COMPLAINT

Look Back on Happiness. Knut Hamsun. (Translated by Paula Wiking.) New York: Coward-McCann. 320 pp. $2.50.

Knut Hamsun has just had a new book published in America. Turning from the old Norway to a new one of cities and summer resorts, he expresses his abject dislike for it. He tells his readers of the new fraud that has taken Norway and, as a matter of fact, has taken the whole world; of the stupid neurosis that the people have acquired.

Nor is Mr. Hamsun a lover of people. He expresses his hatred for Mankind through the medium of a beautiful, icy language. Language that during the first forty pages of the novel is sheer lyric poetry; poetry that grates and churns and softens the reader's imagination, soul and love of nature.

Yes, nature would be the author's God, as he puts it in the following lines:

" . . . *Am I making a God of nature? Do not you? Have not the Mohammedan's their God, the Jews theirs, the Hindus theirs? No one knows God, my friend; man knows only gods. And sometimes I meet mine.*" But he is only a superficial God. According to Mr. Hamsun all that we worship, all the power we have to love, worships and loves superficially.

The story of Ingeborg Torsen, a neurotic, suppressed by her

superficial education, is told by the mysterious "I," the narrator. A narrator who in the beginning expresses his love of beauty and nature, who expresses his hatred of men; a narrator who lives in the forests and who tells the reader:

"*. . . Your home is in the city, and you have furnished it with vanities, with pictures and books; but you have a wife and a servant and a hundred expenses. Asleep or awake you must keep pace with the world and you are never at peace . I have peace.*" A narrator who turns out to be a hypocrite. In this is the strongest denunciation of all, he, whom you have followed and admired, he, whose philosophy you are beginning to agree with, turns on you as a hypocrite.

The characters, carefully drawn, are means by which Knut Hamsun shows his devastating hatred for mankind, for "the people." There is one sympathetic character, a simple peasant who loves the earth and dislikes the city.

Without a doubt Mr. Hamsun is a powerful writer; an artist who carves with Michelangelo-like strokes, a picture of the stupidity, of the vapidness of human beings, and an almost lost picture of the wonders of the earth.

—John Roeder.

VANITY FAIR—AND NOT SO FAIR

(*Continued from page five*)

from a small town and reads the Sunday Times. Similarly Carolina men are the most prudish, regardless of the liberal label that is stuck on the campus. The Carolina Coed must stick even closer to the straight and narrow here at Carolina—or black spots begin to appear around her reputation. Once a coed refused a beer in Harry's on Saturday night. When asked if she didn't drink beer she answered that she did at home, but not here. "In Chapel Hill one must be careful."

How does the liberal label tie up with the enforced restrictions on the coeds here. Curfew tolls here in accordance with curfews at other schools, but this is a liberal institution. True most of the women are satisfied with the status quo and others would take unfair advantage of it if it were changed. But it's never been tried. What would happen if the coed were given a chance to exercise her own discretion as to when to come in? Would her status go up or down? This would definitely put the question up to the coed.

Why must the coed be The Coed and not another student. One of our number was asked when she was applying for membership in a very select organization, "Now, why would a coed want to join . . . ?" The aim of the organization was intellectual so what difference would there be between a coed's reason and anybody else's reason? None, to her; but to the boy who asked the question there should have been a very definite difference. To his mind probably one involving an ulterior motive.

Our status remains unsolved. Who knows what it is? We have our ideas and you have yours, but we couldn't very well write a section in the handbook on the Coed's Status. Perhaps if the number of boy and girl students were equalized and we had a few years to think it over we might begin to define it. But in the meantime why bother. The less said the better. Men have always had different thoughts of different women and probably always will. We don't change your thoughts by being, or not being, Carolina Coeds.

Concept Cosmological

I wonder what the atheists would say
If the astronomers
Peeking pompously
Through their great new star mirrors
Should catch a glimpse of God
Just the little pincky of him
Sporting a ring
Studded with galaxies
Braided with comet tails
Set in the leaping heat of the nebulous sky fires
I wonder what the atheists would say
And wouldn't the priests snicker in their cassocks
And wouldn't the astronomers gaze and note and
Look beyond
And wouldn't God flick a derisive digit at them all
I wonder what the atheists would say.

—Stanly Diamond.

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Tom Kendrick

Lock Guard

LOCK GUARD was one of the many duties performed by the Fourteenth Infantry in Panama. Every month regimental headquarters detailed one non-commissioned officer and three privates from each company in the regiment to Gatun Locks for guard duty. The men forming the guard detail were divided into three reliefs, which were alternately on duty two hours and off four. The sentries were stationed in elevated sentry boxes along the wire fence on each side of the locks. Each box contained a telephone connected with the main telephone in the guardhouse, and guard regulations required that each sentry report to the Corporal of the Guard every thirty minutes. Despite the passing of many ships flying strange flags, routine often grew very monotonous to me. I had been on lock guard almost all of July, and at the end of this rainy day had become extremely bored.

Before coming to Carolina, TOM KENDRICK *served a term of enlistment with the army in Panama. Here he contributes a piece of straight description of an actual experience he underwent there.*

When I came off duty the dark clouds that were forming promised a bad night, and after a few hours of sleep I was awakened by the ragings of a true tropical storm. Further sleep proved impossible; therefore, giving up the attempt, I went to join the men in the guard room below. Lurid flashes of lightning streaked the sky, the thunder cracked and roared away, and the rain swept down so heavily that the lights along the locks appeared as tiny blurs against the dead blackness of the night.

I stood by the doorway for a moment, feeling sorry for the men out there in their wall-less sentry boxes, and remembering with distaste that in less than an hour I would have to relieve them. This was my first guard as a corporal, and it had rained every night during the three weeks I had been at the locks. A damned nuisance—rain!

I walked over to join the other men, and Corporal Arch took my place by the door. Suddenly an unusually bright flash of lightning lighted everything. I felt as if I had been lifted up by a tremendous force; then suddenly dropped. A deafening clap of thunder followed which left me almost stunned. Arch, still standing by the doorway, gasped out excitedly, "Jesus Christ! Did you see that big blue flame over there? The lightning must have struck the fence!"

It certainly had struck something, for I had seen a blue blaze run along the fence, and I felt that it had struck me. For only a few moments the excitment lasted, but soon everyone was laughing and telling yarns of experiences with lightning that happened back home.

While Aldridge, the Corporal of the Guard, was making his last check-up before being relieved, I went upstairs to awaken my relief and get them ready to go on duty. When I returned to the guardroom, he told me that Post Number Two had failed to report, and asked me to check the telephone in that box when I relieved the sentry. I assured him I would, and assembled my relief in the guardroom for the Sergeant's inspection. After a very hurried inspection, I took the men out into the rain to relieve the old guard.

First came Post Number One. The sentry being relieved murmured the customary, "Post and orders remain the same" to the man relieving him, and I posted the new guard with "Post." Number Ten came next; then Number Nine, and on around to Number Two, which was the last post nearest the guardhouse. Cornett, the sentry in Number Two did not come down to meet the relief as required, and did not answer when I called. Remembering that he had not reported, and supposing that he had fallen asleep, I climbed up into the sentry box to the painful duty of arresting him for sleeping while on duty. When I grasped his shoulder and shook him he fell from his seat to the floor, leaving my hand covered with a sticky fluid. Mystified and anxious, I grabbed my flashlight, and flashed it on his face; then stood aghast, yet fascinated, by the horrible spectacle.

He was dead. His head and shoulders were burned black; his eyes had burst; his swollen tongue protruded from between his burned lips; even his hair was charred. The lightning, instead of striking the fence as we supposed, had struck the iron post of the sentry box against which Cornett had been leaning; so that he had not only been electrocuted, but cooked by the resulting flame.

I called the relief that waited near the locks, and,

though I felt nauseated and weak, somehow shouldered Cornett's body and struggled down the ladder. When I laid him down and flashed my light upon his face, the men of the relief stood in shocked silence at the grotesqueness of his face. After a moment each of them expressed his horror, and their excited remarks sounded like the chattering of a group of secluded women seeing blood for the first time.

I realized that something should be done, and remembered, suddenly, that I had not posted the relief in Box Number Two. I called Buchanan, but, though I threatened him with arrest, he flatly refused to enter the sentry box. I argued a few minutes, but finally consented to his standing on the ground near the box. Anyway, enough had happened already at Post Number Two for one night, and I did not blame him for his reluctance to enter the sentry box.

I formed the relief, picked up Cornett's body, and we marched on to the guardhouse. I noticed that lightning still flashed intermittently, and the rain still poured heavily, but, somehow, it did not matter so much now. Entering the guardhouse, I placed the body upon the floor and was horrified anew at the terrible sight. Part of his shirt had been burned away, and in carrying him I had rubbed loose bits of his seared flesh, which clung in shreds to my uniform. The Captain of the Guard came in, and immediately called for an ambulance, because he wanted to get such a demoralizing spectacle away from his men as quickly as possible. When the ambulance arrived, I helped place the body inside, for I, too, wanted it away as quickly as possible, but for different reasons.

I was relieved from duty for the remainder of the night, but next morning I took my relief as usual, trying desperately to forget the happenings of the night. During my remaining week of duty at the locks I did little sleeping in my rest hours, for the horrible image of Cornett refused to leave my seared consciousness. In fact, a month passed before I felt myself again.

Cornett's body was sent to his mother in Pennsylvania with six months' pay and burial expenses; his service record was sent to Washington, with the concluding notation, "Private William A. Cornett —killed honorably in line of duty."

LOVE STORY

(*Continued from page eleven*)

knock on the door and a small, pimply kid handed me a telegram.

"Sign here, mister."

"O. K."

I ripped it open. PAINTING CHLOE SOLD FIRST DAY STOP CHECK FOR FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS FORWARDED EARLY MAIL STOP CONGRATULATIONS. DAVID LAWSON, CHAIRMAN.

I ran out of the room, grabbing my hat and coat on the way. I was happy. I was sad. I was crazy. I was running down the block with the telegram in my hand, not even remembering to feel the hurt when two middle-aged women gasped at me when I ran by. Down 17th street. I threw open the door of the store.

"Chloe. Chloe. Darling!"

"What is it, John?"

"Darling. Darling." That's all I could say or think.

Then I told her. I told her how I had sketched her on the paper napkin and how I had worked the sketch onto the canvas with my thumb and an old brush and some cheap paints.

She started to cry and she looked beautiful.

"It's wonderful, you're wonderful. I'm happy. Just happy."

I had five hundred of the original two thousand dollars left. I thought that I could do it on that and the portrait-money. I had it in the back of my mind ever since we were in love. You see, Chloe's blindness was something I thought could be cured by a fine surgeon. She never mentioned it to me. There was no money and she was that kind of a person. I didn't say a thing to her, but went up to Park Avenue to see this doctor I had read about. A nurse ushered me into a modest but finely furnished sitting room. She spoke as though she came straight from Vassar or Smith.

"I want to see the doctor."

"Have you an appointment?"

"No."

"I'm awfully sorry, but the doctor sees no one but those who have arranged by appointment."

But I saw him anyway and he was a damned

decent fellow, Park Avenue or no Park Avenue.

"Bring Chloe up," he said. "I'll see whether we can do anything. And don't worry. Forget about the money angle, now."

When I told her about it she became absolutely still. I held her arms tightly.

"We'll do it, darling. They can't stop us," I said.

I could tell by the way she quivered that she had been thinking about it ever since she had gone blind. Had been hoping and yet afraid to think. I smoothed back the damp hair from her forehead and put my fingers to her lips.

I didn't know what to do with myself. They told me not to come to the hospital. I walked in the park, ate pop-corn, read the Times, and all the time I remembered his words when he said, *I won't try and fool. There's a fifty-fifty chance—it's up to you.* And how Chloe didn't say a word but the three of us knew what the answer was. *And now she's on the operating table,* I thought, *and it's fifty come fifty go.* I killed an hour until twelve-ten. Then I couldn't take it any more. I jumped into a pay-booth and dialed the hospital.

"Miss Chloe Rodgers. Yes. . . ."

I waited. I could hear my heart do double-time in the small booth.

Then the voice: "She's resting easily. She's been off the table a half-hour, now. Everything is all right, Mr. Reuther."

I went out of the booth and lit a cigaret with shaking hands. Everything was all right.

I went to the hospital every day to see her. They had her propped up under four or five pillows and she looked like a little china doll in the white night-gown. There was a thick bandage around her head and eyes.

"How is it today, darling," I'd say.

"Wonderful."

"In a little while, Chloe."

"Yes."

"There's the flowers and the sky and—"

"And you, John. I'll look at you and you'll look at me and that's all we'll ever need."

I said yes.

This was it. The bandage came off today. I stood outside on the hospital steps, in the sun, smoking easily and feeling warm and happy inside me. The doctor was pretty sure, everything looked normal, all the symptoms pointed one way and that was the right way.

I crushed out the cigaret and went in. I didn't stop at the desk. This was the big push: I needed time to think it out, and I walked up to the third floor slowly. She'd get used to me after a little while. There was more to it than just two faces with us. We knew each other's naked insides, knew a sort of love that you can't find just anywhere any time. I walked down the hall to her room. The door was open. I could hear Chloe's voice; it was like happy music.

"Wait. Wait till he comes. I can see so much, now. I can see it all so clear and bright—. We'll look at each other, nurse, we'll look at each other and it will be so beautiful. . . ."

"I'm sure it will. You just lie still. I know how happy you are."

I heard the nurse's voice from outside the door. She was new. I didn't recognize it. I stepped into the room on tip-toe, so glad that I couldn't speak.

Chloe never looked more wonderful to me. Like a little girl who is just learning something for the first time. Then she saw me, looked at me from the bed.

"God," she said.

I couldn't move.

The nurse turned and looked at me.

"Please," she said, "go out of here. Please. This girl has just regained her sight. Please. Please. Go back to your room."

I couldn't move. I just looked into the eyes that didn't know me.

"War case, probably. It's too bad, but they should know better than to let him run around the hospital."

Chloe was crying. The nurse led me out of the room. I went down the front steps of the hospital into the sun. Then I went to a bar and got very drunk. A week later I packed the old trunk and left New York alone.

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Carolina
MAG
MAY
1940

To the Students - - -

This is our prospectus and it may be our legacy. For it is not unlikely that war may come to the United States before next September—when the next issue of the magazine is planned. The latest reactions of our nation to the state of World War No. 2 are frightening to those of us who believe in peace. We are told that on Wall Street the odds are two to one that we will be in the war before June 1. If this is true—and there is plenty of good money saying it is—the class of '40 will barely have time to exchange their caps and gowns for regulation khaki. This issue's cover will give you the general idea.

We were suckers in 1917. For the past twenty years we have known that and repeated it until it has become a national chant. And yet—in spite of the determination of the vast majority of our people not to repeat this blunder—we seem to be heading straight towards participation in World War No. 2. Our president, motivated by reasons that we cannot understand, continues to act in a manner which is contrary to any safe neutrality. His radio speech last September, his moral embargo of Russia, his recent note to King Leopold of Belgium, all indicated a state of emotional sympathy that is dangerous in the mouth of a peace-time nation's chief executive. Alsop and Kintner, in their new book, "American White Paper," say that only the pressure of public opinion has prevented him from making commitments to the Allies. "He is waiting for public opinion to change," they say. Pearson and Allen's Washington Merry-go-round reports that the question being asked in Washington is not, "How can we stay out of war?" but rather, "How can we aid the Allies without bringing public sentiment down on our heads?" These are the reports sent out by four leading Washington columnists.

The Senate's Nye committee report on the causes of our entrance into the last war proved one thing: our entrance was not inevitable. It came as the direct result of loans and financial commitments to the Allies, which gave Wall Street an economic stake in their victory. In spite of the Johnson Act the same danger exists today. The Nye committee pointed out that this act is inadequate, that there is a need for additional legislation forbidding any loans which might be made available to the belligerents. But today the administration is talking of repealing the Johnson Act, which the Nye committee said "does not fully cover the need."

All of these things indicate the extreme danger of our position. We know that we have nothing to gain by going in. The last war showed us that. All that we may expect is another and more terrible world-wide depression, with greater human misery and poverty sowing the seeds for increased barbarism. Peace may still be saved, but all of us must act at once—not after the fatal "M" Day. Our fight is over here, first with the insidiously growing war spirit, then with the economic and social problems confronting us. Such a position has a glory now. In a few months it may take courage to stand for peace. And so we say now: THIS IS NOT OUR WAR. WE HAVE NOTHING TO GAIN BY ENTERING. WE CAN BEST SERVE DEMOCRACY BY MAKING IT WORK AT HOME.

THE EDITORS.

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The Moving Finger

kibitzers

A GREAT MANY men of the world—and with all of our freshmen writers upon the magazine we are bound to meet a good many—say that you can learn almost anything about life from a good card game. There is something completely revealing, they say, about the actions of people when the stakes are down before them. When bluff is no caprice and when a poor decision is paid off in gold. We have long ago come to accept the council of men of the world. And when they tell us that kibitzers (undefined in Webster but meaning one who sits in on a game with free advice) are always drawn into the game, we believe it. The war in Europe has set up an articulate army of American kibitzers. Government officials have come to know more about the British army than Winston Churchill. More, even than the New Republic—and that is a feat. Newspaper editors and managing editors have been coloring their blow-by-blow descriptions of the struggle with neat little bits of descriptive analysis that show touching concern for "our war." College professors who haven't stuck out their heads for twenty years are again speaking of the democracy they have let lie fallow at home. This would be a very pleasant and inexpensive pastime were it not for the advice of our men of the world. And if our own good kibitzers don't find a good domestic problem—of which there is an abundance—to worry about, they shall have all of us playing with life stakes in a game that none of us want. But if they insist upon a game which resembles the war, we suggest Monopoly.

* * * * *

our million dollar baby

THESE PAST WEEKS have impressed all of us of the similarity between the European Theatre of War (a very neat expression used by urbane American radio observers in comfortable New York studios) and the old Western days of shoot-em-up stranger. But it took a very generous gentleman to convince us of the likeness. For someone has offered one million dollars for the delivery of Adolph Hitler, in a good state of repair, into the League of Nations. If this sort of thing runs its course, we will not be surprised to see the unpleasant pan of Der Fuerher getting top

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billing on the bulletin board in the Chapel Hill post-office. And then it will be just like the old days in the west, when America was expanding for the cause of democracy and the railroad trusts. But somehow we just seem to like our public enemies in the American style. The Pretty Boy Floyds and the John Dillengers gave the government a little trouble, but we never had to cross any oceans to find them. And we never had to protect any American investments to track them down—as we did with the Kaiser, our last great enemy. And anyway, what in Hell would the docile and defunct members of the League of Nations ever do if they did get Hitler into one room with them? The English would probably leave the room to confer on such an irregular situation and the French would run right after to see that they didn't pull any fast ones. And that would leave the barbarian and colonial Americans to finish off Herr Hitler in the accredited, if old fashioned, shoot-em-up style. But the million dollars reward would be a big help. It would help pay for one of the war veteran's hospitals we will probably build.

the tobacco ellises

THE CAROLINA MAG, in order to take its readers behind-the-scenes of the motion picture history, sent a staff member over to Bahama, Durham county, to interview any member of the Ellis family who might be found in the environs. The Ellis family, in case you don't remember or were out of town that day, was featured in the free movie saga of tobacco that was offered by a "well known cigarette company." The family was represented as living under the paternal wing of that firm with their heirloom kitchen pot overflowing with chickens. Now Bahama, suh, is Ellis country. And our correspondent easily located a Mrs. Beuran Ellis who had played a major role in the film. Our little man came home rather crestfallen and reported that there was no evidence of ill-housing, ill-clothing, or ill-feeding. Mrs. Beuran E. was the soul of hospitality. She showed our man ten prosperous looking curing barns, talked with him on the porch, told him about a son who had been to Duke, and invited him back for watermelon in June. The only what's-wrong-with-the-picture note which indicated that the tobaconists might have been a little selective with their free movie was a remark Mrs. E. let fall about some of her neighbors who were sharin' tobacco, their only money crop, and who found shoes a trifle hard to come by.

* * * * *

bargain literature

THE BULL'S HEAD Book Shop, which generally manages to contain its commercial foundations beneath an atmosphere of refined female attendance, recently invaded the field of straight materialism. At ten-thirty one morning a perspiring man standing upon an uncertain chair began to auction off books. A truly impartial gentleman, he took the books as they were handed to him and did his best despite private literary tastes. It so happened that the papers of that day carried stories about the Pulitzer Prize selections, among which was John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath." Two of Mr. Steinbeck's books went for forty cents. But at that he did better than the whole state of Connecticut, which sold for only thirty-five cents.

* * * * *

clean old new york

NOW THAT the Bertrand Russell case has been decided, and as that already classical mathematician prepares to take up his work at The City College of New York, we hope that the perturbed morality of the sanctimonious city of New York has adjusted itself. We further hope that the "dabblers in literature," housewives, aldermen, industrialists and others who feared "for the maleable life of the student" have found some way of keeping the young men of C. C. N. Y. both pure and noble. Just as pure and noble as they have always been. Again, we hope that Dr. Russell's presence will not encourage them to seek out certain attractions in little old New York that were somehow forgotten during the controversy. Let our dear young men stay away from the girlie shows on 42nd street. Let them avoid the pitfalls of 8th avenue after dark. Let them not wander along Amsterdam Avenue along 116th street. Let them hold their clean eyes away from the sex shows in the Flushing World's Fair. Let them forget about those all-night joints in Harlem and those nooks down in Greenwich village. Let them

dig deep into a book and pass the inviting doorways of the Broadway taxi-dance halls. In other words, and for the sake of that morality which a lot of people seem to have discovered all of a sudden, we hope that the students of his classes in philosophy will live up to the ideals of their elders and refrain from the life that was established and flourishing before most of New York and the nation ever heard of Bertrand Russell.

* * * * *

fdr and medals

AMONG OTHER events which may be read into by those accustomed to inter-linear perusal was a presidential presentation to Mr. George M. Cohan, song-writer extra-ordinary, of a congressional gold medal for "patriotic services." (Credit for the quotes must go to the N. Y. Times.) If the president is still interested in preserving strict neutrality, and that is a question which somebody ought to ask him, he might have seen his way clear to including Eddie Cantor in the party. If memory serves, Mr. Cantor's novel twist in the hey-day of his Chase and Sanborn antics was "Let them keep it over there."

* * * * *

one of nature's noblemen

IT SEEMS THAT one of the national hook-ups was conducting a round-table dinner discussion upon the subject of the thirty hour week for labor. There were gentlemen representing industry, unions, engineering, and efficiency administration. When the matter of the shorter working week came up, the gentleman from industry raised a very brilliant point. "Far be it from me," he said, "to begrudge any man what is coming to him. But if working men were given a thirty hour week, it seems to me that they would have an awful lot of trouble figuring out what they were going to do with their leisure time." There is undoubtedly wisdom in this position. And there is a trace of a really beautiful love of mankind. Just imagine the trouble that some of these people would have if, after working and being overworked for countless hours, they were suddenly to have some time of their own on their hands! Think of the agony of having to decide whether they should take a walk in the sun or go to a ball game or read a book maybe. Think of the despair of finding a life with a little freedom in it for the first time. Such horrors are better left unwritten. And we feel certain that we can leave it up to that far-sighted industrialist to see that such a condition never exists in these glorious United States.

of the making of books . . .

THERE ARE NO book reviews in this issue. Among other reasons, the section was deleted because we discovered it had degenerated into a place where second-rate campus writers could expand their egos in dead prose. But we are going to suggest one book. And we would love for the president, army officials, members of the state department and certain professors in both our history and political science departments to read it. It is Dos Passos' U. S. A. This is hardly a new book. And it is old-fashioned enough to study the mind of this nation during and after the last world war. Today it again becomes timely as our headlines and speeches sound suspiciously like those reprinted in Dos Passos' fine work. For those who want a taste of war, we suggest U. S. A.—and the beauty is that war only costs $1.25 this way.

juliet gets hot

THE THEATRE gentlemen up in New York are nobly trying to inject a colorful life into the ancient legacy of one William Shakespeare. With the kindest of motives and the most decent reverence of art, they are putting on "Romeo And Juliet." But this is no ordinary revival of the world's greatest love story. No indeed. For they have gotten Vivian Leigh and Laurence Olivier to play the leads. This couple, you remember, have been reported by Hollywood correspondents as rather in love. They also act in movies. And as they are both English, it is likely that they have visited Stratford-On-Avon and gotten the spirit of the great man first hand. So we are glad that the theatre gentlemen are providing us such a spirited performance. And we shall be very happy for them if, by the wierdest of coincidence, the Shakespeare box-office is enhanced by two such popular movie names as Leigh and Olivier. As the great bard would probably say in modern slang, "Shoot the oblivion from me, Vivian."

James Lacock

They Think Me Blind

HE HAS HIS GIRL'S PICTURE ON HIS DRESSER, LIKES BEER, AND WANTS TO WRITE ABOUT THE BEAUTY HE HAS FOUND

I HAVE OFTEN wondered why so many people, normal people as they say, have a fear of the dark. Believe me when I say that it really isn't so bad. It is filled with sounds that cheer and guide you and smells that make you feel the vitality of being a person alive. But, having thought about these things so much, I can understand why you will hesitate upon entering a dark room—waiting, almost like a child, for the light to be cut on. But what if sometime, after you had clicked the button, there was no light? What if the wonderful power were cut off? There might be fear and lonely panic for a while. But soon you would find that the dark is not so bad. Even that there is a fullness and friendship in it. And that is how it is with me. For they think me blind.

When I walk into a room I do cut on a light, chiefly to show other people that I am in and to make them feel less uncomfortable when they stand at the doorway embarrassed. You may say that the room is not the only thing that is dark for me, that the whole world is a long darkness. But this is not true. For there are so many things, small and almost intangible things which normal people take into their hasty matter of course, that color and please my senses. I know and feel the life around me even though "the room is dark." By sounds, feelings, tastes, and smells, I live in a lighted world.

And that is why I am writing this article. To show you, in the mutuality of the printed word which we share together and where there is no difference of dark and light, that the blind boy does enjoy this life of ours. That he can do just about everything that you can do. And that it is not just shoddy or pathetic bravery when, like that movie star, he says, "How grand it is to be alive." We are a part of the every-day world, we associate with sighted people, and we want to be accepted that way.

But this has been a long fight. It has all been interesting, but part was bewildering. Even the problem of going to college, complicated worry that it is to ordinary people, was a struggle for me. In the spring of 1935 I was faced with the problem of convincing the State Commission for the Blind that I was qualified to continue my education. It was only two weeks before school opened that I obtained my appropriation. It was not that the Commission had no desire to help me. It was very anxious to do so. But it was necessary to check innumerable references, to study my record at the high school for blind children, and to determine whether my four years' expenses would be a worth-while investment to the state. Having finally obtained the appropriation, and living in Chapel Hill, it was a happy choice to pick the University as my school.

For the first few days the classrooms were a frightening confusion of voices and clicking sounds of writing on the blackboards. But I wanted to be treated just as any of the other students were. So I sat still, tried to adjust myself to the brisk new life, and slowly felt myself growing up to the exciting Chapel Hill world. When the professors began to lecture I discovered that it would be impossible to remember everything that they said. "Everybody takes notes of course," a kind fellow-student told me. So I had to turn to the Braille system, my own form of writing. But when I began to write the noise made clicking sounds which echoed around the class. New and uncertain of myself anyway, I was terribly embarrassed by the nervous click of my Braille. But everyone was very kind. And soon I was taking notes as rapidly as anyone in the class.

Almost all of my classes are in different buildings. In high school, of course, they were under one roof. So I had to learn my way around this sprawling campus of ours. For a long time there were many mistakes and little panics when I stood lost on one of the paths and waiting for one of my friends to take me along with them. Most of them were very decent and tactful. Seeing me lost, they would come up and ask where I was going. And whichever building it was, they would say that it just happened to be their destination too. Grateful for their kindness, I determined to make my own way before long. And somehow I did learn my way to almost every one of my classes.

Dozens of people have asked me how I manage to find my way around, but I can't tell them because I just don't know. Having been over the

same ground so many times, the right stops and turns just come natural. I never count steps. There are supposed to be blind persons who do that from place to place. But a pretty smell or a friendly voice would soon distract me and I would lose count. Somehow I just remember when I get there. Of course, if you were to see me in a strange place you would know that I am blind. But just give me a little time and I will come to "see my way." For it is in repeating things that I remember how to conquer them. I always use the same doors, go up the same stairs, and come down them the same way—except when I miss one and come down too darned fast. It is all very difficult to explain and I have never known a blind person who could really do it. We are all content to say that "we get there."

It is like so many things that I do without even realizing how they are done. The other day I was standing in a doorway talking to a fellow. Some girls passed along before us. Naturally, he turned to follow them with his eyes until they were out of sight. I asked him what he thought of the girls. He must have blushed a little when he demanded how I knew what he had been doing. But all of the time he was talking to me—something about sports—I could tell by the sound of his voice that his mind was on the girls. I could almost feel the direction of his face change and could sense the silent pleasant speculations "between the lines" of his talk. My only regret is that he was too flabbergasted to tell me about the girls.

A great many people wonder why I spend thirty cents to go to the movies. They don't understand that the two hours in the theatre are filled with a specially prepared concoction of carefully collected sounds that tell a story all by themselves. Unlike the campus, the noises are controlled away from distractions and I can drink them in from the security of my seat. I follow the conversation very carefully, and also the sound effects. By doing this I can just about get all of the action. It is a rather thrilling game when you think about it. You hear somebody walking down the sidewalk; rather, *I* hear him walking down something. I don't know where he is—but wait; listen to the horns; the policeman blows his whistle; the cars pull off from the curb and change gears;—why, of course, he is on the sidewalk! And so it goes with the actors and actresses and their voices. Upon entering the theatre, find out who is featured in the picture. If I know them, they are simply marked off the list and there will be no trouble in

recognizing them. If there are any new ones, and there usually are, I notice them carefully, catch any special voice traits and pronounciations, and after three or four scenes they are added to my list of "familiars."

The same thing is true of the sports, which I follow enthusiastically. Between the Public Address system and the crowd noises—the wild yells and the disconsolate ahs—I can almost always tell how our teams are doing. And there is something about the full stadium and the excitement of my fellows that add a brightness to my days. It is the wonderful spirit of many people together that perhaps is really better felt in one's heart than seen with the eyes. You are one of the many. They are your laughter and your disappointment. It is with your voice that they shout. For a moment everything is one and there are no differences in people. Only the game and the day.

Maybe feelings like these are the reasons for my wanting to go into journalism, for everything that is written is not seen. It is true of course that newspaper work does require sight in many cases, as does any type of writing. However, unless you have some feeling, some personal message if you please, the writing is lifeless. The fact that I am deprived of my sight has developed the intensity of my other senses. Then, I have my imagina-

(*Continued on page thirty-one*)

Frank Holeman

A Portrait of Pattie Lynch

SHE LIVED IN A VILLAGE IN THE GREAT SAND BASIN OF PIEDMONT WHERE THE ATLANTIC ONCE ROLLED

No creature has a greater capacity for suffering than man, he thought. Sometimes I have seen one endure indescribable anguish for years when a single act of will would set him right, would make him rich or happy.

Are those who suffer so in this beautiful and provident world paralyzed? What power of circumstance impresses them, and blinds them, and lowers them gradually into ignominious death, while others live in joy forever? Why?

He tore at the roots of memory.

HER HUSBAND was an epileptic. She did not know it when she married, and there was nothing she could do now. For that matter, he had not known it. The attacks came on in middle life, long after everything had been done.

Her son was a dull, pig-faced young lout who only learned to eat and drink and defile himself. He did neither with any determination, but with the weak, disgusting insistence that reminds one of a worm crawling over a stick in its path. He was repulsive to sight and to contact.

This morning her husband would be in town court—not for trial, but to watch. Every court day he went to the town hall and sat on the front row to watch all the proceedings. He sat there ogling the negro defendants, listening to their sordid and bloody tales, waiting for the judge's deliberate sentence. He waited eagerly for each verdict. He would nod at both "Guilty," and "Not guilty." No one knew whether or not he remembered from one day's proceedings to the next. But he would always come in, sit on the front row, shuffle his feet from time to time, lick his dry bloodless lips, nod, and say nothing.

She woke up with his hands around her soft, wrinkled throat. He was choking her and beating her head against the cotton pillow. She saw him bobbing back and forth. A beam of light flashed from the bureau mirror. She screamed, and shook him off, running out of the house.

She woke up the household of a neighbor, John Underhill, by beating on his door, and crying. Underhill came out, followed by his wife and daughters. All were half-dressed; the youngest girl was trembling and sobbing.

The sun was rising, and the highway leading east was paved in the distance with gold. The roofs of the village were still wet, the gravel paths were black. A small crowd assembled before the house.

Inside, the old man lay like a bony wraith in a mess of blood and sheets. He had bitten his tongue until the artery was severed, and blood was spurting from his mouth. He had pounded the skin off his knuckles. His eyes were closed, and he was breathing jerkily. Six men stood around the bed, silent in awe, wonder, pity and revulsion.

Outside, the old woman wept deaf to the entreaties of the group of comforters. She wrung her hands in her thick bleached nightgown, and sobbed interminably, "He'll hurt himself, he'll hurt himself, he'll hurt himself."

II

Mae Underhill was much younger than her husband. The success of their marriage was doubted at first, but the slight, brown-eyed woman so effaced herself before him that their happiness became the wonder of the town.

Her love was solicitous and respectful, never assertive. She never opposed him in anything. With the other women of the village she was deferential, always avoiding disputes. She would never hurt her negro cook's feelings. She loved flowers, and had a large garden.

Her husband was a great, tanned, vigorous man who had been married twice before, out-living both wives. He had three grown children. He was a large land-owner and a cotton broker. Everything he touched increased as if his touch were magic.

He was known, too, for his generosity and good humour. Every hot bright Saturday afternoon some grinning, sheepish negro in a serge suit and white shoes would come to his back door. He would want a dollar "to go off." The old man would give it to him.

Many a late, gloomy afternoon in the spring some white man, brushed and clean, awkward but forthright, would knock on the ornate front door and ask for "Mister Johnnie." Standing on the steps between luxuriant bushes that almost framed the doorway, the two would talk in low tones. The

old man would "go on his note," thereby touching the distant projects of another with his magic, sharing his favor with the god of fertility. His favor never lessened.

He was still potent, and he loved his wife's small, fresh figure and her resilent flesh. But he loved her in a provident, protective way also. He brought her everything she wanted: a sterling dining set, jewelry, vases, a pure-bred dog, and hundreds of bulbs and shrubs. Sometimes he would ride fifty miles for a special rose bush.

"Well, Herbert's getting worse and worse. I feel like I ought to give more of my time to him."

He is getting worse. I must do something. He complained of his kidneys this morning the way he does before a spell. Oh God! His kidneys, that, too?

"But, Mrs. Lynch, you've always been such a faithful worker," said Mae, "Maybe you could just discontinue some of your activities."

"There is another reason, if you want to know it. There *is* another reason. The *building program.*"

If he has another spell, I just believe I'll die. In all this rain: he can't have one tonight. It's a mess. Herbert Junior will have to learn to take care of him.

"Well, Mrs. Lynch, of course you can do like you feel about it," said Mae, "But if they want to build a new church, I say let them do it. I wouldn't fall out. It looks like a mighty little thing for Christians to quarrel. Now *we* didn't vote for the new church, but we don't feel like getting out. What do you think Mister Underhill?"

The old man had been sitting in his heavy old chair, with his feet crossed, smoking. He cleared his throat, and looking up at the clock on the mantel piece, said, "I didn't vote for it, but if he wants to build one, I say help him. It can't do any harm." It was ten o'clock. He felt fine until this came up. Now he felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"Well, I'll tell you what *I* think. I think it's just a little too much *show* on the part of *some* members. I think we can do with the church we have, and not disfurnish the ones who haven't got as much as the rest. I know *I* just can't afford to give. Now Mister Johnnie, you can give as much as you want to. You do more good outside the church than inside. I know there's a *many* a one around here besides myself, that would be in the poor house if it hadn't been for you."

If Herbert takes to drinking, we won't have a cent. I smelled it on his breath last night. I told him it would make him have more spells, but he just smiled. Oh God, punish the scornful! No! No! I love him. I put my whole life in his body. Where is he? Oh Lord, protect Thy children!

"Mae, why don't you get some of that cake for Pattie to carry home?" said Underhill when ten-thirty came. He was abundantly satisfied with the resources of his house.

"Now, now I don't want to disfurnish y'all."

Where is my boy? I must bring him back again, he must come home. He needs correction in the sight of man and God. If his father died tonight, where would he be. Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood.

Oh he must not bite his tongue. He has no blood left: none at all.

The waitress at the Olympia cafe lived in a small room above the place, and dated after hours. She was a Syrian, isolated in a pure Anglican community, considered good for two things: to carry dishes, and lay. Neither meant more than the other to her. She bought a foreign money order every month, and wrote a letter to relatives abroad, always begging them to remember her. There are more important things.

(*Continued on page twenty-six*)

Shelley Rolfe

A Farewell to Nothing

BEING A DAILY TAR HEEL SPORTS EDITOR IS A THANKLESS TASK. ROLFE PULLS NO PUNCHES, AND TELLS US WHY.

BEING SPORTS editor of the Daily Tar Heel is the most unappreciated position on the campus. I say this not as a defense mechanism to get pity, but more or less in disgust. More vituperative letters came across my desk in a month than the editor usually got in a quarter. People always found fault with the sports page, always were sure they could do a better job.

There is a glamor about being sports editor—when you haven't got the job. Envious students whistle and say how lucky you are, free trips, all expenses paid . . . "New York, New Orleans, Washington, Philadelphia . . . ," Free passes . . . Sure, so what? So every day snobbish fraternity boys who look down upon you for your background, your lack of capital, and your bewilderment, patronize you and pat you on the back and tell you what a great job you are doing. So dormitory boys, who have generally acted decent, send in notes calling attention to an error in line 45 of the football story of Nov. 14, and dare you to print the part of the note that calls you and your staff everything under the sun. So petty administrative officers cut and snub you and breathe sighs of relief when your term is up because your attitude was all wrong and you did not run to them for advice and columns.

Yes, there's a glamour to the job. There's the abuse. And there's work. For two years I went crazy six evenings a week at 7:15 (by actual count). Stories didn't come in. Some that did were rotten. Sports writers decided to go off for weekends; for the night. The general feeling was that the Tar Heel could wait. Sure it could. But there's press time every night. And what would the little boys and girls have to read the next morning? And having devoured the paper, what would they have to criticize and rip into and tear apart and break the hearts of those who tried to put a professional paper out on an amateur budget with a semi-professional staff?

Glamour? Sure, you could walk with hat-in-hand down to the athletic association and beg for news. The general procedure down there was to give the news to the news bureau so the Tar Heel could get it out of the state papers next morning. When Ray Wolf signed his five year contract, a Tar Heel reporter found the news out when he chanced across a member of the coaching staff down town. When Walter Skidmore resigned, Colonel Bob Madry of the news bureau phoned the sports deskman. The athletic association, at least the minor officials, have always treated the Tar Heel in doormat fashion and no one has ever seemed to care whether it got the news or not. The reception for a Tar Heel man was usually icy enough to air condition a string of pullman cars.

That doesn't go for all the people down at the athletic association. Coach Bob Fetzer, the director, has been as decent and white as they come. He has never hesitated to o. k. traveling money or to give out news. Bo Shepard has been tolerant and treated us with a light-hand. His job is heavy.

The coaches—well, the bigger they are the decenter they come. There may be a finer fellow than Ray Wolf somewhere, you guess where. Wolf has always been accessible and never once has he held a story out from the Tar Heel. If he had something he didn't want printed he'd mention it and add but "don't print that mess." He gave the Tar Heel as much consideration before the Duke game as he gave the perigrinating journalists from Charlotte, Greensboro, Winston-Salem and other way stations. Wolf and I came as freshmen in 1936. I have known him the past two seasons. They come no better than he, and it will be an immeasurable loss if Penn or some other bigger school entices him from Chapel Hill with honeyed words and sugared checks.

I never had any trouble with Lange. Coach Bill is a tremendous scout. He knows more about an opposing team when he gets done scouting it than the opposing coach himself. Lange has turned in several good scouting jobs; against Tulane and Duke in 1937, Tulane this year.

He knew his basketball last spring, but there was some doubt about giving him the basketball job. Lange was liable to go crazy on the job. Basketball coaches usually do and Lange had a pretty tempestuous nature. But Bill got the job and did better than anyone imagined. He developed Glamack, took advantage of ability Walter Skidmore let lie fallow in men like Al Mathes

and Hank Pessar, and used Skidmore's Jimmy Howard and Ben Dilworth.

Lange kept his sanity throughout the basketball season. He did so well that any talk of his being a stop-gap should be relegated to the junkheap. Lange is a swell fellow and it would be about as bad losing him as it would Wolf.

They come no finer than Bunn Hearn. I covered baseball for three seasons and I've yet to see the Old Man get mad at a mistake. He realized it was all in the game. A player who made the mistake today would likely be the star tomorrow. Bunn deserves everything he gets this season. He deserves two excellent pitchers like Red Benton and Lefty Cheshire.

Herman Schnell is doing a fine job without publicity. I tried to give murals the best possible play every day. It got the best play in Tar Heel history but towards the end the cry went up that I was burying murals. Check back and you'll find that murals have been given exactly the play they deserve day-by-day; nothing worse, nothing better.

There have been some coaches who have hesitated to speak or even give attention to the Tar Heel reporters. But that attitude is changing. When we are snubbed there is nothing to do; we are college boys. We can't leave in high indignation. Tar Heel readers want to know what's going on on their own campus. Some coaches think they shouldn't. As I say, though, more and more coaches are beginning to realize the importance of the Tar Heel.

Subsidization has been a tough nut during my four years here. I came with the Graham plan and there was much teeth-gnashing and eye-brow lifting the fall of 1936. What would Carolina use for athletes was the general tone of the remarks. Well there were some poor freshmen teams that year and there was also some very good athletes. George Stirnweiss, George Radman, Chuck Slagle, Dan Desich and Ben Dilworth, to name a few, showed up that year. Not a prize crop, far from that, but hardly a poor one.

The fall of '38 Bill Beerman started an open subsidization campaign. Under Ray Howe subsidization had been soft-pedaled better than the free lunch counter at a bar. Beerman brought it into the open and I pitched into the fight. I had timidly suggested subsidization the spring of '38 when I started out on the job as a brash sophomore. No answers.

Beerman and I got answers in the fall. We had people agreeing with us and we had people calling us stooges for Davy Clark. Nobody suggested we were in A. Hitler's pay.

Subsidization is inevitable. It goes on in Carolina and it is trusted that no secrets have been given away. The alumni foots the bill. An alumnus will either support a player directly or pay it into the alumni fund. The plan is very much like the one State adopted this winter with a big flourish as if a great discovery was being made. A great discovery was perhaps being made; there was enough honesty in Raleigh to admit that subsidization is natural and to be expected.

So it has gone. Four years almost over and the great athletes you have seen. Crowell Little and Andy Bershak, one, the greatest of smart quarterbacks and the other an end. Just call Bershak an end. He was unappreciated. The greatest wingman in the nation, he never got his due.

George Stirnweiss, underrated, George Radman underrated. Stirnweiss and George McAfee of Duke battled each other for four years in an eternal publicity campaign. The All-American men were supposed to pick one of the two this past fall. Out went the publicity. So Paul Severin made All-American as a junior and Banks McFadden made it for Clemson. Nobody has yet discovered what happened to Stirnweiss and McAfee.

Severin a great end . . . Matty Topkins a major league shortstop and George Glamack. Four exciting years.

And on other teams. There was that November afternoon in 1936 when as a freshman I watched Clarence the Ace Parker run a kickoff back 106 yards and break the heart of Carolina. I saw Alex Wojciechowicz roll his sleeves up in 1937 and give the greatest line performance in Kenan stadium history. And there was Bronco Bruner of Tulane who beat our side in 1938 in the last ten minutes of play and this fall Frannie Reagan of Penn, playing his heart out for a hopelessly lost cause.

The parade is over. Come June 12 and it will all be over. I feel I've done a good job. It's been unappreciated but I've adopted a "what the hell attitude." People have told me to drop it; told me I ought to look at the bright side of life.

What bright side with June so near and with job after job blowing up in my face? Bright side, it is to laugh.

Arne Scaug

Auf Wiedersehen to Norway

A RANKING NORWEGIAN SOCIOLOGIST TELLS AMERICA THE LESSON WHICH MAY COME FROM THE TRAGIC FALL OF HIS DEMOCRACY

FOR OVER a month now, the war in my country has been a headline mystery to a news-hungry and impressionable America. After claims and counterclaims of all sorts, the result of the first stage of the war seems certain. At least the southern part of Norway will be dominated by Germany for the duration of the war. But we do not know what effect this victory will produce upon Germany. And we do not know what losses have been incurred by both sides or what secret knowledge drove Germany to take a step which may still prove fatal. I myself am convinced that the real story of the first two days of invasion, with the much heralded fifth column activities, has not yet been written.

Apparently the Germans were not seeking the iron ore shipments from Narvik. Narvik is far to the north, and the iron-ore freighters from that port bound for Germany have to follow the Norweigan coast for days. Thus such shipments were possible only as long as Norway was neutral. Even a complete German conquest of the entire Norway, and even the use of convoys, would not be enough to send ships to and from Narvik. This is clearly shown by the fact that no Nazi reinforcements have been able to reach this seaport or even the more Southern port of Trondheim during the last weeks.

What most Americans do not understand is that a neutral Norway was a great asset to Germany. It provided a fairly safe channel for merchant supply ships and gave Hitler an outlet to the Atlantic Ocean and the northern Russian ports. Minebelts, such as those which England started to place in Norweigan territorial waters before the outbreak of hostilities, could easily be removed.

Yet Germany did strike in spite of all this. The real reason lies in the strategic importance that the Norweigan North-sea coast is supposed to have. Obviously, the Germans must have intended to establish bases there. Many Norweigans, like myself, have feared for years that this coast would be too tempting a morsel for bigger powers to allow us our neutrality. Each of the belligerents was bound to fear that the other would get the jump and dominate this potential base. For Germany, such bases on the western coast of Norway would mean that important military objectives in England and Scotland could be reached — by air of course—in less than half of the time needed to fly from the nearest bases in Germany. This means less gasoline—a vital matter to the Nazis—and less bombs each time the fliers go out. Also, pursuit planes would be able to accompany and defend the bombers—something impossible until now. On the other hand, this new set-up means a shorter distance for English attacks on Nazi bases. But, after all, it is preferable to both sides to have this destruction upon Norweigan territory.

It is impossible at the present moment to predict what the result of all this will be. It seems to me that the strategic importance of the struggle for Norway has been over-emphasized by commentators in this country. Even though the Germans have now succeeded in getting hold of the southern part of the country, I doubt very much if they will be able to establish any effective bases on the coast. The daily air-raid on the air-port in Stavanger seems to indicate that the Allies are determined to prevent any such thing. Also, the British blockade will be more effective than it has been in the past, regardless of who are the masters of Norway itself.

Thus the outcome of the war in Norway is of comparatively minor importance from the point of view of military strategem. But the Allies have already suffered a great loss of prestige, and the real effect of the defeat will be mirrored in the psychological effect upon the neutral countries that remain in Europe.

To me, the great disaster of this special stage of the second war is that of the Norweigan people. We had peace for such a long time that we had actually become a land based upon a peace economy—a small nation minding its own business. With our limited resources we considered it more important to create better living conditions than futilely trying to keep up with the European armament race.

We know that this policy obtained results in recent years of which we were proud, and which gave us reasons to believe that we and the other Scandinavian countries were on the way toward an economic, social and political democracy that would have meant a better world for our people. But the invasion left us unprepared. The stories of trea-

son have been greatly over-played. I think our quick defeat was more the result of clever diplomatic and military tricks than treason.

Thus what we have struggled to create has been destroyed in less days than it has taken years to build up. And the future is dark. With a one-sided economy, and dependent upon the peaceful trade of the rest of the world, Norway's next years will be a mess. We shall have to consider ourselves lucky if we are able to come out of all this with only an unfortunate lowering of our standard of living. Worse things might happen.

But even if another policy in these last years might have given us a better military preparation, I do not think that we were wrong in following our policy of cooperative democracy. The "Scandinavian experiment" now belongs to the past. It shall probably not return for many years. But through that experiment we have had the honor to show the people of the world what results can be reached if a nation concentrates on peaceful reform work. And these results—the heritage of my people, their great glory even in this defeat—shall not be forgotten.

Our Reporter Goes to the Movies

GONE WITH THE WIND" has come to our town, and left it, we imagine slightly breathless. Enjoyable as it was we felt slightly harrassed during the production by memories of pre-release publicity. The trouble it took to ferret out Miss Leigh, the cost of the burning of Atlanta, and the arguments as to the relative virileness of Clark Gable and anybody else who might have been cast as Rhett Butler were thoughts that kept buzzing merrily through our head. When we finally got used to the idea that this had all been settled once and for all, and that any caviling we might do would be in vain, we gave ourselves over to the picture. Vivian Leigh was superbly bitchy, and although Clark Gable hammed and hawed a bit, we got it from the distaff side that he did what was expected of him. We agree with the rest of the reviewers in praising the acting of the negro Mammy, and after that is done there is not a lot to be said. To return to Miss Leigh who, after all, was a sufficient reason for the picture, she left us feeling that we would welcome the chance to eliminate a little bit of her shrewishness.

"The Grapes of Wrath" is another story, and is a triumph for the motion picture industry, and, in a sense a triumph for America. Mr. Steinbeck who as the New Republic says, "was warmily denounced as, of all things, the enemy, defamer and slanderer of the dust-bowl migrants," had something to say to this country, and was allowed to say it. This speaks both for the artistic merit of his story and the importance of his theme. The saga of the Joads was of necessity shortened by the movies, and in the lopping off of a few of Mr. Steinbeck's episodes the story was quickened and suffered no harm. The acting in the picture was generally excellent, and, what was more important, the characteristics of the actors did not intrude on the tale. It is to be hoped that this will start a trend away from the star complex that America has to-day.

The picture had a powerful impact, and like the book, it ends on a note of hope that we feel may yet be justified. The camp dance scene in the last part of the picture is, in a way, the key to the solution of some of this country's problems. The efficient cooperation in the government camp which resulted in the smothering of the would-be inciters to riot is definitely food for thought. We can reflect that we have come a long way when this kind of picture finds the acceptance that it has, and that its producers have not woken up one fine morning to find arsenic in their grapefruit.

"Pinocchio," Mr. Disney's latest tour de force, was an able successor to "Snow White," and by this time should have caused the producers of "Gulliver's Travels" to take to the back streets. In its life and variety it had all the zest of a three ring circus with the advantage of being capable of being taken in all at once. Each of the episodes are jewels in themselves, and the antics of all his little people form a highly entertaining whole. After this picture one might begin to suspect that Mr. Disney has much more on his mind than merely providing more fun for the kiddies.—RICHARD GOLDSMITH.

Irwin Katz

Kid Story

HE RAN AWAY FROM HIS PARENTS, AND WAS HEADING FOR THE WEST. THEY MET IN THE BOX-CAR AND BECAME BUDDIES.

AN 884 WAS doing the work. I could tell that by the way she grabbed at those cars and sang up the hill like she was having fun. When she was half way up the hill I picked up my pack and watched her coming at me with the sun catching at her nose and lighting it up like an electric bulb. Now she was over the hill, sweating oil and steam from her belly, and the cars were rattling past me. I saw an empty box-car, grabbed hold of the door, and swung myself upward and in.

I lay still on the floor where I had landed, face downward on the wooden planks. For a long time I lay there, not moving, just listening to the clop-pity clop of the wheels and the puffing of the engine up ahead.

When I finally got up and stretched my legs it was almost dark. There was still a little spot of pink in the west, but the rest of the sky was filled with stars and the plains were silver-grey. I leaned out of the car and felt the cool night air slap against my face like water out of a hose. Then I rolled a cigarette and took a few deep drags, trying to kill the dull pain in my stomach. After that I picked up my pack and tossed it toward the rear of the car.

"Ouch!" a voice yelled out from the corner where the bag had landed. "Who's there?" I said. No answer. "Who's there?" I said again. This time I heard a shuffling and a scraping and a tiny figure stepped out of the darkness and into the dim light of the doorway. A boy of about ten, chin stuck forward, lips trembling, and hands clenched into tight, egg sized fists, stared at me in silence. "Hello," I said.

"Hello," he piped in a thin kid-voice.

"Where you going?" I asked.

"California."

"Alone?"

"Ahuh." He shook his head and a thick mop of curly, black hair fell down over his eyes and he quickly brushed it aside.

I smiled at him. "Guess we'll be traveling together a while. I'm going to Denver."

"How long will it take us to get to Denver?" he asked.

"Overnight," I said. "We'll get in about six in the morning."

"Oh." His lips were almost still now and his hands were in his pockets. He came a step closer and stood by the wall, self-consciously tucking the soiled ends of his blouse into his trousers. Then he looked up at me and I noticed his eyes. They were round as saucers and black and a size too big for the rest of his face.

"You hungry?" he asked. "I got some bread and cheese and cake."

I didn't know what to say.

"It's all right," he said. "I have lots of stuff."

"Are you going to eat now?" I asked.

"Ahuh."

"O. K. thanks," I said. "I'll have a sandwich with you."

He smiled up at me and then turned and ran to the end of the car and came back dragging a large brown paper bag. "Got lots of stuff," he said. "All the stuff I could carry." He sat down by the doorway, legs crossed, with the bag in front of him. "Come on; sit down," he said. "I'll make the sandwiches." I squatted down beside him and he reached in the bag and brought out a loaf of rye bread and a large piece of store cheese. Then he unfolded a linen napkin, spread it out before him, and placed the food in the center.

"You got a knife?" he asked.

I took out my knife and opened it. "Here, let me do that," I said.

"No. Let me. I'm good at stuff like this."

I handed him the knife. "I bet you can cook, too," I kidded.

"Sure, I can fry eggs and cook spaghetti, and meat, and lots of stuff." He sliced the bread and meat and made four sandwiches. "Here," he said, handing me two. "We can eat some cake after we finish these."

He seemed to be just as hungry as I was and we ate fast, without talking. When we finished he reached in the bag again and brought out a big, square fruit cake that had one corner missing. "I got a little hungry this afternoon," he looked up at me and smiled, "and I chewed a little off the end."

After the cake we both felt pretty full and we

sat in the doorway, dangling our feet over the edge of the floor and watching the fields slide past. I rolled a cigarette while he put the rest of the food back in the bag. "Where you from?" I asked when he was through.

"Kansas City."

"Do you have a mother and father?"

"Ahuh."

"What are you doing out here alone?"

"Going to California."

"I know that. You told me before. But what are you doing away from home, riding on a freight train?"

He was quiet for a long while, and when he answered he spoke slowly. "I ran away," he said.

"From home?"

"Ahuh."

"Why?"

He looked away. "Just like that —. Cause I wanted to."

"What are you going to do in California?" I asked.

"I'm gonna live with my aunt Ruth. She's got a great big restaurant in Los Angeles, and she likes me. She once told me she wants me to come and live with her."

"Don't your mother and father like you?"

"I guess so, but I don't like them. That's why I ran away. And I'm not going back neither. I got three dollars I saved up in my bank, and I won't get lost 'cause I got it all figured out with pencil lines on my maps. I got a map for every state: Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California. And when I get to Los Angeles my aunt Ruth is gonna write a letter to my mom and pop and tell them that she's gonna adopt me and they can't get me back."

"But if they're your real mom and pop they can make her give you back."

"No!" He beat the floor with his fists. "No! Aunt Ruth won't let them. I'll tell her why I ran away and she won't let them. I know she won't!"

"Why did you run away, laddie?"

"I can't tell you that," he cried, "I can't tell you. Please don't ask me questions." Then he was sobbing and I took him in my arms and held his tiny, quivering body.

"Come on now, Laddie," I whispered, "buck up. Everything is going to be all right."

He tried to stop but he couldn't. He grabbed at my arm and bit his lips hard but it was no good and soon his teeth were chattering and he was crying. I stopped whispering and just held him tight and he cried and shivered and chattered for a long while. Then he pulled a handkerchief out

of his pocket and wiped his eyes and face. "You're a swell guy," he said. "You're a swell guy." He was hiccoughing.

"Tell me why you ran away, Laddie, so I can help you."

"O. K."

"Wait, first hold your breath while I count ten." We tried that a few times till his hiccoughs were gone.

"Well —" He was sitting up straight now. "It's just that I couldn't stay there any longer. I just couldn't. I hate them both. I hate them because they fight all the time and they don't like me neither only they act like they do 'cause they're both jealous about me liking the other one. They always argue and fight about little things, even sometimes about who's going to get the furniture and stuff when they separate." He sat still for a while, not saying anything, just looking out the side of the car. Then he started again.

"It was always like that. Some Saturday night he wouldn't come home after work and she would know he was out gambling and she'd go out by herself and then in the middle of the night I'd wake up and they'd be yelling at each other in their room. After that I couldn't fall asleep anymore. I'd get out of bed and put on my desk lamp and keep looking at my maps. All the time I just wanted to go out to California and live with Aunt Ruth."

He looked up at me. "Do you want to hear the rest of it?"

I nodded.

"Well, last night I woke up and they were talking very loud in their room. He wanted to do something with her and she didn't want to and then he said that she let him do it the other night and she said she only did it then because she felt sorry for him and they had a terrible argument and he was hurting her because she said if he didn't let her go she would scream and wake me up and he called her names like the ones the kids write on the walls of the washroom at school.

"I stayed up all night just thinking and in the morning I broke open my bank and took my maps and some stuff from the kitchen and then I wrote a note and said they shouldn't look for me 'cause when they woke up I would be far away and I left it on my desk. Then I walked down to the train yard and asked a man which train went to California and he said this one and I sneaked on when no one was looking."

He pushed his hands into his pockets and waited for me to speak.

"I'm going to help you," I said. "I'm going to help you get to your aunt."

"You mean it!?" His voice was singing.

"Sure."

"No kidding?"

"No kidding."

He didn't answer, but I guess he didn't have to. His eyes were talking plenty. It was getting pretty cold now. I went over to my pack and got out my lumberjack and handed it to him. "Here put this on," I said, "it's getting cold." He put it on and we sat for a while, not saying much, just thinking. I could see he was getting sleepy.

"Go to sleep, Laddie. I'll wake you up when we get to Denver."

"It's all right," he said. "I'm not tired. I'll stay up with you."

"O. K. A little while."

A few minutes later his eyes were closed and he was rolling down the wall. I picked him up and carried him to the back of the car and put the pack under his head. Then I stretched out in the corner and fell asleep.

When I woke up we were in the yard at Denver and the sun was shooting through the middle of the car. The kid was already up, and busy fixing a batch of sandwiches.

"Hey," he said. "How about some breakfast."

"Swell."

We finished up what was left of the bread and cheese and stuffed the cake into my pack. "Let's see the town."

"But what about the train?"

"We'll catch another one. This train doesn't go any further anyway."

I could see he didn't want to leave, but when I jumped off he followed.

"We got to find a Western Union office. I'm going to send a telegram to your aunt."

"What for?"

"So she can come and get you. I can't let you go on alone."

We found a Western Union and went inside. I picked up a blank sheet. "What's your aunt's address."

"Two twenty west seventh street, Los Angeles, California."

"What's her last name?"

"Moyer."

I told her the kid had run away from home, and

that he was stranded in Denver trying to get to her. That I had met him on a freight train, and she should answer immediately. I sent it collect. We walked around the streets for about an hour and then we came back to get the answer. It said: "Stay where you are. Arriving by plane tomorrow morning. Meet me at ———— hotel."

We had a swell time that day. We went to a movie and saw a wild western with Bill Boyd. Then we had a swell meal out of the kid's three dollars—that was his idea—and then we walked around a while, looking at the cowboys and the Indians in the streets. He was a smart kid. He knew a lot of history and geography, and we talked a lot about different places he had read about, and the Old West before the Indians had all been kicked off their land. We slept in a clean flop house down on ——— Street and we argued about ten minutes over who was going to pay and ended by paying half each.

Next morning we got up early and went to the hotel to wait in the lobby for his aunt. He jumped up and ran toward her when she came through the door. Then he brought her over to where I was sitting. I didn't much want to meet anyone the way I was dressed but there wasn't much I could do.

The kid was dancing around like an Indian. "This is the man, Aunt Ruth. He's the man I told you about." She was a little, middle aged woman, with greyish hair and a tired wrinkled face. She smiled at me. "How do you do, Mr. —"

"Carr, mam. Pleased to know you," I said.

"Let's sit down," she said. "I'm all tired out from that trip."

We sat down and waited for her to start.

She opened her mouth a few times without speaking. Then she looked at the kid. "I have some bad news for you, Jimmy," she said. Then she stopped and I knew what was coming.

"What is it, Aunt Ruth?"

"Just before I left yesterday I received a telegram from your mother and father." I just stared at her. I was afraid to look at the kid.

"They said they knew you were coming out to me and that I had to send you back at once."

I tried very hard not to look at him, but I had to. He wasn't crying or anything, just staring straight ahead with his eyes wide open and his mouth tight shut.

"I'm going to try hard to get you away from them, Jimmy. But first you have to go back to them for a while. It won't be so bad. I can come to see you every few months." She was fighting hard, talking on because she didn't know what else to do. The kid kept staring ahead like he wasn't hearing a word she said.

"I'm going to take this thing to court and try and get you away from them. I have plenty of money in the bank to fight."

She stopped and looked at me. "Thank you for what you've done, Mr. Carr. You are very kind."

I didn't answer.

"Your train leaves at eleven, Jimmy. We'd better start going."

All the way to the station he didn't say a word. Just walked beside us with his lips tight shut and his hands in his pockets. His aunt looked at me once or twice and half smiled and I tried to smile back at her, but I couldn't.

We put him on the train and left him sitting by the window with a basket of fruit and a stack of magazines. When we were leaving he grabbed hold of my arm and squeezed it with all his might. "So long," he said.

"So long, laddie."

We waited on the platform and waved to him as the train pulled out. He waved back at us, slowly, as though he wasn't really sure what he was doing. Then he was gone and I turned to the aunt. "Goodby, mam," I said.

She was still waving. "Goodby," she said.

"Is there much chance of getting him?"

"A small chance, very small."

"I hope — —"

"Thank you," she smiled at me, "thank you very much."

"Are you going back to the hotel?"

"No, I think I'll stay here a while."

"Goodby."

She gave me her hand. "Goodby." She was crying now.

I turned and walked out into the street and stood for a while on the corner till a policeman told me to move on and then I went in a cheap restaurant and ate.

I've often wondered whether that kid ever smiled again. I don't think he did.

Life Comes to the Local Stage

TWO INDEPENDENT STUDENT GROUPS BRING A VITALITY AND SINCERITY THAT HELPS CHAPEL HILL DRAMATICS TO LIFT A YAWNING HEAD

THE THEATRE of Chapel Hill, long an over-rated combination of antiquated and corney dramatic side-show numbers, is at last beginning to show promises of life. By life I mean a sincere enthusiasm upon the part of students—it is to remember, sometimes with effort, that our theatre here is the possession of our students. As any form of stage entertainment is a highly sincere and difficult task that can only have a real vitality when it comes from an honest desire for expression that somehow will just manage to find a stage for itself, the simultaneous formation of the *Sound And Fury* and *The Co-op Theatre* is noted here with enthusiasm. These are the groups that, in very opposite ways, are bringing a new vitality into the theatre of Chapel Hill.

In as much as the current Playmaker production of "Ah, Wilderness" was in the early stages of rehearsal at the time of this writing, and as at best the O'Neil play is only a good nostalgic comedy well within the safe fringe of conventional dramatics, we will concern this column with the two new groups. It is sufficient to say that the Playmakers are doing all right in the way of publicity.

"One More Spring," by Sound And Fury, and "Bury The Dead," by *The Co-op Theatre*, offer a contrast which is a curious statement of the mixed minds of the collegiana of today. (A much more honest and spontaneous statement, I think, than what can be gotten from the horse and buggy platitudes of the very entertaining "Ah, Wilderness.") The contrast seemed so striking that for a while we were considering running separate pictures from the two shows on the cover of this magazine.

"One More Spring" came from a group of students who like to have a good time up on the stage. None of them were impressed with emulating the serious Playmaker brand of drama and it is probably true that few of them have any particular love for that type of theatre. They like their entertainment in froth and wanted to produce some themselves. Mainly through the work of such naturally talented people as Carroll McGaughey, Sanford Stein, Page and Byrd and Virginia Worth, they succeeded.

Although there were many flaws in the show it was an undeniable success from the point of view of audience reaction. And only an ivory tower fool or an irrevocably incompetent artisan claims an indifference to audience reactions. The audience—a good part of which had never seen a Playmaker production—was not looking for art. Prepared to be pleased, it either excused or did not notice the weaknesses. Even the sight of Director McGaughey urbanely walking out upon the stage to straighten the lines and fill in a gap caused little comment.

But the people backstage—the ones who spent hours adjusting spotlights, rehearsing songs, learning how to walk, etc.—learned that even the expression of the most easily pleasant side of our lives is a grim craft. That they succeeded without grandiose self-praise is a welcome relief in local circles. And as they did not reach for art—an enticing mistress but a terrible tease — their little failures are inconsequential. "Sound And Fury" has allowed a number of ordinary students to have their fling at the footlights. But more important, it has returned them to normal life without falsely stimulating their hopes toward a career which is beyond the humble reach of most of them. There it is then. A spontaneous part of the expression of America.

The Co-op Theatre, less supported and understandably less popular, has a show which really would have made a nice contrast on our cover. Irwin Shaw's "Bury The Dead" was written some years ago by an idealistic young man with a flare for dramatic action. With the years its expertly grim message has become unfortunately timely. If ever anti-war theatrics was needed, this muddled period is the time. And if young people are ever to take their talent and use it to try and prevent a tragedy upon ourselves, this America of 1940 is the time. Just as "One More Spring" is the expression of something forever natural to people, "Bury The Dead" is the expression of the will to live. Rather than conflicting, it seems to me that these two ideas support and complement each other.

In order to meet our deadline, it was necessary

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

Joseph Cohen

That No Good Julius!

HE WORKED IN A SUMMER ADULT CAMP FOR A SHRIMP NAMED JULIUS, AND ONLY WANTED TO GET A LITTLE SUN.

HE WAS the third guest in half an hour to ask for cocoanut butter. I took some out of the icebox, cut off a piece and handed it to him without a word. Carefully he greased his chest and as much of his back as he could reach, until the butter had given out. Then he hitched up his bathing trunks and walked away. I watched his blistered shoulders light up as he opened the clubhouse door and went out.

When he was out of sight I went in to the assistant manager's office.

"Hey Julius," I said, "will you keep an eye on the fountain please? I have to bring some ice and vichy up to Bunk 4."

The bloodless shrimp sitting at the desk threw down his pencil and began to yell.

"For the love of God, don't you think I've got enough to do without attending to the fountain. The next time those guys want ice, you tell 'em to come down and get it themselves. Now get the hell out of here and make it snappy."

I turned away before the temptation got too strong to tell him off. He knew the boss' orders, "Every guest at Brentwood to be treated like a king," but Julius, he had to show his authority. That was him all over. Always taking his nastiness out on me, bawling me out for every little thing. "The night lights weren't turned out; the toilet bowls could use some scrubbing; there's too much ham in the sandwiches," all because I had a two-bit job that kept me working fourteen hours a day.

Back in the store I set out a pitcher of ice and two bottles of Saratoga vichy on a tray and walked out, using my feet to kick open the doors between me and the fresh air. Coming out into the open, I had to stop and blink. The sun was digging at my shoulders through my polo shirt; I could feel the hot rays bouncing down off my eyelids onto my cheeks. I was crazy about that Adirondack sun. It cut a swath of heat through the mountain coolness, heat that didn't burn, but which had me wanting to hug myself as if to hold in the friendly warmth. Neither Julius nor the dark store bothered me so long as I could depend on a few minutes out in the open. Nor did I gave a damn about the dirt-under-my-feet attitude of the guests. They had beds with clean, white sheets; a masseur to work out the slightest ache; all the free time and liberty they wanted. They were paying for it. All I had was a free-admission sun, and it was enough. That sun and I were the best friends in the whole camp.

From above I heard Grauer, one of the Bunk 4 souses, calling for me. I stopped my sun worship and started climbing. At the second row of bunks I turned in and paused before one of the green-

(*Continued on page twenty-seven*)

William L. Beerman

Rustic Reporter

THE COUNTRY WEEKLY IS A DEACON'S ONE-HOSS SHAY THAT JEST NATURALLY WON'T STOP ROLLING

I WAS SITTING in the *Daily Tar Heel* editorial sanctum, trying to bat out a piece of instructive literature on the current sporting situation, when the editor drifted in. My mother had always taught me to beware of loose women and magazine editors, so I at once set my defense mechanism in motion.

"Beerman," he said, one hand on my shoulder and the other hand exploring my pockets for a cigarette, "somebody told me you once edited a weekly newspaper." Whereupon I hung my head in shame and replied so what—I still wouldn't steal pennies from a blind man.

It developed that he wanted me, a lowly sporting journalist, to discourse in print upon the weekly newspaper as an institution firmly rooted in American civilization. Being a disciple of the " 'Hell,' said the Duchess, leaping from the window with a stick of dynamite in her mouth" school of writing, I was dubious that any article requiring serious, intellectual reasoning powers could come from my typewriter.

But if I can put across what I learned last summer while running a weekly paper and living and eating and sharing the problems of a small-town people — the best people in the world — maybe you'll understand why country newspapers still have a definite place in this mad, high-geared country of ours.

* * *

I am a city-bred boy, coming from the metropolis of Greensboro, so my first introduction to a small town was a puzzling but interesting experience. Through pull I got a job as editor of the *Liberty News*. Liberty is a tiny agricultural and industrial center in Randolph county, some 20 miles south of Greensboro on the left-hand side of highway 421. My arrival with a 1934 Studebaker, college-stickered suitcase, and 37 cents created comment and a slight economic problem. A middle-aged housewife, the paper's only reporter, had been sending in weekly bits of news and gossip to the company which published the *News* in a city 12 miles away. She lost her job and for a while I was blamed.

The first local office of the paper consisted of one rickety chair, an ante-bellum desk, battered typewriter, several dust-covered spider webs and any number of friendly cockroaches; all located in one small, damp basement room. I hung out a shingle in the grocery store window upstairs and started work as editor, reporter, advertising and circulation manager.

Liberty's mayor is typical of any country village. Corpulent, good-natured, he's paid $1.00 a year for his services but also sells insurance and acts as justice of the peace. I humbled myself before him and asked for help and advice.

"Give us a newspaper with a lot of local stuff in it," he said. "We get daily papers that tell about the war in Europe and Washington politics. Just write things concerning Liberty and the people here will eat it up."

That's good, sound advice for any weekly editor. Your paper must have personality, a slant toward its readers, and shouldn't try to compete with city dailies. The local election race and Mrs. Brown's calves (meaning livestock, of course) are front-page items more vital to the townspeople than an air-raid on Paris. They'd much rather read about the regular Saturday night arrest of the village drunk by the town constable than the capture of a New York jewel thief.

The small town is a unit separate from the hurry-up tendencies and "cultured" fetishes of large cities. Its population lives complacently. Its problems are communal. Its newspaper is its *own* newspaper, aimed at a specific audience, most of whom know the editor by his first name. The weekly paper sets a standard; good weeklies are sworn by and not at. "If you see it in the Sun, it's so" was the proud slogan of a famous New York newspaper, but similar slogans could be honestly used by hundreds of small, unpretentious papers.

Cut-throat competition and the actively economic struggle for existence are minor notes in average small town life. The poor family across the tracks is every villager's responsibility. When Mrs. Brown (the same one that had the calves) goes down under a siege of arthritis, her neighbors nurse her and the 12 children and do the cooking.

* * *

I remember clearly the first day I went to work in Liberty. I was positive the people were uncivil boors, particularly after trying to sell advertising space to some of the merchants. A big, pot-bellied

grocery store owner was the first to explode a blunt "no" in my face. He snapped his gallouses, shifted his wad, and looked at me as if I were a P. T. Barnum product. And all along the main street, a business district of one block, I met with the same answer.

Yet it was just a ruse. Later, when I needed their support and hadn't cracked the bank safe, they did all they could to get the paper rolling. Summer business in towns like Liberty is terrible, but nearly every week the druggist and the barber and the cobbler and the hardware store man managed to find something to advertise. Everyone was friendly. I had a season ticket to the Liberty movie house and could charge my beer at the filling station cafe.

News was easy to get. Housewives phoned in two galleys of personal items every week and imparted whatever gossip they "just happened" to pick up. The town constable, a genial old fellow constantly in hot water with the board of commissioners, gave me advance tips on stills he raided. It wasn't difficult to develop a "beat" system, and I daily checked the undertaker, magistrate, doctor, lawyer, and all stores for news.

In those three swift months I wrote only one editorial on the war. Local problems, insignificant to readers outside of Liberty, were dealt with in the majority of edits. A weekly column "About Town" proved to be the paper's best feature, and every new name mentioned in it brought a subscription. A few cancellations resulted also—from printing rather risqué gossip.

The beauty shop operator's uncle ran afoul of the law one week and she stormed into the office, demanding that the story not be printed. True to the traditions of Horace Greely, I refused, and she became violent. For several days I expected to be shot from ambush, but all the girl did was never speak to me again.

But the country editor has to be discriminate and exercise judgment and good taste frequently. If one of the local characters went on an extended binge, fell out of his car and broke a leg, the story would merely state that "Mr. Doakes is confined to his bed with slight illness."

Campaigns and the crusading type of newspapering are a vital part of small town journalism. I waged a vigorous war against rats, dirty streets, fire hazards, and syphilis. Believe it or not, nearly half the colored population was afflicted with syphilis. My first office, the one in the basement, was utilized every Wednesday afternoon by the county health officer for a clinic. I stood it for three weeks, watching the scared negroes trample all over the place, awaiting their turn to take the treatment. Then I moved out.

* * *

Country weeklies have been accused of fostering provincialism. That's not altogether true. The old school editors—the printers' devils who have lived all their lives in the communities—are being replaced by capable men and women who know something about journalism. Maybe that's a bad thing. Maybe the invigorating simplicity and fresh style which has marked so many small papers will eventually die out. Again, maybe not. Any intelligent person who can write simply and clearly, and who has the understanding of a mother, the faith of a child, and the courage of his own convictions, is capable of editing and operating a successful small town newspaper.

You have to love a small town to stay in one and give it a newspaper. I like the little villages, the Libertys all over the country, but I don't love them. I'll never be a successful editor of a country weekly—a respected figure in the community, a good churchman, a staid citizen. The old newspaper mans' dream of some day going back to the little town, buying the newspaper, a house, and 20 acres of land doesn't make my heart beat any faster. I'm a gregarious sort of fellow, and will take my newspapering in the big cities—if I can get it. Bright lights and the faster tempos of living have me stage-struck worse than a high school dramatic arts major.

But I realize the small town has its place, and the small town newspaper has its attraction. There'll always be somebody to keep 'em running.

So pardon me while I give them a respectful salute and keep on going.

Bill Snider

Vegetable

THE STUDENT CHASED THE WHITE RABBIT OF EXCITEMENT TILL HIS FOOT FELL ASLEEP

"Happiness is like coke—something you get as a by-product in the process of making something else."

—Aldous Huxley

I'M BORED, maybe," he said aloud. Since there was no one to hear, he said it again. Listening sneeringly to the weary voice. Strange it sounded so suddenly rising after the country silence and the purring engine and the tires crunching on the gravel road. On his head he felt the sun vibrate, his eyes squinting when the beams rushed up reflected from the red hood. "Red with white-wall tires," he had told Jim. "A smooth baby, heater and radio maybe. My dad knows how to pick fine cars. Not that I wouldn't like a La Salle maybe."

He saw it poised beside the road, still with frightened beady eyes. Then it moved and he pushed his foot on the gas and the car leaped savagely. His eyes flashed and he felt himself pushed forward in the seat and the rabbit was flashing across before the thundering wheels. The white patch of tail bobbed and fluttered wildly toward the other side. He veered the wheels in chase. And when they rolled where it had been, in one graceful leap the brown thing was swallowed by the green beyond the red mud ditch.

"Almost," he whispered and then: "Damn!" to the dogwood spray scrapping the fender on the curve. It should not be this way. It was terribly annoying to be bored again. It should not be this way.

That taste of stale beer arose inside again like tomatoes left in the sun too long. Snookie said beer was fattening. "Besides Joey it takes too long; I'm just *crazy* about this car when the radio works and the wind stops blowing and Junior-Seniors are gorgeous and I — —"

The engine purred and a dull ache flashed briefly through his head. By the road there was the movie signboard. "Only Tonight." And he had seen it after lunch, or had it been yesterday? About the woman who married two husbands and in the dark he had spilled coke on Lelia's skirt and she had squeezed his hand and giggled. "Joey, you're so cute. I just *love* this car. Look! it just matches my fingernails."

Where was the endless Saturday night and the gay-mad flight from the village and the lights of the city? Where were the hazy people who laughed and the strange girls who smiled and the crazy feeling with beer in the belly and the cigarette smoke outside?

The ache again and ahead the Bell Tower and the boys on the intramural field and the white on green in the cemetery and the library like a cotton mill. "Cooped up," he said. "Rotting away working. Dead before any fun." Jim read Fortune magazine down there for hours, not for a professor. And there was John locked in his room slaving over a legislature constitution, and Bill sweating his heart out every afternoon on the wrestling mat and Ben writing at the Tar Heel office. "No, sorry Joe old man, can't ride today. Crushed under work. Maybe later, maybe." Then the Carolina Inn, the Deke house, the stoplight. "Fill her up." He opened the door. His foot was asleep. He stretched his arms.

"Pretty day, eh Mr. Webbon?"

"Mmnn."

The bell was tinging and the gasoline flowing. A blue La Salle zipping past. "You check the oil?"

"Yes sir. Thank you, sir. Come back."

Of course they wanted to ride with him. It was too much work they had to do, maybe. "Hi, Tish!" A flash of pink sweater and a twitching skirt were by the drug store. They were watching him now, Tish and the others. He breathed deeply and swished at his tangled hair with a hand. "Sorry, Joey, going to the CPU speech tonight with Fred. Maybe I'll see you there, Huh?" A silly laugh, Tish's. His hands were tired holding the wheel. What an ugly color, that red. Cheap looking. His head again. "You can't make 98 in that baby, Joe Webbon." Here are the curves going to Durham and the wind whistling. "How cute, Joey!" Where was the white tailed rabbit? He was pressing the floor. His foot was asleep and it tickled.

SEMI-FICTION

Edward Heğhinian

So You want a Summer Job?

SUMMER JOBS ARE POOR PICKINGS, BUT IF YOU WANT ONE, HERE ARE SOME TIPS FROM A VETERAN JUNE VAGABOND

DID YOU hear about the college boy who made $700 selling chromium-plated bibles last summer? And the one who took in $400 in tips at the Myrtle Beach-Biltmore? Of course you did! But you don't have to believe it. If you're fired by these fantastic tales and plan to clean up this summer, take it easy pal. You can have fun working during vacation and even make a little money, most of which you'll spend anyway. But your chances of making a couple of hundred dollars are about as good as a Playmaker's chances of becoming president of the student body. In fact you can consider yourself lucky if you even land a job.

Your best bet is, has been and always will be, "pull" and don't let anybody tell you differently. If you're after a camp counselorship a "following" makes an excellent substitute. All you need do is auction the kids off to the highest bidder. Then you keep them thinking you're a little tin god, and you can "gold brick" all summer.

You don't fall into either one of these favored classes? Too bad, brother, you'll just have to get out and scratch. You should have done it a month ago. Forget the "blind ads" in the classified columns; all you'll get from answering them is writer's cramp. Employment agencies are just about as effective, and a lot of them are as crooked as the Durham Road.

Personal interviews are what you want, and being friendly with the folks in the outer office will often get you past that closed door. If you're after an out of town position, write a brief letter and follow it with a personal call wherever possible, even if you don't get a reply. Mention the letter as an opening wedge. Don't wear yourself out writing lengthy outlines of your qualifications. They're boring. Wrack your brain to strike a more personal note but steer clear of the sob stuff. Your prospective employer doesn't give a damn about your unpaid tuition, and anyway he wants bright, cheery people on his staff.

Broadcast your applications. From dozens of letters you'll probably receive three or four replies, and one of them might lead to a job. Special deliveries and night-letters have a psychological effect but they are expensive.

Do you know how to act when you finally land in the boss' office? Of course, you'll do your best to look like a millionaire and present the poised appearance of a movie star, but that's not all. Get after that personal note again, or snap up any lead he may drop. Maybe he went to Carolina, has a nephew at State, or likes Kay Kyser's music. Remember, if you get a chance to talk about something other than the position, grab it. Have your qualifications all lined up so that when the conversation swings around to them you can pour it on. Magnify all the experience you've had, and if you haven't had any manufacture some. A hundred to one you'll get away with it! Don't let your conscience hurt you. The boss hasn't got one.

The tendency of collegians to flock to camp and resort jobs is capitalized on by employers. Most of these positions offer little more than room and board, and in some cases the opportunity of making tips. This suits the boys and girls who are just looking for a vacation, but it plays havoc with the earnings of serious self-help students.

Camp and hotel directors have only two months in which to make their money. Every dollar they can save on their employees adds to their take for the summer. They've all become adept at singing the blues; they're losing money—it rained all of July—the new boat house cost a fortune—the overhead is terrific, and they're masters at misrepresentation. They'll imply that you're to receive a certain salary and pay you half the amount a month later, naievely claiming that you simply misunderstood them. They'll exaggerate your possible earnings from tips by three or four times. They'll blow up the vacation-on-the-side angle and then proceed to pile all sorts of extra duties on you. They'll tell you of the congenial staff you're to work with and of the model employee accomodations, and then you'll find you're to share a bed or a filthy room with a syphilitic derelict.

A favorite theme is the "one big happy family" line. Lots of them use it. You're sure to be paid with compliments and exhortations to loyalty to the organization. But ask for a night off, decent food, or a bonus and they regard you with the stricken countenance of a martyr, and sing the old

(*Continued on page twenty-nine*)

Mr. Cawber Disappears

WHEN THE OLD VEGETABLE MAN DIDN'T MAKE HIS ROUNDS, EVERYONE KNEW THAT HE HAD FINALLY GONE CRAZY

IF ONE morning the sun had decided not to rise, the good people of Rivertown might have accepted the phenomenon with tranquility and blamed it on God's Will. But when Cawber, the vegetable man, failed to make his rounds one Wednesday morning a murmur of alarm went through the village. As Mrs. Mickle said to Mrs. St. John, there was "something unnatural about it."

"There's no doubting it," Mrs. Mickle declared, "something dreadful has happened! Something dreadful, mark my words! And we'll be hearing of it."

And the other Rivertown housewives were almost ready to agree. It wasn't ordinary chance, they said, that on the very day before, Cawber had gone about his work mumbling like one addled and spreading the news that Sarah, his wife, was "coming back tomorrow." Sarah had been dead for two years.

More uneasy than dreadful was the feeling that settled over the village. Bewilderment gave way to suspicion and suspicion to a vague fear of something that couldn't be understood. At the root of it all was Cawber, the dark, mist-laden old man who lived on the riverbank, and whose spirit was shrouded by countless years of creeping through the village like a winding path and merging dark and mysterious with the river at night. No one knew much about Cawber, except that he earned a shabby living by peddling vegetables. Most likely there wasn't a housewife in Rivertown who hadn't at some time purchased a cabbage, or perhaps a head of lettuce from the old man—and then stood on her back stoop staring after him curiously as he pushed his handcart on down the street.

Just as Mrs. Bundy often said, he wasn't no "ordinary human." About how Cawber (and his wife Sarah) came to be in Rivertown, the villagers knew even less. It wasn't enough simply to state baldly, as some did, that once upon a time he suddenly appeared. Theories were passed across supper tables, balanced on back fences, or whispered about in the market places. And nearly always they hushed into a half-supernatural note. But no one could be sure of anything.

So through the years Cawber had lived on the riverbank, a part of the village, and yet separated from it. After Sarah died Cawber became even more mysterious in his sorrow—an evanescent figure that seemed to decay gradually like the moss by the river, or the dull moisture-eaten eaves of his cabin. The townspeople were more than willing to let him live to himself. Still they were, in their fashion, compassionate.

"Poor Cawber," they would say, "I wonder how much longer he'll last—and now that his woman's gone . . ."

"Yeah—buried on the riverbank!"

"You don't say! Right there on the riverbank!"

"Yeah—done it himself, with a shovel no bigger'n your hand. Didn't even have no coffin. And stuck up a turtle shell — —"

"A what?"

"Yeah—a turtle shell. Used it for a tombstone."

"My God! Poor old woman!"

And now Cawber was missing. High noon passed and the villagers fretted with curiosity. To their minds, lush with superstition, Cawber's absence had some dark nether-world kinship with the prophecy that Sarah would return. Late afternoon came, and Mistresses Mickle, Bundy, St. John, and a half-dozen other women were gathered in the Bundy front yard and casting long, grey looks toward the river.

"Something ought to be done," Mrs. St. John said firmly, and looked around the circle as if inviting a suggestion that she didn't dare mention herself. "Something ought to be done right away. The poor man may be dead!"

Cawber may be dead! The idea seemed to bring general relief, except to one timid sallow little woman who shook her head slightly and looked out across the valley. "If only that could be true!" she said. She paused a moment, faintly defiant, then looked at Mrs. St. John and spoke the thought that had crept into all of their minds:

"It's Sarah—Sarah has come back!"

A shiver, a slight movement, passed through the group. The apprehension which they had felt vaguely earlier in the day was now over them inti-

mately. From the river—out beyond the dark, clumped trees—came an unnerving dread.

As though to brush aside the spell that had come over them, Mrs. Bundy suddenly burst into words. "It's a sin!" she cried indignantly. "It's a sin and shame the way that poor woman was laid to rest—there in the mud with a dirty, greasy-looking turtle shell at her head."

The circle of housewives shifted and Mrs. Mickle opened her mouth to speak, but her words were caught up in a sudden scream. "Look!" she cried, and pointed down the slope toward the river. Along the scrubby path came a tiny figure running as if terrorized. A frown distorted Mrs. Bundy's face and she took a quick step forward, crying: "It's Tommy! It's my son!" Then, frantically she was out to meet the boy.

In a few moments Mrs. Bundy was back, leading Tommy into the yard. The boy was crying with fright.

"It's all messed up! It's all messed up!" he babbled. "It's all tore up and — —"

Mrs. St. John broke in quietly: "What is it Tommy? What's all messed up?"

"The grave," said Tommy, "the grave down there where Cawber lives."

The effect was deep, startled fear. The housewives looked at each other with quick nods.

Then they went to their husbands.

It was almost sundown when Jim Mickle, Ben St. John and John Bundy got together on the business of doing something about Cawber. At first they had been skeptical and reluctant, but the fright of their wives, the rush of talk about Sarah's coming back, and over all the brooding unrest of wonder, had gradually pressed its uneasy effect upon the men.

A whisper of mist was in the air when the three men set out along the river path. Jim the oldest, went ahead with long steps. The path soon led into thickening trees and damp, undergrowth. Dusk was near and the men walked rapidly, except when tangles of weeds and brambles caught at their feet. For a time they did not talk of their mission, but spoke casually of many things—the height of the river, the recent rains, the spring planting. It was John Bundy who weakened first. "Jim," he said suddenly, "I been thinkin'—maybe Cawber's mind has left him. A-course he never had much to start with, but I was just thinkin' . . ."

"Now John," Ben interrupted, "they's no tellin'—the old man might of just gone fishin' for the day. Maybe got hisself drowned."

"It's uncommon strange," said Jim Mickle and didn't look around, but kept his eyes straight ahead and seemed to be listening for something.

They were getting near the river now, for the heavy, pounding roar of the water was close at hand. They could hear the spatting sound of the rapids that lay out beyond Cawber's hut.

The mist had thickened and hung straggling in the air when the three men left the path and entered upon the small clearing behind Cawber's place.

Within some fifty feet of Cawber's shack the men stopped, facing its back, where a dismal window was small beside the chimney. They stood quiet for a moment, listening. Suddenly they caught their breath and held it and Jim raised his hand. From Cawber's hut a low sobbing sound came that seemed to gather and rise up into a cry. It was released for a moment and then hushed by the roar of the river.

"It come from — there!" Jim Mickle whispered.

"Like an animal," suggested Ben, "or a man who's dyin'!"

John Bundy hung in the background. He was nervous. "You know, Jim," he whispered, "I'm thinkin' we ought to call Cawber from here—just call him and ask him how he feels—and tell him to come outside."

"No!" Jim muttered and moved forward slowly. "I aim to go there." John and Ben followed without speaking. Halfway to the cabin they were halted. In one sharp moment, so that all saw, a face came out of the window. A tormented and senseless face that seemed to look out at them.

"Oh God!" whispered John Bundy, "what was that?"

"Cawber!" Jim said hoarsely and ran toward the cabin.

The window was closed, but by pressing close the men were able to see inside. They could not see clearly at once, because of the shadow in the room. But they could hear a voice—an idiot's voice mumbling in imagined conversation.

Gradually the interior of the hut took form. There was the low ceiling, the warped table near the center of the floor, the dirty boxes that were used for chairs—all heaped together without aim or order. Then they saw the bed, not a bed, but a narrow iron cot that sat in the far corner. And huddled across it was Cawber. His knees were drawn up and his arms folded as though in pro-

(*Continued on page thirty*)

Joseph Lederman

Pinching Pennies on Parnassus

THE HOUSING CONDITIONS OF MANY STUDENTS ARE SO POOR THAT THE UNIVERSITY IS FINALLY TAKING ACTION

ABOUT 1600 OF our students live out in town and if you don't believe it, our authority is Registrar Ben Husbands. Where and how do they live, those 1600? You could easily stump the University administration with that question. What have the new men's dorms accomplished, you ask? They have a combined capacity of about 350 and this year's increase in registration (comparing Fall quarters) is exactly 332. Then the problem of students living out in town is bound to be with us for keeps and it might, therefore, be a good idea if we all had a better idea of its magnitude.

We know of young men so fired with the idea of getting an education that they have begged homeowners to allow them to live in cellars. The homeowners often protest that their cellars are not fit for human habitation, that they cannot afford to make them livable—but you and I know that they eventually give in to the eager martyrs who apply. The financial well-being of the cellar student lies in the hands of the landlords. Some ask no pay and the boys do a little yard work out of gratitude. Some ask a good deal. Indeed, it would be disconcerting to figure out the rentals of some cellar dwellings on the basis of baby-watching and yard work at 30 cents an hour.

II

Two weeks ago at this writing there was a little fire in the Wettach building, north side of Henderson street across from the postoffice. The Wettach building is a dormitory and is operated—together with the Strowd and Sutton buildings on Franklin street—by the Service Insurance and Realty company whose office is also in the Wettach building on the ground floor. The Service Insurance and Realty company, for your information, sells fire insurance.

There is no way of getting out of the Wettach building except by a flight of wooden stairs—the lamented fire broke out near the head of those stairs. You can go up there today and see new plaster, paint and woodwork where the fire got in its work; but the old paint and trimmings remain everywhere else.

Sutton and Strowd are served by the iron stairway just left of Sutton's drugstore (but let's leave Doc Sutton out of this—the buildings are run by the Service Insurance and Realty company). At the head of the iron stairs you turn left for the Sutton building, right for Strowd. The Sutton's rents are $7.50—what you pay in a University dormitory—and the Strowd's are $6.50. Toilet facilities are bad in Strowd, passable in Sutton; only one window to a room and no closets in Strowd. Sutton has two windows to a room, an important adjunct because the sun finds it hard to get at the resident cliff-dwellers.

As to fire protection, there is no way out of either building except by way of the one stairway which serves both of them. A few years ago the insurance company saw fit to provide the Sutton building with an elaborate sprinkler system and that is to the company's credit because it is an efficient means of stopping a fire. But the Strowd building has no such protection and only one means of escape—figure it out for yourself. Generally, the Sutton building is livable—the writer lives there himself. The roomer must furnish his own light in both buildings (you try studying by one 60-watt bulb in the ceiling).

For more than a year there's been a hole in the hall floor just above Ledbetter-Pickard's and a plank has been placed over it. It's still there. Nickelodeons downstairs help make life interesting; and savage, exotic music seeps through all the time.

If you stand in front of the Methodist church on Franklin street you will see across the way this boast:

1894 KLUTTZ BLDG. 1894

This anachronism is owned by Mrs. Kluttz, who is about the largest property owner in Chapel Hill. Part of the building sports the narrow, small windows that went out when father was a boy, and you enter upon the premises by way of a 21-step wooden stairway which creaks. Indefinable odors waft through the dark hallways and flimsy partitions make the place look like a bad dream. The back stairway might be described as a fire escape except that the stairs themselves are wooden and you have to pass through a dark, narrow corridor

to get to them. And the corridor is cluttered up with the implements of a janitor's trade and a wide assortment of crates and boxes. There is no sprinkler system, but fire doors are there to keep the flames from spreading to the Pritchard building. When a resident was asked what he would do if a fire broke out he said: "Out the window for me." Oh yes, among the other regulations posted in the hall is this proviso: "Radios are subject to a fee of fifty cents per month."

III

There are more than 100 married students in school, not all of them in the Graduate School either. A godsend to these people has been the building of the new Carolina Inn apartments, owned and operated by the University. A godsend, but not yet a complete solution.

When Mrs. R. W. McNeir was president of the Carolina Dames—composed of married students' wives—she made a factual report on housing to Dean W. W. Pierson of the Graduate School and President Graham. The survey was not statistically foolproof, but it was a great enlightener. The average rent for all types of living quarters occupied by married students was found to be $31.16 monthly and along with the survey went a series of recommendations about the new Carolina Inn apartments.

Most married students have a pretty rough time of it. We know of a couple who inhabited a barn-like shack behind one of the rooming houses on Pittsboro street. When you live there you're really roughing it. But that couple's baby was born out there.

To repeat, the Carolina Inn apartments are a great help. The apartments are of two kinds: two rooms and a bath for $30 a month, and two rooms with bath and kitchenette-dining alcove for $37.50. And these rents are anything but unreasonable for Chapel Hill.

But the 30 apartments, although filling a heartfelt need, do not solve everything. The administration might consider the housing accomplishment at Harvard about five years ago. Duplex cottages were built around a green, each half-cottage containing a living room, bedroom, kitchen and bath, and rented at $30-$35 a month. Such cottages could easily be constructed here, perhaps, even at a slightly lower cost.

IV

The Orange-Person-Chatham Health department has jurisdiction in Chapel Hill, but its au-

AN AMERICAN IN AUGUSTLAND

By ELLIOTT COLEMAN

"Augustland" is August, 1939, in England, just before Hitler's invasion of Poland on September 1 and the English and French declaration of war against Germany on September 3.

A young American, capable of sensing the nature of the English reaction, the dreadful pause on the threshold of Hell, the last look backward at life as it might have been, the bright unreality of natural beauty threatened by bombs, the strange necessity of losing one's life to find it, here makes clear what England was thinking and doing in August, 1939—what America might be thinking and doing if she were in England's place.

England's August, 1939, has lasted, in a sense, until May, 1940. Hitler is now in Belgium and Holland and France. The "Augustland" of the poet reads as if it were yesterday. Extremely timely in addition to being exceptionally fine poetry.

There are other poems in the volume—a group of twenty-one lyrics, of the kind for which Mr. Coleman is already known and a long ballad, "The Thorn of Somerset."

82 pages. To be published June 29. $2.00.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

thority in housing—aside from water supply, toilet facilities and garbage disposal—is limited to rating the quarters and making recommendations.

The tri-county health department supplies the Y. M. C. A. with the respective ratings of the rooms registered with Tempe Newsome. But the "C" rooms can get by and are listed alphabetically for the freshman to choose each Fall along with the "A" and "B" dwellings. And even if the "Y" listed rooms according to rating it is no secret that the price is still the chief consideration.

For the first time in its history the University administration is this Spring dealing with this problem and the Welfare Board has appointed a subcommittee headed by Fred Weaver to elicit the facts and make recommendations to the parent body. He means to include—aside from health conditions—points on all-important environmental conditions which have heretofore been neglected. We have seen this wholly tentative standard form and it looks good.

Weaver means to ask landlords to file replies voluntarily, to a standard questionnaire form. If the owner refuses to answer such questions the prospective roomer can be so informed. That should do the trick. Also in this tentative report is a proposed reference guide that will specify the rent, and the services the roomer is to receive plus the minimum length of time he is to occupy the room. In all fairness it must be admitted that landlords have sometimes lost heavily when boys, promising to stay on until Christmas, move out a few weeks later at a time when there is no longer a demand for rooms.

It is admittedly a ticklish situation for the administration to try to test powers it has never exercised. Technically it could demand a student to live in quarters of a certain standard. But instead of alienating people unnecessarily it could simply write Bill Jones' mother that her boy was living in a sub-standard place. This ought to suffice.

The taxpayer might consider this side of the question. Improvement means more wealth to the community at large. It means greater real estate values, a higher standard of living for everyone, and most important—increased efficiency on the part of the students. Give all of them rooms and furniture they can take a little pride in—they'll take care of them. Chapel Hill will be the better for it.

PORTRAIT OF PATTIE LYNCH

(*Continued from page seven*)

There was a knock on her door. She opened it a few inches. The caller was a pudgy, grinning young lout in striped trousers and no coat.

"Oh, hello, Herbie," she said, surreptitiously sniffing to see whether he was drunk. He wasn't —because he couldn't find money enough to buy liquor and come, too. "Come in."

The room was oblong, with an old wooden four-poster bed across one end. There was a bureau, covered with cheap trinkets. There were two chairs. The place was musty with the smell of her clothing. It was home, whatever else. She closed the door, and locked it.

There was a drone inside, marked only by an indecent, insulting laugh from Herbie. Finally there was the sound of the bed's sagging.

Suddenly she screamed. "I won't do it that way, I *won't* do it that way! What do you think I am!"

III

"For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

"Has old Pattie Lynch gone plumb crazy?"

Two months after she left the church the old woman came across her great secret. She put on gray dresses and black stockings, discarded her jewelry, except for her wedding ring, and began to read day and night. Finally she told Mae Underhill, "I have found it. It's in the Bible. Each of us must find it for himself."

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if it so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us."

Meanwhile John Underhill's trees grew more apples, his lands more cotton and corn and tobacco. Notes were paid, and more contracted. His renown spread. Five hundred people attended his sixtieth birthday celebration, which was a great fish fry on the bank of Black River.

IV

One morning early in April an excited crowd milled about before the house. Herbie was in the center, trembling and crying like a baby.

"What's the trouble?" asked a late arrival, a stout man in overalls, of another on the hem of the crowd.

"The old man strangled Pattie Lynch to death last night. He jerked her hair out."

"Well, for God's sake, get John Underhill!" said the other.

THAT NO-GOOD JULIUS!

(*Continued from page seventeen*)

wooden bungalows to catch a little more of the sunlight. Then I kicked open the door and went in. All six guys inside let out a holler with Grauer topping them all.

"Goddamn you," he yelled, "it's about time."

"I'm sorry Mr. Grauer," I said, "but you didn't specify when you wanted this stuff brought up."

"Specify, my foot." He snorted indignantly. "If it was the judge next door with the nice fat tip he gives, you'd have hustled alright, but for us—oh hell you young punks are all the same."

I set the tray down on the nearest bed, all trembling mad inside. It wasn't the first time I had to take guff from a guest. Most of the others were just like Grauer. Vacationing from a do-nothing job in their father's firms, they had all the superiority and none of the nobility of a king. They drank themselves sick, but when their two or three weeks were up, a quarter tip was all they'd leave. And that after my sweating up and down the hill every hour with glasses, ice, cokes, cigarettes—whatever they wanted. All they did at camp was drink, or try to sneak women up on the grounds. The tennis courts and baseball field were never used. And it was funny; for all their loafing around in the solarium they hated the sun. The sun was too clean for their dirty minds and dirty souls. It shone with a freedom that they didn't believe, or want anyone else to share. They hated the sun, and I loved it.

No sooner did I get back to the store than Julius was on my neck again. This time the sink hadn't been cleaned well enough to suit him. I could have reminded him that he was the one who had dirtied it, but that would have set the weasel off on a higher-pitched whine, and I would have ended up by washing the floors or something like that. As it was I had to clean all the clubhouse windows.

Scrubbing at those panes, six to a window, twenty windows in all, kept me up to two o'clock. I had to get up at six. When I got up to the tent, I found that somebody, the boss probably, had taken all the blankets out. There were extra guests to be taken care of. I didn't bother undressing, just plopped down and plopped up again, four hours or four minutes later.

When I came down after breakfast, an afternoon sun was shining at eight o'clock in the morning. A red-brilliant sun that had me dazzled; a warm friendly sun that offered the only enjoyment of a lousy summer job. Up along the path to the dining hall a few early-bird guests were climbing. In the bathhouse two of the porters were

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busy cleaning the white tile. One of them waved to me as I went by. Coming down to the near end of the solarium, an open horseshoe of mattressed wooden cots, I stopped to watch the masseur lay out the linen.

I must have spent a lot of time gazing at that burnt-brown body bending up and down with packages of laundry piling up behind it, for by the time I got back to the store it was nearly nine o'clock. I started to clean the office when who should show up an hour before time, but friend Julius, all five feet, four inches of him ready to jump on me for the slightest reason. Once in a book I read how one of the characters hated all small men. I didn't see much sense in it then, but Julius was all the explanation I needed. He sniffed at the dust flying from my broom and began to yell at me.

"Didn't I tell you to use water when you sweep," he screeched as if his voice was changing. "God damn it, how can I work in here. Oh get the hell out of here."

I got out, but I was itching to stuff that broom down his windpipe. It didn't take him long though to open his mouth again.

"Joe," he called while I was polishing the fountain faucets, "the boss wants some invitations typed for Monte Carlo night. If you get 'em done by lunch time, you can have the afternoon off.

I had to give him credit for shrewdness. He knew, of course, that without the offer of a free afternoon it would have been, "To hell with you Mr. Julius. The boss expects you to do the typing and you're going to do it." That would have been that, but a whole afternoon off—damn him, he *was* shrewd. Looking outside, I could see my pal was shining bright and hot. I fancied myself sprawled out on the dock, or up in the solarium with my nose itching under the strong rays. I made up my mind.

"O. K. Julius," I yelled, "I'll start on them in a few minutes."

Even with my jumping up every couple of minutes to serve a customer at the fountain, it didn't take as long as Julius had hoped to type the invitations. I ran through the "please come to the Monte Carlo affair Camp Brentwood is giving the night of, and so on," by one o'clock. Then I went up for lunch.

About half-way up the hill I stopped. The sun wouldn't be denied. "Listen to me old fella'," I said after making sure no one was around, "you and me, we're gonna have a whole afternoon together. Yeah, four beautiful blazing hours just for the two of us. And do you know what I'm going to do. Well, either on the dock, or up there," I pointed to the solarium, "I'm going to stretch out and soak you in. That's it, soak you in, every burning part of you. I don't care if you turn me red, brown or black. Burn me till it hurts, dig and dig, deep as you can and even if I cry with pain, I'll love it. And how I'll love it." I laughed with him and went up to eat.

I ate fast, finishing before the porters who had begun way before me. Then I ran down to the tent and changed into shorts. Coming out again I saw Hans, the blond German porter, walking down to the dock. "Well for company's sake," I said to the sun and myself, "it's going to be the dock."

I walked along with Hans until we reached the lockers at the waterfront. He went in to put on his bathing trunks, but I stayed outside. I wanted to dip into the sun, not the water. When he came out I said:

"Better wait a while Hans, hitting that cold water now with all that food in your belly will give you the sweetest stomach cramp you ever had."

"Ach ja, I know it's not so smart," he said, "but I want to get a dip before it begins to rain."

"Rain?" I would have laughed, seeing as the sky was so clear, but a sense of something wrong, something mean, gripped me.

"Ja, rain. One of the farmers said we'd have rain this afternoon, and those farmers, they are never wrong, but I am surprised that Julius did not tell you."

"You mean Julius told you that."

"Did I not say so? Julius told me this morning at breakfast."

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I watched him dive into the water, cleanly parting the reflection of the sun on the even surface. Instead of following, I sat down still and waited. By the time Hans had dried up and left for the hill, I could see rain-clouds gathering in the sky. The clouds made everything dark, darker than the store had ever been. Soon heavy drops were thudding on the boards of the dock. I stayed there in the rain until I was sure it would be one of those all-day downpours, then I got up and went back to the clubhouse. There was nobody in the office. I walked slowly up the hill to the tent and sat down on the bed. For about an hour I sat there and listened to the rain. The canvas that had been stiff-dry under the sun was now soggy and water-stained. Everything had a cold wetness about it. Rain! I jumped up, pulled my suitcase out from under the bed and packed my stuff together.

With my city clothes and raincoat on, I carried the suitcase down the hill and into the office. Julius stared at me with his lashless squinty eyes. I put down the grip when he spoke.

"What the hell," he said, "where do you think you're going?"

Instead of answering I searched around for the broom. When I found it, I came over to Julius and hit him as hard as I could on the jaw. He fell down and I stuck the straw end of the broom in his thick-lipped mouth.

I picked up the suitcase and walked down the front steps out onto the road. Water was streaming down from my hat and the ends of the suitcase straps; it didn't matter. When I reached the main highway I turned around for a last look. For a minute I thought I saw the whole sky light up as if behind the clouds the sun had gathered new strength.

SO YOU WANT A SUMMER JOB?

(*Continued from page twenty-one*)

dirge about not expecting *you* to act that way. Why after all, these noble souls are only staying in business to help all the deserving college boys and girls, and their old employees.

You'll have the most fun, the best food and living accomodations, the least work (and make the least money) in a small hotel. But be sure you pick one that caters to the middle-class family trade. That's where you'll find a pleasant air of comraderie between the guests and the employees.

If you're dead set on a ritzy address, or are looking for material for a novel, try a fashionable hotel in an exclusive resort. Yes, your tips probably will be a little better, but they're no gift, friend. Wait until you see where you're supposed to sleep. If that doesn't phase you a peek at the "zoo" will. What's the "zoo?" Why, that's the charmingly appointed dining room reserved exclusively for the hotel's dearly beloved employees. It resembles the mess shack on a prison farm, and you'll find the food, what little there is of it, ideally suited to the surroundings.

If you hold down a responsible position "behind the scenes" you'll probably rate meals in the officers' dining room, but you'll be miserably underpaid and never see a tip. Take your pick.

The social discrimination in this type of hotel may irk you, but as a rule the guests are far more democratic than the management. Oh yes, you'll run up against a few snobs, but you'll also meet some real people, and anyway, there's never a dull moment. The screwballs take care of that. Believe me, you don't know what a bull session is until you visit the "zoo" of a large hotel!

Yes, you'll have a time getting a summer job, and whether it's in the city or at a camp or in a hotel you'll probably work long hours for little pay, but you will have a profitable experience. Only listen buddy, don't believe all of the tall tales you hear of the rich harvests to be reaped during July and August. Sure, they're reaped all right—by the employers.

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MR. CAWBER DISAPPEARS

(*Continued from page twenty-three*)

tection. As their eyes became accustomed to the gloom they saw the full horrible reason for Cawber's posture. He was holding in his arms a bundle of bones—human bones on which still hung a few tatters of a woman's dress. Suddenly the bundle moved and the men saw life coming from it and creeping out through Cawber's arms. The movement excited Cawber and he cried out:

"Sarah — my Sarah — my Sarah . . ."

Then Cawber sat up straight, and as he did the quick motion seemed to make the bundle collapse and the life in it slipped from his arms. It glanced off the edge of the bed and fell to the floor. The men in the window heard the sharp impact of something hard. Before Cawber could recover it, they saw a river turtle lying on the floor, its moist legs wriggling in the air. Cawber was up in a leap, then on his knees and reaching out for the turtle. He picked the animal up tenderly and drew it to his breast.

At that moment John Bundy began to beat on the window pane.

"Cawber! Cawber!" he screamed. "Put it down!"

Crouched on the floor Cawber looked up at the window in terror. His whole body appeared to quiver and he began backing away slowly, holding the turtle and a few of Sarah's bones in his arms.

"The door!" Jim Mickle whispered. "He's headed for the door!" And he jumped away from the window and ran around the corner of the hut, followed by the other two men. The three tried to stop him at the door, but he slipped past them holding his turtle and sobbing, "I won't let them get you!"

They ran after Cawber, but he was away toward the river, crying with fear.

While he ran he looked back and begged: "Don't take my Sarah! Don't! Don't!"

"I'll kill the damn' beast if I catch it," John Bundy shouted.

Cawber heard and appeared to understand. He looked at the turtle, then turned half around and saw that his pursuers were gaining. Desperately, he seemed to make up his disordered mind, for in plain sight of the three men he suddenly cut across the river bank and in three steps was at the water's edge, where he paused a second—then plunged in, with the turtle in his arms. Panting and horrified, John Bundy came up to the bank a moment later, followed immediately by Jim and Ben. But they were too late. Cawber had already disappeared in the deep water.

For several minutes the three men stood silently on the bank and looked at the river. Then they turned to go, but something moving at the edge of the water held their eyes. Out of the water, climbing slowly up the bank, came a dark river turtle. Then, breaking the water again, came a second turtle; together they crawled up the slope toward Cawber's hut.

FROM THE New York Times: "On Friday the weary house ended the Wages and Hours controversy for the year by sending the battered Norton bill back to committee. Having voted the bill's death, many a Congressman was off to the races—to Louisville, Churchill Downs and the Kentucky Derby." Our only comment is that things must be in a pretty boring state for the boys up in Washington when they have to run around the country competing with the Marx brothers.

THEY THINK ME BLIND

(*Continued from page five*)

tion. After all, a person who has been forced to depend upon his other senses and value each feeling soon builds up a treasure house. A house of vivid memories which he replays in dull and lonely moments. These things which we treasure from out of the sighted world are the things which we give back, in our writing, after a tender treatment. We feel so strongly that we must write it down for others to see and understand.

Now, the other day a friend of mine came into my room and noticed the picture of a girl upon my dresser. The usual question followed: "What in the world do you have that picture up there for?" It was difficult for him to understand that I *knew* this girl, that I *knew* she had beauty, and that the knowledge of it up there on my dresser was the knowledge of beauty close to me. A long time ago I was able to see. Perhaps I carried my standards of loveliness alone into the darkness. Although I cannot actually see the picture myself, there is a pride in knowing that other people are seeing and admiring it. Knowing that other people are being pleased by something fine is a great part of my own appreciation of beauty.

I became interested in all this business of writing and beauty in the eleventh grade. During a very complete course in composition, our teacher assigned us a theme to write every day, continuing this for over three months. Taking up the categories of composition, narration, description, exposition, and argument, we wrote down our own ideas of each type. Naturally, much imagination was necessary. We described buildings, people, cars, and everything that people would see. Once I wrote a paper upon the disheveled dresser in my room. First, I made a careful examination of it, noted the position of each article, and then wrote the description from memory. As I wrote, I tried to explain something that was a part of me as my fingers went over the dresser. A feeling of pride in the different articles, an honest joy in personal possession. The teacher said that I had injected something of myself into the picture of a messy piece of furniture. She said getting something of your self into reality was perhaps the finest beauty of all. So I have continued to write and continued to find myself in the life I feel under my fingertips.

What I feel is real. Sometimes, though I often stumble, I come upon beauty. And then, somehow, like the picture of my girl, I can see that beauty. I see it, although they think me blind.

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Life Comes to the Local Theatre

(*Continued from page sixteen*)

to do a very unfair thing. I had to sit in on a rehearsal of "Bury The Dead" and allow that, with considerations and reservations, to formulate my impressions of the Co-op group.

Apparently started as a reaction against the folky triteness of the Playmakers, *The Co-op Theatre* must, like *Sound And Fury,* be praised as individual student effort. However, unlike the musical folks, its members have serious pretensions to a better dramatic art. They are attempting to ascend into the laborious realms of the experimental and the pertinent stage. And these are very worthy ambitions.

However there is as yet no evidence that this group will prove to be anything else but a chummy collection of poorly trained and meagrely talented amateurs who have been unable to impress the Playmakers with the loud explosion that their talent should demand. Watching their rehearsal of "Bury The Dead" I was accutely and unhappily aware of the mediocrity of the production. Such simple things as stage balance and stage movements were neglected. Business was an unheard of practice. And real imaginative interpretation—the glory of the experimental theatre—was neglected by a directorship busily trying to make wise-cracking performers remember their lines.

The *Co-op Theatre* is not to be blamed for the general poorness of its work. Its members are only to be blamed when they think, as a few of them seem to, that newness is an immediate sign of greatness. If these people have not yet learned to walk or stand or think upon the stage, the fault lies in the incompetence of the regular Playmaker curriculum. It is their failure and their duty to give these very sincere people sharper tools with which to aid their vitality.—Adrian Spies

Congratulations

To the Class of 1940 and best wishes for a pleasant vacation for all of you.

The Bank of Chapel Hill

MEMBER FDIC

IN THIS ISSUE

James Lacock, from Chapel Hill, is a rising senior. This is his first magazine contribution and was written at the request of the editor.

Frank Holeman, from Raleigh, writes his last magazine story and goes out to seek the shadow of Tom Wolfe in the great outside.

Arne Scaug's true official position must be withheld. Suffice it to say that he is a ranking Norwegian sociologist who writes from one of the new exiles of this newest war.

Dexter Freeman, a graduate student, is attempting to imitate the masters of the supernatural. His story here uses, he says, all of the tricks of the trade.

Shelley Rolfe has spoken sufficiently in his article. His complaint is something which the campus may consider carefully.

Edward Heghinian, a senior, has had many jobs in the last ten years. His advice is sincere, simple, and useful.

Joe Lederman, also graduating, presents here a comprehensive study which was the result of much labor.

Joseph Cohen, a junior, using his local background as material for sincere stories.

Irwin Katz, our associate editor, deserves no extra publicity.

Bill Snider, writing his initial magazine piece, uses the experimental form which seems to be his natural bent.

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The Carolina Magazine invites all of its readers to attend an open forum discussion of the present issue in Graham Memorial lounge next Tuesday night at 8:30 P. M. The editors and contributors would like to hear you criticize their work. If you don't like the Magazine, this is your chance to tell us why. If you do like it, we'll listen to that too. We are soliciting criticism, both destructive and constructive.

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